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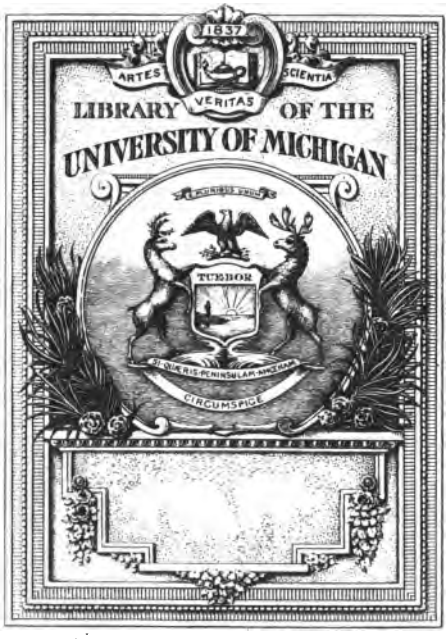
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THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

VOL. X.

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

HIMSELF AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A NEW LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AN ESTIMATE OF HIS

POETICAL CHARACTER AND WRITINGS,

AND OCCASIONAL REMARKS,

BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. X.

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ERRATA.

Vol. v. page 22, line 8, *for* ("chap. viii.") *read* "chap. vii."
——— page 28, note, line 16, from the bottom, *for* "eighth chapter," *read* "seventh chapter."
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LETTERS

BETWEEN

MR. POPE, DR. SWIFT, MR. CONGREVE,

MR. GAY, DR. BERKLEY,

LORD BOLINGBROKE, DR. PARNELLE,

DR. ARBUTHNOT, AND OTHERS;

FROM 1712 TO 1740.

In the arrangement of an epistolary correspondence two distinct methods have been resorted to; the first is that of a strict chronological series, by which, without regard to the persons to whom they are addressed, the letters are given according to their date; the other is that of arranging the letters of each correspondent under a separate and peculiar head. The former of these modes has been generally adopted, and has in its favour the high authority, amongst others, of the excellent edition of the works of Swift by Sir Walter Scott; but in the various editions of the works of Pope, from his own time to the present, the latter method has been preferred, and has hitherto been adhered to in the present edition. That each of these has its peculiar advantages and disadvantages must be admitted; and it would be well if the former could be obtained without incurring the latter. This, however, it is evident can only be done in particular cases, where a chronological order can be combined, if not with a perfect unity of subject, at least with such an association between the parties, and such a participation of their opinions, studies, and pursuits, as intimately connect them together, and render each portion an illustration of the rest. An occasion of this kind, it is conceived, has occurred in the following correspondence; in which a number of celebrated literary characters are introduced, frequently engaged in discussing the same subject, two or more of them sometimes joining in the same letter, maintaining a constant understanding and participation of sentiment, and each of them, as it were, bearing a part in the same drama, insomuch that it would scarcely be possible to separate the correspondence into distinct portions, without destroying in a great degree its proper effect.

Of characters so well known as those which stand at the head of the present collection, it would be unnecessary here to speak. To mention their names is to suggest their history. The humorous gravity, shrewd penetration, and caustic misanthropy of Swift, frequently perhaps assumed as a cover for the throbbings of a too sensible heart, may be contrasted with the open simplicity, the unaffected wit, and the mildness of Gay; the stately and polished style of Lord Bolingbroke, with the more loose and careless manner of Congreve, or Parnelle; whilst those who are pleased in tracing the nicer diversities of language, may apply themselves to

discriminate the shades of difference that are perceptible in the style of Arbuthnot and of Pope.

It is not however merely by uniting in one series the letters heretofore found under detached heads, that an attempt has been made to give additional interest to the present volume. Many letters of Pope, printed in the works of his correspondents, but not heretofore included in his own, are now for the first time added; and several letters of other persons, either addressed to him, or relating chiefly to him and his productions, will also be found, arranged, as far as was practicable, according to their respective dates; exhibiting on the whole an example of a literary and friendly intercourse, carried on for nearly thirty years between the most distinguished characters of the age; not only without the slightest indication of dissension or jealousy; but with a common sentiment of affectionate and friendly attachment which pervades the whole, and gives an additional charm to the correspondence, by uniting the liveliest effusions of wit with the warmest feelings of the heart.

LETTERS

BETWEEN MR. POPE,

DR. SWIFT, MR. GAY, MR. CONGREVE,

LORD BOLINGBROKE, &c.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

You writ me a very kind letter some months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonshire. That hindered my answering you, and I have since several times inquired of you, without any satisfaction; for so I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I passed two months in Sussex, and since my return have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no answer to that point. Our friend, Mr. Cromwell, too, has been silent all this year: I believe he has been displeased at some or other of my freedoms,* which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my friends. But

* We see by the letters to Mr. Cromwell, that Mr. Pope was wont to rally him on his turn for trifling and pedantic criticism. So he lost his two early friends, Cromwell and Wycherley, by his zeal to correct the bad poetry of the one, and the bad taste of the other. *Warburton.*

this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have opened to you: and if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendships, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourself, which, if I had any interest in the world, or power with those who have, I should not be long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of modesty, or a vicious distrust of another's value for you, (those two eternal foes to merit,) imagine that your letters and conversation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more entirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myself, and I have seen too much of those qualities in you to be any thing less than Your, &c.

LETTER II.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

Dec. 24, 1712.

It has been my good fortune within this month past, to hear more things that have pleased me, than (I think) almost in all my time beside. But nothing upon my word has been so home-felt a satisfaction as the news you tell me of yourself: and you are not in the least mistaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good success: for I have more people out of whom to be happy, than any ill-natured man can boast of. I may with honesty affirm to you, that notwithstanding the many

inconveniences and disadvantages they commonly talk of in the *res angusta domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing them some real service. For after all, if we could but think a little, self-love might make us philosophers, and convince us *quantuli indiget Natura!* Ourselves are easily provided for; it is nothing but the circumstantials, and the apparatus or equipage of human life, that costs so much the furnishing. Only what a luxurious man wants for horses and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friends or the indigent.

I shall see you this winter with much greater pleasure than I could the last; and, I hope, as much of your time, as your attendance on the Duchess* will allow you to spare to any friend, will not be thought lost upon one who is as much so as any man. I must also put you in mind, though you are now secretary to this lady, that you are likewise secretary to nine other ladies, and are to write sometimes for them too. He who is forced to live wholly upon those ladies' favours, is indeed in as precarious a condition as any he who does what Chaucer says for sustenance; but they are very agreeable companions, like other ladies, when a man only passes a night or so with them at his leisure, and away.

I am your, &c.

* Duchess of Monmouth, to whom he was just then made secretary. *Pope.*

LETTER III.

MR. ROWE TO MR. POPE.*

DEAR SIR, *Thursday, May* 20, 1713.

I DO not know that I have a long time received a billet with greater pleasure than yours. Depend upon it, nothing could have been more agreeable but yourself. To do something then that is perfectly kind, come and eat a bit of mutton with me to-morrow at Stockwell. Bring whom you will along with you, though I can give you nothing "but the aforesaid mutton and a cup of ale." It is but a little mile from Fox-hall; and you do not know how much you will oblige

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

August 23, 1713.

JUST as I received yours, I was set down to write to you, with some shame that I had so long deferred it. But I can hardly repent my neglect,

* It has been said on the authority of Spence, that Addison and Pope concurred in the opinion, that "Rowe maintained a decent character, *but had no heart;*" an imputation which cannot be admitted without throwing some share of disgrace on all the parties; but which cannot be true, as has already been sufficiently shewn in the Life of Pope, prefixed to the present edition, chap. v.

when it gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon ceremony, and how much a greater share in your memory I have, than I deserve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *Elegans Formarum Spectator*. I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous, for admiring a lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow, (as the *Plain Dealer* has it,) but am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties, in one trait or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgwaters, a Duchess of Montague, besides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucified Christ over again in effigy, and made a Madonna as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himself in painting, and as it is said an angel came and finished his piece, so you would swear a devil put the last hand to mine, it is so begrimed and smutted. However I comfort myself with a christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment,

for my pictures are not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should have a sight of them, who they tell us, worship certain idols purely for their ugliness.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the news of the advancement of the fan, which I doubt not will delight the eye and sense of the fair, as long as that agreeable machine shall play in the hands of posterity. I am glad your fan is mounted so soon, but I would have you varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be borne in the hands of both sexes, no less in Britain, than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a mandarin to fan himself cool after a debate, and a statesman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lie. I am, &c.

LETTER V.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.*

SIR, *Binfield, Dec.* 8, 1713.

Not to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only

* This is the opening of the correspondence between these celebrated men, which began in favours on Swift's part, and gratitude on that of Pope, and ended in the most strict friendship on

mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you: your desire that I should write to you, and your proposal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion; which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.

Sure no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. It is almost as many pieces of gold as an Apostle could get of silver, from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription, than a translation of Homer. And, to convince you how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content, if you can prevail with my lord-treasurer and the ministry to rise to the same sum each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good Christian; and I am very much straitened between the two, while the whigs seem willing to contribute as much to continue me the one, as you would to make me the other. But, if you can move every man in the government who has above ten thousand pounds a year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert, as most men do, when the Lord turns it to my interest. I

both. From the memorandum extracted from Bishop Kennet's Diary, the interest which Swift took in the subscription to Homer is fully proved; and one would almost think Pope's ludicrous proposal to change his religion was calculated to meet Kennet's sagacious innuendo upon that subject. *Sir W. Scott.*

know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good subject translated from popery to the church of England, than twenty heathenish authors out of any known tongue into ours. I therefore commission you, Mr. Dean, with full authority, to transact this affair in my name, and to propose as follows. First, that as to the head of our church, the pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the queen.

As to communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the ministry will allow me.

For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points; but there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as to my own; and I must crave leave, humbly to lay before them, that, though the subscriptions above-mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those, whose souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately heretics,

schismatics, poets, painters, or persons of such lives and manners, as few or no churches are willing to save. The expense will therefore be the greater to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

Old Dryden, though a Roman Catholic, was a poet; and it is revealed in the visions of some ancient saints, that no poet was ever saved under some hundreds of masses. I cannot set his delivery from purgatory at less than fifty pounds sterling.

Walsh was not only a Socinian, but (what you will own is harder to be saved) a whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than a hundred.

L'Estrange being a tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, considering they never gave him sixpence to keep him from starving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy pounds.

In the next place, I must desire you to represent that there are several of my friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in consideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing shall be allowed to save their souls who gave them.

There is one **** who will die within these few months; with ******* one Mr. Jervas, who hath grievously offended, in making the likeness of almost all things in heaven above and earth

below. And one Mr. Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service; whose case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I cannot pretend to have these people honestly saved under some hundred pounds, whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear them; which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able.

There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon; and then I have done: but indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The person I mean is Dr. Swift: a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, "That too much wit is dangerous to salvation;" this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save

his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems on purpose that he might alter them, &c.

I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monsieur de Montaigne has assured me, "That the person who receives a benefit obliges the giver;" for, since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and occasion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impossible Dr. Swift should be ever out of my debt, as matters stand already; and, for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from his most faithful affectionate humble servant.

I have finished the Rape of the Lock; but I believe I may stay here till Christmas, without hindrance of business.

LETTER VI.

THE REV. DEAN BERKLEY* TO MR. POPE.

Leghorn, May 1, 1714.

As I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I chuse rather to run the risk

* We may with justice apply to this truly great man *Berkley*, what he himself so finely says of his favourite *Plato;* "that he hath joined with an *imagination* the most splendid and magnificent, an *intellect* not less deep and clear." A morsel of poetry from such a writer ought to be preserved as a literary curiosity, and a proof of the great variety of his talents; especially as it was written, almost with a prophetic spirit, above seventy years ago, and consequently before the events, in the country alluded to, could possibly have been foreseen. He intitled them,

On the Prospect of planting Arts and Learning in America.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where, from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of Art by Nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where Nature guides, and Virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not

of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never seen it before. Style, painting, judgment, spirit, I had already admired in other of your writings; but in this I am charmed with the magic of your invention, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raise so surprizingly, and at the same time so naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleased with the reading of it than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in your thoughts, the remembrance of one who values no happiness beyond the friendship of men of wit, learning, and good-nature.

I remember to have heard you mention some half-formed design of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a Muse that sings so well in the bleak climate of England, if she felt the same warm sun, and breathed the same air with Virgil and Horace?

There are here an incredible number of poets, that have all the inclination, but want the genius,

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last. *Warton.*

or perhaps the art, of the ancients. Some among them, who understand English, begin to relish our authors; and I am informed that at Florence they have translated Milton into Italian verse. If one who knows so well how to write like the old Latin poets, came among them, it would probably be a means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their predecessors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling,* I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of Nature.

Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purling streams, are no where in such perfection as in England: but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy; and to enable a man to describe rocks†

* Thomson has expressed, in a letter from Italy, to Dodington, nearly the same idea of a poet's travelling:

"Your observation I find every day juster and juster, that one may profit more abroad by seeing than by hearing: and yet there are scarce any to be met with, who have given a landscape of the countries through which they travelled, 'seen them with the Muse's eye,' (as you express it,) though that is the first thing that strikes, and what all readers of travels in the first place demand. It seems to me that such a poetical landscape of countries, mixed with moral observations on their governments, would not at all be an ill-judged undertaking: but then the description of the different face of Nature, in different countries, must be particularly marked and characteristic,—the portrait-painting of Nature."

From a MS. letter of Thomson to Dodington, in possession of H. P. Wyndham, dated Paris, Dec. 27, 1730. *Bowles.*

† When Thomson was told that Glover was writing an epic

and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.

You will easily perceive that it is self-interest makes me so fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into these parts, I should fly to see you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. Patrick's) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who above three months since left the greatest part of his family in this town. God knows how long we shall stay here. I am your, &c.

LETTER VII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

June 18, 1714.*

WHATEVER apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance, I know by experience, a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing; if you are too

poem, he exclaimed, "He write an epic poem, a Londoner, who has never seen a mountain!" *Warton.*

* At this time Swift had retired from town, to the house of his friend the Rev. Mr. Gery, at Upper Letcombe in Berkshire, disgusted with public life, by the failure of his attempts to reconcile Harley and Bolingbroke; at which place this letter was addressed to him.

busied in state affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form: or, if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the country, and doubt not but (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country: but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken, for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went; but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you: and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that

Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state treatise from your retirement; and a wit, who affects to imitate Balsac, says that the ministry now are like those heathens of old who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus.* This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the bye. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I cannot name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you on his account. If I writ this in verse,

* This project (in which the principal persons engaged were Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope) was a very noble one. It was to write a complete satire in prose upon the abuses in every branch of science, comprised in the history of the life and writings of Scriblerus; the issue of which was only some detached parts and fragments, such as the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the *Travels of Gulliver*, the *Treatise of the Profund*, the literal *Criticisms of Virgil*, &c. *Warburton.*

The *three* last-mentioned works were not at all in the character of Dr. *Scriblerus.* *Warton.*

I would tell you, you are like the sun, and while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you,* considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection, Yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

SIR, *London, July* 8, 1714.

Since you went out of the town, my Lord Clarendon was appointed envoy-extraordinary to Hanover in the room of Lord Paget; and by making use of those friends, which I entirely owe to you, he has accepted me for his secretary. This day, by appointment, I met his lordship at Mr. Secretary Bromley's office; he then ordered me to be ready by Saturday. I am quite off from the Duchess of Monmouth. Mr. Lewis was very ready to serve me upon this occasion, as were Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Ford. I am every day attending my lord-treasurer for his bounty, in order to

* Swift was at this time earnestly soliciting, among his great friends, subscriptions for Pope's Homer. *Bowles.*

set me out; which he has promised me upon the following petition, which I sent him by Dr. Arbuthnot:

THE EPIGRAMMATICAL PETITION OF JOHN GAY.

I'm no more to converse with the swains,
But go where fine people resort;
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.

If, when with the swains I did gambol,
I array'd me in silver and blue:*
When abroad, and in courts I shall ramble,
Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

We had the honour of the treasurer's company last Saturday, when we sat upon Scriblerus. Pope is in town, and has brought with him the first book of Homer.

I am this evening to be at Mr. Lewis's with the Provost,† Mr. Ford, Parnelle, and Pope. It is thought my Lord Clarendon will make but a short stay at Hanover. If it was possible, that any recommendation could be procured to make me more distinguished than ordinary, during my stay at that court, I should think myself very happy, if

* Gay's finery was the subject of ridicule both to himself and his friends. In the preface to his pastorals he describes his equipment for court:

"I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue."

And Pope, in his humorous letter to the Dean, describes Gay as an unhappy youth, who has miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat. *Sir W. Scott.*

† Of Dublin college, Dr. Benjamin Pratt.

you could contrive any method to prosecute it; for I am told, that their civilities very rarely descend so low as to the secretary. I have all the reason in the world to acknowledge this as wholly owing to you; and the many favours I have received from you, purely out of your love for doing good, assures me you will not forget me in my absence. As for myself, whether I am at home or abroad, gratitude will always put me in mind of the man to whom I owe so many benefits. I am your most obliged humble servant, J. GAY.

LETTER IX.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. POPE.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I AM extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despiseable thing in the world. This blow has so roused *Scriblerus*, that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicksome and gay he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected among old newspapers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers* of a noble lord sealed up. Then

* Lord Bolingbroke, whose papers were sealed up on the accession of George the First, at this time. *Bowles.*

might Scriblerus have passed for the Pretender, and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegorized all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste, only that I will never forgive you if you cannot use my aforesaid house in Dover-street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckoned amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

LETTER X.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

DEAR MR. GAY, *Sept.* 23, 1714.

WELCOME to your native soil!* welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blest with court interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future; whether returned a triumphant Whig, or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man, and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as

* In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was sent thither by Queen Anne. On her death they returned to England; and it was on this occasion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

Warburton.

to be good for nothing. Therefore, once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your own friends complained they had heard nothing from you since the Queen's death; I told them no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons, too, themselves to allege in your excuse; as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs threw us all into a hurry of spirits: even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect any thing from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the successor. During your journeys I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend! that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feasting. We will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the ladies). Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charming as the Blousalindas of the Hague? or have the two great pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and

in a rustic manner, kicked his Rosalind. Dr. Parnelle and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expenses: Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you directed to the Post-house in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me, if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the king, or prince, or princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm. I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

MR. POPE TO DR. PARNELLE.

Binfield, near Oakingham,
DEAR SIR, *Tuesday,* (1714).*

I BELIEVE the hurry you were in hindered your giving me a word by the last post, so that I am yet to learn whether you got well to town, or continue so there. I very much fear both for your

* This appears to have been written when Dr. Parnelle was in England, in the lifetime of Queen Anne, and was introduced by Swift to Harley.

health and your quiet; and no man living can be more truly concerned in any thing that touches either, than myself. I would comfort myself, however, with hoping that your business may not be unsuccessful, for your sake; and that, at least, it may soon be put into other proper hands. For my own, I beg earnestly of you to return to us as soon as possible. You know how very much I want you, and that however your business may depend upon any other, my business depends entirely upon you, and yet still I hope you will find your man, even though I lose you the mean while. At this time the more I love you, the more I can spare you; which alone will, I dare say, be a reason to you, to let me have you back the sooner. The minute I lost you, Eustathius with nine hundred pages, and nine thousand contractions of the Greek character, arose to my view! Spondanus, with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages, (value three shillings,) and Dacier's three volumes, Barnes's two, Valterie's three, Cuperus, half in Greek, Leo Allatius, three parts in Greek; Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worse than them all) Aulus Gellius! All these rushed upon my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the headache. Dear Sir, not only as you are a friend, and a good-natured man; but as you are a christian and a divine, come back speedily, and prevent the increase of my sins; for at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all the poets and commentators who have gone before me, but be

damned myself by all who come after me. To be serious, you have not only left me to the last degree impatient for your return, who at all times should have been so; (though never so much as since I knew you in best health here;) but you have wrought several miracles upon our family; you have made old people fond of a young and gay person, and inveterate papists of a clergyman of the church of England: even nurse herself is in danger of being in love in her old age, and (for aught I know) would even marry Dennis for your sake, because he is your man, and loves his master. In short, come down forthwith, or give me good reasons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next post. If I find them just, I will come up to you, though you know how precious my time is at present; my hours were never worth so much money before; but perhaps you are not sensible of this, who give away your own works. You are a generous author; I, a hackney scribbler; you are a Grecian, and bred at a University; I, a poor Englishman of my own educating; you are a reverend parson; I, a wag; in short, you are Dr. Parnelle (with an E at the end of your name) and I, your most obliged and affectionate friend, and faithful servant.

My hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and the true genuine shepherd, J. Gay of Devon. I expect him down with you.

LETTER XII.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

DEAR MR. GAY, (1714.)

ABOVE all other news, send us the best, that of your good health, if you enjoy it; which Mr. Harcourt made us very much fear. If you have any design either to amend your health or your life, I know no better expedient than to come hither, where you should not want room though I lay myself in a truckle-bed under the doctor.* You might here converse with the old Greeks, be initiated into all their customs, and learn their prayers by heart as we have done: the doctor, last Sunday, intending to say Our Father, was got half way in Chryses' prayer to Apollo. The ill effects of contention and squabbling, so lively described in the first Iliad, make Dr. Parnelle and myself continue in the most exemplary union in every thing. We deserve to be worshipped by all the poor, divided, factious, interested poets of this world.

As we rise in our speculations daily, we are grown so grave, that we have not condescended to laugh at any of the idle things about us this week. I have contracted a severity of aspect from deep meditation on high subjects, equal to the formidable front of black-browed Jupiter, and become an

* Dr. Parnelle, then on a visit to Mr. Pope at Binfield.

awful nod as well, when I assent to some grave and weighty proposition of the doctor, or enforce a criticism of my own. In a word, Y—g* himself has not acquired more tragic majesty in his aspect by reading his own verses, than I by Homer's.

In this state I cannot consent to your publication of that ludicrous trifling burlesque you write about. Dr. Parnelle also joins in my opinion, that it will by no means be well to print it.

Pray give (with the utmost fidelity and esteem) my hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and to Mr. Fortescue. Let them also know at Button's that I am mindful of them. I am, divine Bucoliast!

THY LOVING COUNTRYMAN.

LETTER XIII.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *October* 23, (1714).

I HAVE been perpetually troubled with sickness of late, which has made me so melancholy, that the immortality of the soul has been my constant speculation, as the mortality of my body my constant plague. In good earnest, Seneca is nothing to a fit of illness.

Dr. Parnelle will honour Tonson's Miscellany with some very beautiful copies, at my request. He enters heartily into our design. I only fear

* Dr. Edward Young. *Bowles.*

his stay in town may chance to be but short. Dr. Swift much approves what I proposed, even to the very title, which I design shall be, *The Works of the Unlearned,* published monthly, in which whatever book appears that deserves praise, shall be depreciated ironically, and in the same manner that modern critics take to undervalue works of value, and to commend the high productions of Grub-street.

I shall go into the country about a month hence, and shall then desire to take along with me your poem of the Fan, to consider it at full leisure. I am deeply engaged in poetry, the particulars whereof shall be deferred till we meet.

I am very desirous of seeing Mr. Fortescue when he comes to town, before his journey; if you can any way acquaint him of my desire, I believe his good-nature will contrive a way for our meeting, I am ever, with all sincerity, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

MR. POPE TO MR. CONGREVE.

January 16, 1714-15.

METHINKS, when I write to you, I am making a confession: I have got (I cannot tell how) such a custom of throwing myself out upon paper without reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ last.

My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no dispraise to me that they will not: the cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better proved, than in discovering its own fault at first view; as when a stream shews the dirt at its bottom, it shews also the transparency of the water.

My spleen was not occasioned, however, by any thing an abusive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon this scandal; for I think nothing more honourable than to be involved in the same fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envied and censured by bad writers.

You do more than answer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom, in sometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your letters so soon as I ought. Those who have a right taste of the substantial part of friendship, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omission; and one may find who is not so by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me: the world must be the judge, and I shall be the first to consent to the justice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not so arrant an author as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind should be so.

I am mightily pleased with a saying of Monsieur Tourreil: "when a man writes he ought to ani-

mate himself with the thoughts of pleasing all the world: but he is to renounce that desire or hope, the very moment the book goes out of his hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yesterday, having passed a few days in my way with my Lord Bolingbroke; I go to London in three days' time, and will not fail to pay a visit to Mr. M——, whom I saw not long since at my Lord Halifax's. I hoped from thence he had some hopes of advantage from the present administration: for few people (I think) but I, pay respects to great men without any prospects. I am in the fairest way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a papist and a poet. This puts me in mind of reacknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me. But, I can tell you, it is to no purpose; for without the *Opes, æquum mi animum ipse parabo.*

LETTER XV.

MR. POPE TO MR. CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE farce of the *What-d'ye-call-it** has occasioned many different speculations in the town. Some looked upon it as a mere jest upon the tragic poets, others as a satire upon the late war. Mr. Cromwell hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonished to

* Written by Mr. Gay. *Warburton.*

find the audience laugh; and says the prince and princess must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same account. Several templars and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a resolution to hiss, and confessed they were forced to laugh so much, that they forgot the design they came with. The court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jest, and the three first nights (notwithstanding two of them were court-nights) were distinguished by very full audiences of the first quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day they also took the hint, and have ever since been very loud in their claps. There are still some sober men who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are so much the majority, that one or two critics seem determined to undeceive the town at their proper cost, by writing grave dissertations against it: to encourage them in which laudable design, it is resolved a preface shall be prefixed to the farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yesterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided. I am sorry I can be of no other opinion than yours,* as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been punished by others, but suffered much even from his own party in the

* Hence it appears that Congreve was candid and moderate in his political opinions. *Warton.*

point of character, nor (I believe) received any amends in that of interest, as yet, whatever may be his prospects for the future.

This gentleman, among a thousand others, is a great instance of the fate of all who are carried away by party spirit of any side. I wish all violence may succeed as ill: but am really amazed that so much of that sour and pernicious quality should be joined with so much natural good humour as, I think, Mr. Steele is possessed of.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVI.

MR. GAY AND MR. POPE TO MR. CONGREVE.

April 7, 1715.

Mr. Pope is gone to Mr. Jervas's where Mr. Addison is sitting for his picture; in the mean time, amidst clouds of tobacco at a coffee-house, I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's; Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the fathers and church-history; the knowledge I gain from him is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. Whiston, so celebrated of late for his discovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of verses.*

* Called, *An Ode on the Longitude*, in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. *Pope.*

A very

Mr. Rowe's Jane Grey is to be played in Easter-week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature; for what woman ever despised sovereignty? You know Chaucer has a tale where a knight saves his head, by discovering it was the thing which all women most coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which causes the sheets to be long a drying: this gives Mr. Lintot great uneasiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the curate of his parish to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a six-penny criticism lately published upon the tragedy of the *What-d'ye-call-it,* wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is against the Pilgrim's Progress being read, which, he says, is directly levelled at Cato's reading Plato; to back this censure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progress being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the tragedy of Cato having just eight times (as he quaintly expresses it) visited the press. He has also endeavoured to show, that every particular passage of the play alludes to some fine part of tragedy, which, he says, I have injudiciously and profanely abused.* Sir Samuel

A very flat and feeble attack truly, on a man respectable for integrity, simplicity of manners, and extensive learning, though his opinions may be erroneous! *Warton.*

* This curious piece was intitled, A complete Key to the

Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's house, I believe, will be published in the Easter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter forestalled all the subjects of diversion; unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till two o'clock over Burgundy and Champagne; and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short time to be thought to do any sort of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking; purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of Homer. I hope you will by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor: pray cause the stuffing to be repaired, and the crutches shortened for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say, all that know you, must share in; we desire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves mortal to many poets, a criticism. We have indeed some relieving intervals of laughter, (as you know there are in some diseases,) and it is the opinion of divers good guessers, that the last fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets assailed by critics, are like men bitten by Tarantulas; they dance on so much the faster.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath played the precursor to the coming of Homer, in a treatise called Homerides. He has since risen very much in his cri-

What-d'ye-call-it, written by one Griffin, a player, assisted by Lewis Theobald. *Pope.*

ticisms, and, after assaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the *What-d'ye-call-it*.* Yet is there not a proclamation issued for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common hangman; nor is the *What-d'ye-call-it* yet silenced by the Lord Chamberlain. Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

MR. POPE AND MR. GAY TO DR. PARNELLE.

DEAR SIR, (*May*, 1715.)

I MUST own I have long owed you a letter, but you must own you have owed me one a good deal longer. Besides, I have but two people in the whole kingdom of Ireland to take care of; the Dean and you: but you have several who complain of your neglect in England. Mr. Gay complains, Mr. Harcourt complains, Mr. Jervas complains, Mr. Arbuthnot complains, my Lord† complains; I complain. (Take notice of this figure of iteration, when you make your next sermon.) Some say, you are in deep discontent at the new turn of affairs; others, that you are so much in the archbishop's good graces, that you will not correspond with any that have seen the last ministry. Some affirm you have quarrelled with Pope (whose friends they observe daily fall from him, on account

* In one of his papers called *The Grumbler*. *Pope.*

† Bolingbroke. *Bowles.*

of his satirical and comical disposition); others, that you are insinuating yourself into the opinion of the ingenious Mr. What-do-ye-call-him. Some think you are preparing your Sermons for the press, and others that you will transform them into essays, and moral discourses. But the only excuse that I will allow you is, your attention to the life of *Zoilus*. The frogs already seem to croak for their transportation to England, and are sensible how much that Doctor is cursed and hated, who introduced their species into your nation; therefore, as you dread the wrath of St. Patrick, send them hither, and rid your kingdom of those pernicious and loquacious animals.

I have at length received your poem out of Mr. Addison's hands, which shall be sent as soon as you order it, and in what manner you shall appoint. I shall, in the mean time, give Mr. Tooke a packet for you, consisting of divers merry pieces; Mr. Gay's new farce; Mr. Burnet's Letter to Mr. Pope; Mr. Pope's Temple of Fame; Mr. Thomas Burnet's Grumbler on Mr. Gay; and the Bishop of Ailsbury's Elegy, written either by Mr. Cary or some other hand.——*Mr. Pope is reading a letter, and in the mean time I make use of the pen,* to testify my uneasiness in not hearing from you. I find success, even in the most trivial things, raises the indignation of scribblers: for I, for my *What-d'ye-call-it,* could neither escape the fury of Mr. Burnet, or the German Doctor; then where will rage end, when Homer is to be translated? Let

Zoilus hasten to your friend's assistance, and envious criticism shall be no more. I am in hopes that we order our affairs so as to meet this summer at the Bath; for Mr. Pope and myself have thoughts of taking a trip thither. You shall preach, and we will write lampoons, for it is esteemed as great an honour to leave the Bath for fear of a broken head, as for a Terræ Filius of Oxford to be expelled. I have no place at court; therefore, that I may not entirely be without one every where, shew that I have a place in your remembrance.

Your most affectionate faithful servants,

A. Pope and J. Gay.

Homer will be published in three weeks.*

LETTER XVIII.

MR. JERVAS, DR. ARBUTHNOT, AND MR. POPE,† TO DR. PARNELLE.‡

DEAR MR. ARCHDEACON, (1715.)

Though my proportion of this epistle should be but a sketch in miniature, yet I take up half this page, having paid my club with the good company both for our dinner of chops, and for this paper. The poets will give you lively descrip-

* This sufficiently marks the date of this joint epistle.

† Written at a tavern after dinner.

‡ Written after Jervas's return from Ireland. *Bowles.*

Written before his journey, his intention of which is announced in this letter, but was postponed till the following year.

tions in their way; I shall only acquaint you with that which is directly my province. I have just set the last hand to a couplet, for so I may call two nymphs in one piece. They are Pope's favourites; and though few, you will guess, have cost me more pains than any nymphs can be worth. He is so unreasonable as to expect that I should have made them as beautiful upon canvas as he has done upon paper. If this same Mr. P—— should omit to write for the dear frogs,* and the *Pervigilium*, I must intreat you not to let me languish for them, as I have done ever since they crossed the seas. Remember by what neglects, &c. we missed them when we lost you, and therefore I have not yet forgiven any of those triflers that let them escape and run those hazards. I am going on at the old rate, and want you and the Dean prodigiously, and am in hopes of making you a visit this summer, and of hearing from you both now you are together. Fortescue, I am sure, will be concerned that he is not in Cornhill, to set his hand to these presents, not only as a witness, but as a

Serviteur très-humble,

C. JERVAS.

It is so great an honour to a poor Scotchman to be remembered at this time o' day, especially by an inhabitant of the *Glacialis Ierne*, that I take it

* Parnelle's translation of Homer's *Battle of the Frogs*, &c. and the *Pervigilium Veneris* of Catullus, published in his poems edited by Pope. *Bowles.*

very thankfully, and have with my good friends remembered you at our table in the chop-house in Exchange-Alley. There wanted nothing to complete our happiness but your company, and our dear friend the Dean's: I am sure the whole entertainment would have been to his relish. Gay has got so much money by walking the streets,* that he is ready to set up his equipage: he is just going to the Bank to negociate some exchange bills. Mr. Pope delays his second volume of his Homer till the martial spirit of the rebels is quite quelled, it being judged that the first part did some harm that way. Our love again and again to the dear Dean; *fuimus* Tories; I can say no more.

ARBUTHNOT.

When a man is conscious that he does no good himself, the next thing is to cause others to do some. I may claim some merit this way, in hastening this testimonial from your friends above writing: their love to you indeed wants no spur, their ink wants no pen, their pen wants no hand, their hand wants no heart, and so forth (after the manner of Rabelais, which is betwixt some meaning and no meaning); and yet it may be said, when present thought and opportunity is wanting, their pens want ink, their hands want pens, their hearts

* The poem of *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets*, by Gay. *Bowles.*

This letter, which has hitherto appeared without a date, was probably written towards the latter part of 1715.

want hands, &c. till time, place, and conveniency concur to set them a-writing, as at present a sociable meeting, a good dinner, warm fire, and an easy situation do, to the joint labour and pleasure of this epistle.

Wherein, if I should say nothing, I should say much, (much being included in my love) though my love be such, that if I should say much, I should yet say nothing, it being (as Cowley says) equally impossible either to conceal, or to express it.

If I were to tell you the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again; the next is to see here your treatise of *Zoilus* with the *Batrachomuomachia*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, both of which poems are master-pieces in several kinds; and I question not the prose is as excellent, in its sort, as the Essay on Homer. Nothing can be more glorious to that great author than that the same hand which raised his best statue, and decked it with its old laurels, should also hang up the scare-crow of his miserable critic, and gibbet up the carcase of Zoilus, to the terror of the witlings of posterity. More, and much more, upon this, and a thousand other subjects will be the matter of my next letter, wherein I must open all the friend to you. At this time I must be content with telling you I am faithfully, your most affectionate and humble servant, A. Pope.

LETTER XIX.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 28, 1715.

My Lord Bishop of Clogher* gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent, and, when I leave a country without a probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in public events: for, if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for some favour; if the Tories return,† you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford

* Dr. *St. George Ash*, formerly a Fellow of *Trinity College, Dublin*, (to whom the Dean was a pupil) afterwards Bishop of Clogher, and translated to the See of Derry in 1716-17. It was he who married Swift to Mrs. Johnson, 1716, and performed the ceremony in a garden. *Bowles.*

† In a manuscript letter of Lord Bolingbroke, it is said, "That George the First set out from Hanover with a resolution of oppressing no set of men that would be quiet subjects. But, as soon as he come into Holland, a contrary resolution was taken, at the earnest importunity of the Allies, and particularly of Heinsius, and of some of the Whigs. Lord Townshend came triumphantly to acquaint Lord Somers with all the measures of proscription and of persecution which they intended, and to which the king had at last consented. The old peer asked him what he meant, and shed tears on the foresight of measures like those of the Roman Triumvirate." *Warton.*

and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me.* Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros.* Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the eclipse, but it was that eclipse† which happened on the first of August.

I borrowed your Homer from the bishop (mine is not yet landed) and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaseth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation; yet I am angry at some bad rhymes and triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes‡ to *war* and *gods.* I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no soul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we

* The warmth of Swift in favour of his friends is natural and interesting. He disdained the idea of not meeting manfully whatever might be brought against him, though he knew the public mind was inflamed. Bolingbroke thought it best to abscond. *Bowles.*

† There was a great eclipse at this time. He alludes to the death of the queen, the 1st of August. *Bowles.*

‡ He was frequently carping at Pope for bad rhymes in many other parts of his works. His own were remarkably exact. *Warton.*

very much abound in judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and essay.* You are pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that preface. I saw the Key to the Lock but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times.†

God be thanked I have yet no parliamentary business, and if they have done with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore, if I can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on that side, when there is a parliament on this; but truly I must be a little easy in my mind‡ before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand that I live in the corner

* Given to him by Parnelle; and with which Pope told Mr. Spence, he was never well satisfied, though he corrected it again and again. *Warton.*

† Put these two last observations together, and it will appear, that Mr. Pope was never wanting to his friends for fear of party, nor would he insult a ministry to humour them. He said of himself, and I believe he said truly, that *he never wrote a line to gratify the animosity of any one party at the expense of another.* See the *Letter to a Noble Lord.* *Warburton.*

‡ Never was exhibited so strong and lamentable a picture of disappointed ambition, as in these letters of the dean. When we consider the fidelity and ability with which he served the Queen's last ministry, we are surprized that they gave him no higher preferment, but banished him, as it were, to Ireland. The fact is, that he had so insuperably disgusted many grave divines, and the Queen herself, by his *Tale of a Tub*, that she never would hear

of a vast unfurnished house; my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton-pie, and drink half a pint of wine. My amusements are, defending my small dominions against the archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.*

of his advancement in the church.* And this disgust was kept alive by the instigations of Archbishop Sharp, and the Duchess of Somerset, whom he had wantonly lampooned. It was in vain he wrote, to take off these impressions, his incomparable treatises, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion;* and the *Sentiments of a Church of England Man.* The truth is, his friends the ministers had it not in their power to do more for him than they did; but, as is the constant practice of all ministers, artfully concealed from him their inability to serve him, to keep him steady in his dependence on them. *Warton.*

* Warton speaks here of the Ministers of Queen Anne, who (particularly Oxford) expressed the greatest attachment and obligations to Swift. The subsequent cause of his disappointment is to be found (as hath been already mentioned) in Coxe's Memoirs. I cannot, however, perceive any great cause of complaint, when a person, although of eminent talents, yet being born to no patrimony, talks (at the same time that he expresses his disappointment) of "having a *steward*, a *groom*, a *helper* in the stable, a *footman*, and *an old maid!*" "who eats a mutton-pie, and drinks half a pint of wine, when he does not dine abroad, or give an entertainment;" and "whose *amusements* are, defending his *small dominions* against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to *reduce* his *rebellious choir!*" He may say of himself, "*Perditur hæc inter* misero *lux;*" but how many men of equal talents, if not superior virtues, are there, who would think their talents amply remunerated by half his income! *Bowles.*

I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always extremely

Yours, &c.

LETTER XX.*

DR. PARNELLE TO MR. POPE.†

(*July*, 1715.)

I AM writing to you a long letter, but all the tediousness I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove some of the uneasiness which you may have felt from the opposition of the world, and which you should be ashamed to feel, since it is but the testimony which one part of it gives you, that your merit is unquestionable. What would you have otherwise, from ignorance, envy, or those tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to

* This, and the three extracts following, concerning the translation of the first Iliad, set on foot by Mr. Addison, Mr. Pope has omitted in his first edition. *Pope.*

† When Pope published Parnelle's charming translation of the Pervigilium Veneris, which certainly was not written by Catullus, but is of a later date, he did not print the Latin verses as if they were trochaics. It were to be wished we had as good a translation of that noble and spirited poem, so singular in its kind, the *Atys*, the numbers of which are so expressive of distraction and enthusiasm. *Warton.*

attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we speak ill of happier studies, and, sighing, condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.

My* Zoilus,† which you used to write about, I finished last spring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to send it you, but not arriving here before your book was out, imagined it a lost piece of labour. If you will still have it, you need only write me word.

I have here seen the First Book of Homer,‡ which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My opinion is, that you may, if you please, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the spirit have an equal mastery with yours; but what surprizes me more is, that, a scholar being concerned, there should happen to be some mistakes in the author's sense;§ such as putting the light

* Printed for B. Lintot, 1715, 8vo. and afterwards added to the last edition of his poems. *Pope.*

† Parnelle assisted Pope by giving him the Essay on Homer's Life; in which, though there appears a good deal of research and ancient learning, yet it is delivered in so uncouth and harsh a style, even after it was repeatedly corrected and altered, that Pope always continued much dissatisfied with it. *Warton.*

‡ Written by Mr. Addison, and published in the name of Mr. Tickell. *Pope.*

§ There cannot be a stronger proof that it was not Addison's. His *scholarship* was well known, and is proved clearly by his education, and his own most elegant compositions in Latin, which display the greatest accuracy in that language; and it is not likely such a *scholar* should be so ignorant of Greek. Considering Pope's limited education, can it be supposed that he was a

of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles, making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he should have spoils when Troy should be taken) to be a cool and serious proposal; the translating what you call *ablution* by the word *offals*, and so leaving water out of the rite of lustration, &c. but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to shew I always have you at heart. I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

THE REV. DR. BERKLEY TO MR. POPE.

(EXTRACT.)

July 7, 1715.

———Some days ago, three or four gentlemen and myself, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, sate in judgment upon the two new translations of the first Iliad. Without partiality to my countrymen, I assure you, they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimously of opinion, that yours was equally just to the sense with Mr. —'s, and without compari-

more correct translator than *Addison?* Addison's classical attainments, from the most indubitable proofs, were superior to Pope's; and, if the translation was his, is it likely he should have committed any glaring mistakes of the meaning? *Bowles.*

Whether the translation was Tickell's or Addison's, certain it is, by Addison's own admission to Pope, that he had undertaken to peruse it for Tickell, and, as his earnestness for its success is well known, any mistakes in the author's sense are at least as imputable to the critic as they are to the author.

son more easy, more poetical, and more sublime. But I will say no more on such a thread-bare subject, as your late performance is at this time.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

MR. GAY TO MR. POPE.

(EXTRACT.)

July 8, 1715.

———I have just set down Sir Samuel Garth at the opera. He bid me tell you that every body is pleased with your translation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addison said the other translation was the best that ever was in any language.* He treated me with extreme civility, and out of kindness gave me a squeeze by the fore-finger. I am informed that at Button's your character is made very free with as to morals, &c., and Mr. Addison says, that your translation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.† I am, &c.

* Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his preface to an edition of the Drummer, a comedy by Mr. Addison, shews it to be his opinion, that "Mr. Addison himself was the person who translated this book." *Pope.*

† Mr. Addison might have said this with great sincerity. *Bowles.*

LETTER XXIII.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. POPE.

(EXTRACT.)

July 9, 1715.

———I congratulate you upon Mr. T—'s first book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was strangely disappointed in my expectation of a translation nicely true to the original; whereas, in those parts where the greatest exactness seems to be demanded, he has been the least careful, I mean the History of Ancient Ceremonies and Rites, &c. &c., in which you have with great judgment been exact. I am, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

MR. GAY TO MR. POPE.

DEAR POPE, (1716.)

Too late I see, and confess myself mistaken in relation to the comedy;* yet I do not think, had I followed your advice, and only introduced the mummy, that the absence of the crocodile had saved it. I cannot help laughing myself, (though the vulgar do not consider it was designed to look ridiculous) to think how the poor monster and mummy were dashed at their reception; and, when the cry was loudest, I thought that if the

* *Three Hours after Marriage.*

thing had been written by another, I should have deemed the town in some measure mistaken; and, as to your apprehension that this may do us future injury, do not think of it; the doctor has a more valuable name than can be hurt by any thing of this nature, and yours is doubly safe. I will, if any shame there be, take it all to myself, and indeed I ought, the motion being first mine, and never heartily approved by you.

LETTER XXV.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

June 20, 1716.

I CANNOT suffer a friend* to cross the Irish seas without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less† and drink more whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland, as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popishly speaking) I believe constantly well disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation, though I hear nothing

* Mr. Jervas, who paid a visit to Ireland soon after the date of this letter.

† Alluding to his constant custom of sleeping after dinner. *Warburton.*

from him, and make addresses to him but very rarely. A protestant divine cannot take it amiss that I treat him in the same manner with my patron saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author militant: whereof in your days of probation you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived in that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the Church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the Cardinalat, though I suffer for my religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the Psalms of David, if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one* in my name.† This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the Marquis de Langallerie,‡ wherein if I can do but some signal service against the Pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it should happen hereafter that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and

* In Curll's Collection. *Warburton.*

† Warton says, "It is observable that he does not deny his being the writer of it." I have little doubt that he was so. The Psalm is printed in the *Additions to Pope's Works.* *Bowles.*

A scandalous volume, published in 1757, mostly reprinted from Curll's surreptitious editions; containing many pieces certainly not Pope's, and concluding with the farce of *Three Hours after Marriage.*

‡ One who made a noise then, as Count Bonneval has done since. *Warburton.*

me; every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The Church of Rome I judge (from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family: so churches sink as generally as banks in Europe, and for the same reason; that religion and trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the management of companies, and the roguery of directors.

I do not know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmost sincerity, Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. POPE TO DR. PARNELLE.

DEAR SIR, *London, July* 29, (1716).

I WISH it were not as ungenerous as vain, to complain too much of a man that forgets me, but I could expostulate with you a whole day upon your inhuman silence; I call it inhuman; nor would you think it less, if you were truly sensible of the uneasiness it gives me. Did I know you so

ill as to think you proud, I would be much less concerned than I am able to be, when I know one of the best-natured men alive neglects me; and if you know me so ill as to think amiss of me, with regard to my friendship for you, you really do not deserve half the trouble you occasion me. I need not tell you that both Mr. Gay and myself have written several letters in vain; that we are constantly inquiring of all who have seen Ireland, if they saw you, and that (forgotten as we are) we are every day remembering you in our most agreeable hours. All this is true; as that we are sincerely lovers of you, and deplorers of your absence; and that we form no wish more ardently than that which brings you over to us. We have lately had some distant hope of the Dean's design to revisit England; will not you accompany him? or is England to lose every thing that has any charms for us, and must we pray for banishment as a benediction? I have once been witness of some, I hope all, of your splenetic hours; come and be a comforter in your turn to me, in mine. I am in such an unsettled state, that I cannot tell if I shall ever see you, unless it be this year; whether I do or not, be ever assured, you have as large a share of my thoughts and good wishes as any man, and as great a portion of gratitude in my heart, as would enrich a monarch, could he know where to find it. I shall not die without testifying something of this nature, and leaving to the world a memorial of the friendship that has

been so great a pleasure and pride to me. It would be like writing my own epitaph, to acquaint you with what I have lost since I saw you, what I have done, what I have thought, where I have lived, and where I now repose in obscurity. My friend Jervas, the bearer of this, will inform you of all particulars concerning me; and Mr. Ford is charged with a thousand loves, and a thousand complaints, and a thousand commissions to you, on my part. They will both tax you with the neglect of some promises which were too agreeable to us all to be forgot; if you care for any of us, tell them so, and write so to me. I can say no more, but that I love you, and am in spite of the longest neglect or absence, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

Gay is in Devonshire, and from thence he goes to Bath; my father and mother never fail to commemorate you.

LETTER XXVII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Aug. 30, 1716.

I HAD the favour of yours by Mr. F., of whom, before any other question relating to your health or fortune, or success as a poet, I inquired your principles in the common form, "Is he a Whig or a Tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well

tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that possession of any sort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or power confers virtue, as naturally as five of your Popish sacraments do grace. You sleep less and drink more. But your master Horace was *Vini somnique benignus:* and as I take it both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in temples for those who would consult the Oracles, "Who dictates to me slumbering," &c.*

You are an ill Catholic, or a worse geographer, for I can assure you, Ireland is not paradise,† and I appeal even to any Spanish divine, whether addresses were ever made to a friend in Hell, or Pur-

* Milton. *Warburton.*

The only time Swift ever alludes to Milton: who was of an order of writers very different from what Swift admired and imitated. *Warton.*

† According to Spence's anecdotes, Swift was not born in Ireland, as it has sometimes been asserted, but at Leicester, 1667. *Warton.*

gatory? And who are all these enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curll, Gildon, Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others, whose fame I have forgot: tools in my opinion as necessary for a good writer as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every Draper doth not shew you three or four damned pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough bookselling rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his cotemporary scribblers in critic or satire; not only by stolen copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other men's dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the ears of that Curll when I was in credit, but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the historian pretends to have been an eye-witness; but I beg pardon, sack might do it, although ratsbane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolics of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curll and his resemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country;

quit but your own religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home because we would oblige you to be a Christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious quaker in this town who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a set of quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says. I believe further, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, footman, or chairman's pastoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there.

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort, whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipt by since I had the happiness to see you. I am with the truest esteem, Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

MR. POPE TO DR. PARNELLE.

DEAR SIR, (1717.)

I WRITE to you with the same warmth, the same zeal of goodwill and friendship with which I used to converse with you two years ago, and cannot think myself absent, when I feel you so much at my heart. The picture of you, which Jervas brought me over, is infinitely less lively a representation, than that I carry about with me, and which rises to my mind whenever I think of you. I have many an agreeable reverie through those woods and downs where we once rambled together; my head is sometimes at the Bath, and sometimes at Letcombe, where the Dean makes a great part of my imaginary entertainment, this being the cheapest way of treating me; I hope he will not be displeased at this manner of paying my respects to him, instead of following my friend Jervas's example,* which, to say the truth, I have as much inclination to do as I want ability. I have been ever since December last in greater variety of business than any such men as you (that is, divines and philosophers) can possibly imagine a reasonable creature capable of. Gay's play, among

* That is, going to Ireland, as Jervas did, who was the bearer of the first letter to Parnelle. Jervas lent Pope his house in London during his absence. *Bowles.*

the rest, has cost much time and long-suffering to stem a tide of malice and party, that authors have raised against it; the best revenge upon such fellows is now in my hands, I mean your Zoilus, which really transcends the expectation I had conceived of it. I have put it into the press, beginning with the poem *Batrachom*; for you seem by the first paragraph of the dedication to it, to design to prefix the name of some particular person. I beg therefore to know for whom you intend it, that the publication may not be delayed on this account; and this as soon as possible. Inform me also upon what terms I am to deal with the bookseller, and whether you design the copy-money for Gay, as you formerly talked; what number of books you would have yourself, &c. I scarce see any thing to be altered in this whole piece; in the poems you sent, I will take the liberty you allow me; the story of Pandora, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two of the most beautiful things I ever read. I do not say this to the prejudice of the rest, but as I have read these oftener. Let me know how far my commission is to extend, and be confident of my punctual performance of whatever you enjoin. I must add a paragraph on this occasion, in regard to Mr. Ward, whose verses have been a great pleasure to me; I will contrive they shall be so to the world, whenever I can find a proper opportunity of publishing them.

I shall very soon print an entire collection of my

own madrigals,* which I look upon as making my last will and testament, since in it I shall give all I ever intend to give (which I will beg yours and the Dean's acceptance of); you must look on me no more as a poet, but a plain commoner, who lives upon his own, and fears and flatters no man. I hope before I die to discharge the debt I owe to Homer, and get upon the whole just fame enough to serve for an annuity for my own time, though I leave nothing to posterity.

I beg our correspondence may be more frequent than it has been of late. I am sure my esteem and love for you never more deserved it from you, or more prompted it from you. I desired our friend Jervas (in the greatest hurry of my business) to say a great deal in my name, both to yourself and the Dean, and must once more repeat the assurances to you both, of an unchanging friendship, and unalterable esteem. I am, dear Sir, most entirely, Yours.

LETTER XXIX.

REV. DEAN† BERKLEY TO MR. POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22, 1717.

I HAVE long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for

* The first volume of his Poems, printed in 1717.

† Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous, the Minute Philosopher, &c. *Warburton.*

want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject that I dare say you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an island, where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The island Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing, within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is in the hottest season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards intermixed with fruit trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chesnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields in the northern side are divided by hedgerows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape,

which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots, and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain, rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called Mons Epomeus); its lower parts are adorned with vines, and other fruits; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep, and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying, at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus; the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The islands Caprea, Prochyta,* and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe,† the Syrens, and the Læstrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna Felice, make but a part of this noble landscape; which would demand an imagi-

* We must lament that we have no more letters of Bp. Berkley; who, we see by this before us, possessed the uncommon talent of describing *places* in the most *lively* and *graphical* manner; a talent in which he has been equalled or excelled only by Mr. *Gray*, in many of those most lively and entertaining letters published by Mr. Mason; those especially written during his travels.

Warton.

† All this description, as Thomson nobly calls it, is "the portrait-painting of nature." No one can better exemplify his own ideas than Dean Berkley, in his lively, distinct, and picturesque descriptions. *Bowles.*

nation as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door: and yet by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among those dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: besides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione*,* i. e. a sort of religious opera) they make fireworks almost every week, out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it, beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed no where else in Italy; however, among many pre-

* Milton's idea:

"Gay religions, full of pomp and gold." *Bowles.*

tenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long since, that, being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need not wish you success. You will do me the justice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is sincerely wished by Your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I AM extremely glad to find by a letter of yours to Mr. Fortescue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep as the greatest of curiosities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the ramble most part of the summer, and have concluded the season in grief, for the death of my poor father.

I shall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reasons; because I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and because they

are not the concerns and troubles of any but myself. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleased to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I cannot pretend to entertain either Mr. Pultney* or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me, by your letter to Mr. Lowndes.† I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wish you paid some hundreds a year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too; so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and I find since, you are of my opinion, that it is as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing but think-

* Pultney took him this year to Aix, in order to divert a dejection of spirits, arising from disappointment in hopes of patronage. *Bowles.*

† A poem, intitled, *To my ingenious and worthy friend, W. Lowndes, Esq., author of that celebrated treatise in folio, called the* LAND-TAX BILL. *Warburton.*

ing, that is so bad with the waters; and, then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you write like our brother poets of these days.

The Duchess, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I cannot tell who else, had your letters. Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would send my services to Mr. Pultney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make some compliment to Mrs. Pultney, if she were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me she has as much out-shined all the French ladies, as she did the English before: I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women should eclipse those nuns and orthodox beauties, in whose eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining such fine gentlemen as you to our church. Your, &c.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young prince, because he is the only prince we have, from whom you have had no expectations and no disappointments.

LETTER XXXI.

MR. GAY TO MR. FORTESCUE.*

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven; for I am quite out of the world, and there is scarce any thing that can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have escaped. The only thing that is proof against it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for unhappily beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in romance under the shade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-set man of about five-and-twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labours of the year

* Gay was now on a visit to Lord Harcourt, who, with his other friends, sought, by kindness and change of scene, to dissipate his chagrin. *Bowles.*

together, with the greatest satisfaction;* if she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posie on her silver ring was of his chusing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed, that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding clothes, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to chuse her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon,) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to

* The fate of these unfortunate lovers is made the subject of a pathetic Episode in Thomson's *Summer*, line 1170. *Warton.*

one another throughout the field. No answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied this faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnished the epitaph, which is as follows:

When eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful Fair expire:
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

But my lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this, and Mr. Pope says he will make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.* Your, &c.

* The epitaph was this:

Near this place lie the bodies of
John Hewet and Sarah Drew,

an industrious young Man
and virtuous Maiden of this Parish;
who being at Harvest-Work
(with several others)
were in one instant killed by Lightning,
the last day of July, 1718.

Think not, by rigorous Judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls Virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball. *Warburton.*

It frequently appears, by a comparison of Mr. Pope's *printed* with his *original* letters (many of which are now before me), that, in preparing them for the press, he employed a degree of *management*, by corrections and alterations, which, whether arising from prudence, or cunning, is sometimes altogether unaccountable. The affecting letter which the reader has just perused, is a more singular instance of capricious preparation, than perhaps any we can produce. In every edition of Pope's Works, this letter has been given to Mr. Gay, and is said to have been addressed to Mr. Fortescue, and is printed here according to that custom, for obvious reasons. But the fact is, this celebrated letter was written by Mr. Pope to Miss Blount; and the following exact copy of the original will decidedly prove this, as well as afford a curious instance of the manner in which he altered and corrected his letters, when he chose to give them to the public.

"Madam, *August* 6, 1718.

"The only news you can expect to have from us here, must be news from heaven; for we are separated from the earth, and there is scarce any thing can reach us except the noise of thunder: which you have heard too, for nobody in Christendom has a quicker ear for thunder than yourself. We have read in old books, how thunder levels high towers, which the humble valley

escapes; and how proud oaks are blasted, while the lowly shrub remains unsinged. They say, the only thing that escapes it is the laurel, which yet we take not to be a sufficient security to the brains of modern poets. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that here in our neighbourhood, Blenheim, the most proud and extravagant heap of towers in the nation, stands untouched; while a cock of corn in the next field is miserably reduced to ashes.

"Would to God, that cock of corn had been all that suffered! for, unhappily, beneath that little shelter sate two lovers, no way yielding to those you so often find in a romance, under a beechen shade. The name of the one was John Hewet, and of the other Sarah Drew. John was black, of about five-and-twenty; Sarah was of a comely brown, near the same age. John had for several months borne the sweat of the day, and divided the labour of the harvest with Sarah: he took a particular delight to do her all the little offices that might please her: it was but last fair he brought her a present of green silk to line her straw hat, and that too he had bought for her but the market-day before. Whenever she milked, it was his care to bring the cows to her pail, and after to attend her with them to the field, upon pretence of helping to drive them. In short, their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all he aimed at was the blameless possession of her in marriage. It was but this very morning he obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field-flowers to Sarah's complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon), the clouds grew black, a terrible storm of thunder and lightning ensued; the labourers who were in the field, made the best of their way to what shelter the hedges or trees afforded. Sarah frighted, and out of breath, sunk down on a heap of wheat-sheaves; and John, who never separated from her, raked two or three heaps together, to protect her; and sate down by her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, that Heaven seemed burst asunder: every one was solicitous for the safety of his next neighbour, and called to one another. Those who were nearest our lovers,

hearing no answer, stepped to the sheaves. They first spied a little smoke, and then saw this faithful pair, John with one arm about her neck, and the other extended over her face, as to shield her from the lightning, both stiff and cold in this tender posture: no mark or blemish on the bodies, except the left eyebrow of Sarah a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts.

"The evening I arrived here I met the funeral of this unfortunate couple. They were both laid in one grave, in the parish-church of Stanton Harcourt. I have prevailed on my Lord Harcourt to erect a little monument over them, of plain stone, and have writ the following epitaph, which is to be engraved on it.

"When eastern," &c. [*The same as in the printed Letter.*]

"After all that we call unfortunate in this accident, I cannot but own, I think next to living so happy as these people might have done, was dying as they did. And did any one love me so well as Sarah did John, I would much rather die thus with her than live after her. I could not but tell you this true and tender story, and should be pleased to have you as much moved by it as I am. I wish you had some pity for my sake; and I assure you I shall have for the future more fear for yours; since I see by this melancholy example, that innocence and virtue are no security for what you are so afraid of. May the hand of God, dear Madam, be seen upon you, in nothing but in your beauties, and his blessings! I am firmly and affectionately for ever Yours.

"*August 9th.* This letter has been ready three days; but, disappointed by the post-boy's not calling, for we lie in a cross road. Your sister gave me hopes of a line from you; but I have received none. I am more vexed at Mrs. Cary's, than I believe you can be. I would give the world if you had the courage, both of you, to pass the fortnight in and about my wood. I would secure you of a good house within an hour of it, and a daily entertainment in it. I go thither very speedily. I am sure of your sister at least, that she would do this, or any thing else, if she had a mind to it. Let her take trial of some of Angel's horses, and a coach, for me. Upon the least hint, I will send to Prince to conduct them. My mother, Gay, and I, will meet you, and shew you Blenheim by the way. I dare believe Mrs. Blount would not stick out at my request. And so damn Grinsted and all its works. Our roads are very good all September; come, stay, and welcome."

One of Pope's letters to Lady M. W. Montagu, (vol. ix. p. 98.)

contains the same story, and almost in the same words; but, the reader will observe, rather in the words of the original, than of the copy hitherto printed. It may be worthy of remark too, that in his letter to Lady M. W. Montagu, he states the accident as having happened "just under his eyes;" and that the lovers were buried next day; but in the original to Miss Blount, he says that "he met the funeral of the unfortunate couple the evening he arrived." These are inconsistencies which cannot easily be reconciled;* and, it is yet more wonderful, that the relation of this accident should have been so long attributed to Gay, and without any suspicion that Pope was the real author, although in the same volume he sends it to Lady M. W. Montagu. C.

* They can be accounted for by Pope's incessant *labour* for *fame*. He was always fearful of losing what he had gained, and sent nothing into the world without care and circumspection. What he was not pleased with, he *altered*, or *suppressed*, or sometimes *fathered* upon Gay. *Bowles.*

There is no occasion to resort to these conjectures in order to account for the different letters that remain on this subject; the fact being, that the letter was originally a joint production of Pope and Gay, each of whom sent copies of it, as relating a singular and affecting incident, to such of their friends as they thought proper: making such alterations as circumstances might, at the moment of writing, suggest. That Pope ever corrected any of them for the purpose of publication, there is no more ground to suppose, than there is to believe that the copies he retained of his letters to Lady Mary, and on which Mr. Bowles has founded so unwarranted an imputation, had been corrected by him for that purpose. See Life of Pope, prefixed to this edition, chap. iv. p. 198, (note) and preliminary observations on the correspondence with Lady Mary, in vol. ix. p. 4.

LETTER XXXII.

MR. POPE TO MR. FENTON.

SIR, *May* 5, (1719).

I HAD not omitted answering yours of the eighteenth of last month, but out of a desire to give you some certain and satisfactory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commissioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs* will expect you on the rising of the

* Mr. Craggs had had no learned education: he wanted to improve himself in letters, and desired Mr. Pope to chuse him out a polite scholar, by whose conversation and instruction he might profit. Mr. Pope recommended Mr. Fenton; but Mr. Craggs's untimely death prevented the two latter from receiving the mutual benefits of this connexion. *Warburton.*

After his severe disappointment, occasioned by the death of Mr. Craggs, he brought out his tragedy of *Mariamne*, 1723, which was acted with great success at the Lincoln's Inn Fields' theatre, after Cibber had rejected it at Drury Lane, with equal insolence and ill taste. He consulted his old friend Southerne, on the conduct of this drama; which, and the Siege of Damascus, Mr. Walpole thinks the two last best of modern tragedies. It produced him 1000*l.* He dedicated it to Lord Gower, to whom he addressed one of the finest odes in our language. Akenside was for ever praising this ode. The *Marianne* of Voltaire was first played, and miscarried, in 1722. These two pieces had not the least resemblance to each other. The assistance he gave to *Pope* in translating the Odyssey, published in 1724, is well known. In 1725, he published an edition of *Paradise Lost*, revising and rectifying the punctuation; to which he prefixed a short, but very elegant, account of Milton's Life, and spoke of our great poet's political opinions, with a candour and liberality that does him much credit, considering they were so opposite to his own, who

parliament, which will be as soon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leisure. I dare say your way of life (which, in my taste, will be the best in the world, and with one of the best men in the world) must prove highly to your contentment. And, I must add, it will be still the more a joy to me, as I shall reap a particular advantage from the good I shall have done in bringing you together, by seeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a house close by mine, whither he proposes to come in three weeks: in the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philoso-

was a Nonjuror, and a firm friend to the Stuart family. And, 1729, Fenton gave to the public his last work, a magnificent edition of Waller, in quarto, with many notes and illustrations, of poems, which, from their nature, being personal, required many. He died 1730, at Easthamstead, in the house of his friend the Lady Trumbull, whose family he had for some time superintended, and who treated him with much tenderness and attention. Mr. Harte, who knew many particulars of his life, once told me he would write an account of it. He had a regard for Harte, whose father also was a Nonjuror, a man of remarkable piety and integrity. When Judge Jeffries came to Taunton Assizes, 1685, to execute his commission on the rebels that had joined Monmouth, old Mr. Harte, at that time minister of St. Mary's Church at Taunton, waited on him privately, and remonstrated much against the severities which he was going to inflict. The judge listened to him calmly and attentively; and, though he had never seen him before, to his great surprize, advanced him in a few months to a Prebendal Stall in the Cathedral of Bristol. I thought the reader might not dislike to hear this anecdote of Jeffries, the one only action of his life that I believe does him any credit.

Warton.

phical diet, for a time, may give you a higher relish of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I desire to know by the first post how soon I may hope for you.

I am a little scandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the Muses have put so many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your question, What I am doing? I answer, Just what I have been doing some years, my duty; secondly, relieving myself with necessary amusements or exercises, which shall serve me instead of physic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and, lastly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the easier, if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honest men, who think me not quite undeserving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myself. I will add the sincerity with which I act towards ingenious and undesigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend;* therefore believe me very affectionately

Your, &c.

* That this sincerity was unaffected, may appear by the manner in which Pope spoke of Fenton after his death, and by the epitaph with which he honoured his memory.

LETTER XXXIII.*

FROM DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 10, 1721.

A THOUSAND things† have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you.‡ I rather chuse to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For I take this cause properly to lie before you: You are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own inno-

* This letter Mr. Pope never received. *Pope.*
Nor did he believe it was ever sent. *Warburton.*

† No piece of Swift contains more political knowledge, more love of the English constitution, and national liberty, than appears in this celebrated letter; and it is not a little wonderful that Pope should affirm he never received it. *Warton.*

‡ Whatever were in fact the political opinions of Swift, it is evident that at the time this letter was written he had by no means relinquished the idea of accepting promotion, and perhaps of obtaining some share in the direction of public affairs. It is in fact a disavowal of his Tory principles, although expressed with dignity and caution; and its object is to shew that neither his opinions nor his conduct had ever been such as could justify his total exclusion from public life, even under a Whig administration. In the course of this vindication he has asserted the true principles of the British constitution with an energy and a clearness not often exceeded; and has demonstrated the necessity of maintaining them, in language scarcely less suitable to the present times than to his own.

cence, would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long-robe to those in furs, upon whose decision about the difference of style or sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind (although you cannot easily forget it) that about ten weeks before the queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but, upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister* now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long, that the queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns, further than the Prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation,

* Bolingbroke. *Bowles.*

but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal.

I had indeed written some Memorials of the four last years of the queen's reign, with some other informations, which I received, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me.* But as it was at the disposal of a person who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting† into order by one sheet at a time, for I dare not venture any further, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, (for they contain nothing of present times or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat or a spaniel in

* Historiographer. *Warton.*

† These papers some years after were brought finished by the Dean into England, with an intention to publish them. But Lord Bolingbroke, on whose judgment he relied, dissuaded him from that design. He told the Dean there were several facts he knew to be false, and that the whole was so much in the spirit of party-writing, that though it might have made a seasonable pamphlet in the time of the administration, it was a dishonour to just history. It is to be observed that the Treasurer Oxford was the hero of the story. The Dean would do nothing against his friend's judgment, yet it extremely chagrined him. And he told a common friend, that since Lord Bolingbroke did not approve his history, he would cast it into the fire, though it was the best work he had ever written. However, it did not undergo this fate, and is said to be yet in being.—It has been since published. *Warburton.*

Lord Bolingbroke, in a letter to Sir William Wyndham, expresses his opinion of this work as very partial and defective. *Bowles.*

the house,) but to preserve them from being lost among messengers and clerks.

I have written in this kingdom,* a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures instead of those from England. This treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm. He sent in haste for the chief justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of law. The chief justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to out-do his orders. The grand-juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry; the chief justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by

* A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures.

Pope.

what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the chief justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly, that the author's design was to bring in the Pretender; although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the Duke of Grafton the lord lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi.*

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question; but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit, and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that sort of knowledge, which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind.*

* This is a very strange assertion. To suppose that a consummate knowledge of the laws, by which civilized societies are governed, can *give no one good quality to the mind,* is making ethics (of which public laws are so considerable a part) a very unprofitable study. The best division of the sciences is that old one of Plato, into Ethics, Physics, and Logic. The severer philosophers condemn a total application to the two latter, because they have no tendency to mend the heart; and recommended the first as our principal study, for its efficacy in this important service. And sure, if any human speculations have this effect, they must

It is true, I have been much concerned, for several years past, upon account of the public as well as for myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which politics, and south-sea, and party, and operas, and masquerades, have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some hath entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a treatise called a *Dedication upon Dedications*, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise, wherein there are several pages containing a panegyric on King George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to

be those which have man for their object, as a reasonable, a social, and a civil being. And these are all included under *Ethics*; whether you call the science *Morality* or *Law*. With regard to the Common Law of England, we may justly apply to it what Tully says of the law of the Twelve Tables: "Fremant omnes licet, dicam quod sentio: bibliothecas mehercule omnium Philosophorum unum mihi videtur Pandectarum volumen et authoritatis pondere et utilitatis ubertate superare." But the best evidence of its moral efficacy is the manners of its professors; and these, in every age, have been such as were the first improved, and the last corrupted. *Warburton.*

inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were asked or no; but never affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far out-done by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice; and this pedantry ariseth from a maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had succeeded, the public interest both of church and state would not have been the worse, nor the protestant succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular per-

sons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party; for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his lordship. He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele; although I freely confess that his lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Halifax, who, upon the first change of the ministry, interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve. It was by repeating these two lines of Virgil:

"Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe."

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, and adding that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the ministers, that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve; which I do not say with any view towards making my court; for the new principles* fixed to those of that denomination, I did then, and do

* He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them by their enemies, of an intention *to proscribe the Tories.*
Warburton.

now from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state of all parties than usually happens to men of my level, and, I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people, whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of vanity or ambition. The first quickly wears off, and is the vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain; and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named (except Mr. Steele) during all my Lord Oxford's ministry, and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my Lord Somers* or Halifax, who were leaders of the opposite party.

* The following curious account of Swift's political conduct is given by the respectable Dr. Salter, late Master of the Charterhouse. "Lord Somers recommended Swift at his own very earnest request to Lord Wharton, when that Earl went Lieutenant to Ireland in 1708, but without success; and the answer Wharton is said to have given was never forgotten or forgiven by Swift; but it seems to have laid the foundation of that peculiar rancour with which he always mentions Lord Wharton. I saw and read two letters of Jonathan Swift, then prebendary of St. Patrick's, Dublin, to Lord Somers: the first earnestly intreating his favour, pleading his poverty, and professing the most unalterable attach-

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the queen's last ministers were pleased to have for me. And yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant succession, or the liberties and religion of their country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions *tanquam in equo Trojano*." But if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any party virulence,† or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shewn among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not suffered to run

ment to his lordship's person, friends, and cause; the second acknowledging Lord Somers's kindness in having recommended him, and concluding with the like solemn professions, not more than a year before Swift deserted Lord Somers and all his friends, writing avowedly on the contrary side, and (as he boasts himself) libelling all the junto round. I saw also the very letters which Lord Somers wrote to Lord Wharton, in which Swift is very heartily and warmly recommended; and I well remember the short and very smart answer Lord Wharton is said to have given; which, as I have observed, Swift never forgave or forgot: it was to this purpose: "Oh, my Lord, we must not prefer or countenance those fellows; we have not character enough ourselves." *Warton.*

† The *Examiners*, I suppose, were not then published amongst the Dean's works. *Warburton.*

quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the thing we called a Whig* in England, is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or no, it hath not been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither Secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here. He told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think, that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain minister about that whiggish or fanatical genius, so prevalent among the English of this kingdom. His lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the sourest leaven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it

* On a moderate computation, how many times have *Whigs* and *Tories* changed their principles, or rather their names! When Swift first set out in life, he was as true a Whig as Addison.

Warton.

must be confessed, that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for, it is hardly worth contending who shall be an exciseman, a country-vicar, a crier in the courts, or an under-clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill-treated as I have been, must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government; in answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a Popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood. Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts: first, as it was established by law; and secondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people. For necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics; and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people; which (under a weak prince and corrupt administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a revolution principle,* my

* A full, short, but solid defence of the principles on which the revolution was built: as the preceding paragraph contains all that

opinion was this; that whenever those evils, which usually attend and follow a violent change of government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievance we suffer under a present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution. And this I took to have been the case in the Prince of Orange's expedition, although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace. Because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery; and because I conceived, that a prince, who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects. Although I am not ignorant of those artificial necessities which a corrupted ministry can create, for keeping up forces to support a faction against the public interest.

As to parliaments,* I adored the wisdom of that

can be sensibly urged in favour of *Hereditary Right.* This topic he has enlarged upon, and placed in a perspicuous light, in the admirable "Sentiments of a Church of England Man." *Warton.*

* When King William hesitated about passing the Bill for *triennial* parliaments, (for *annual* seem impracticable, and out of the question,) and sent down to Sir William Temple, who had retired from public business, to desire he would give him his free opinion on this important measure, Sir William despatched Swift, then a young man, and who lived in his house, with a letter to his majesty, informing him, that the messenger was fully instructed to give him all possible information on the subject. The king lis-

Gothic institution which made them annual: and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were restored among us. For who sees not that while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty? which traffic would never answer the design nor expense, if parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of politics (now about thirty years old) of setting up a monied interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, That the possessors of the

tened to Swift with patience and attention, and gave his assent to the Bill. As to *extending* the duration of parliament, in the reign of George I., Dr. Johnson has expressed himself with great emphasis, by saying, "That the sudden introduction of twelve new peers at once by Queen Anne, was an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal; and by no means to be *compared* with that contempt of *national right*, with which some time afterwards, by the instigation of *Whiggism*, the *Commons*, chosen by the *People* for *three* years, chose *themselves* for *seven*."

He should have said at the instigation of some who *called* themselves *Whigs*. It is in allusion to this sentiment of Swift, relating to parliaments, that Dr. Stopford, the learned and amiable Bishop of Cloyne, thus expresses himself in a Latin panegyric on Swift: "Incorruptus inter pessimos mores; magni atque constantis animi; Libertatis semper studiosissimus, atque nostri Reipublicæ status, a Gothis quondam sapienter instituti, laudator perpetuus, propugnator acerrimus. Cujus tamen formam, ambitû et largitione adeo fœdatam, ut vix nunc dignosci possit, sæpius indignabundus ploravit." *Warton.*

soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South-Sea projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depended; neither do I think this practice hath made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every rebellion subdued and plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince. In the latter case, the knot of conspirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages: so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent suffer; but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a custom of chusing a dictator, during whose administration the power of other magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a war near their doors, or some civil dissension: for armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to

luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Cæsars and their successors, the most infamous tyrants that have any where appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had relating to public affairs, while I was in the world. What they are at present, is of little importance either to that or myself; neither can I truly say I have any at all, or, if I had, I dare not venture to publish them: for however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed I have often wished for some time past, that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor; for, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old whiggish principles, which, it seems, had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the spirit of faction hath so universally possessed the minds of men, that they are not at leisure to attend any thing else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to

lie several months in chains, while the ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject nor so stupid an author, as I have been represented by the virulence of libellers, whose malice hath taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid productions, which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill-treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician * to expose my own safety by offensive words. And, if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least enough discretion left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

* Swift, in one sentence only of his admirable *Sentiments of a Church of England Man*, demolished the slavish and absurd doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance. "Many of the clergy," says he, "and other learned men, mistook the object to which passive obedience was due. By the supreme magistrate is properly understood the legislative power, which in all governments must be absolute and unlimited. But the word *magistrate* seeming to denote a single person, and to express the *executive* power, it came to pass that the obedience due to the legislature was, for want of knowing or considering this easy distinction, misapplied to the *administration*." *Warton.*

LETTER XXXIV.

MR. POPE TO THE REV. MR. BERKLEY.

DEAR SIR, *Sunday.*

My Lord Bishop Atterbury was very much concerned at missing you yesterday. He desired me to engage you and myself to dine with him this day; but I was unluckily pre-engaged. And (upon my telling him I should carry you out of town to-morrow, and hoped to keep you till the end of the week) he has desired that we will not fail to dine with him the next Sunday, when he will have no other company.

I write you this to entreat you will provide yourself of linen and other necessaries sufficient for the week; for as I take you to be almost the only friend I have, that is above the little vanities of the town, I expect you may be able to renounce it for one week, and to make trial how you like my Tusculum; because, I assure you, it is no less yours, and hope you will use it as your own country villa the ensuing season. I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.*

(1722.†)

I FAITHFULLY assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my mother's death, there was no circumstance that rendered it more unsupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor mother's can be; whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear even that is more than God will please to grant me; for these two days past her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and, unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increase!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concerned, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you

* Vide Swift's Works, xvi. 423.

† This and the two following letters appear without a date; but were certainly written during the residence of Gay at Hampstead, whither he had retired for the recovery of his health, which is said to have been much affected by the loss of some South-sea stock presented to him by Secretary Craggs.

on a like sad occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great illness. May your health augment as fast as, I fear, hers must decline! I believe that would be very fast. May the life that is added to you be passed in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself, than from any expectations or trust in others! May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than friendship can give and receive without obligations to Greatness! God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my mother! Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live) Your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this; do not think of writing to me. The doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount, give me daily accounts of you.

LETTER XXXVI.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

Sunday Night.

I TRULY rejoice to see your hand-writing, though I feared the trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week past I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to see

you. But my mother advances not at all, gains no strength, and seems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold day to throw her into a diarrhœa, that must, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be feared, makes me not dare to go a day from her, lest that should prove to be her last. God send you a speedy recovery, and such a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I write to you, either kind or good; that was, and is nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindness, I really have for you, and whatever good I could do, I would, among the very first, be glad to do to you. In your circumstance the old Roman farewell is proper, *Vive memor nostri.* Your, &c.

I send you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby,* between whom and me two letters have passed concerning you.

LETTER XXXVII.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

No words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I assure you it was not, and is not lessened by the immediate apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my mother. Be assured, no duty less than that should have kept me

* Mr. Digby died in 1726.

one day from attending your condition: I would come and take a room by you at Hampstead, to be with you daily, were she not still in danger of death. I have constantly had particular accounts of you from the doctor, which have not ceased to alarm me yet. God preserve your life, and restore your health! I really beg it for my own sake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, though I always loved you a great deal. If I am so unfortunate as to bury my poor mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the southern part of France, may be thought useful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned state already in which I shall shortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as cheerful as your sufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a court: even any honest man is a better. I promise you my entire friendship in all events, heartily praying for your recovery. Your, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever so able: the doctor tells me all.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

July 13, 1722.

I WAS very much pleased, not to say obliged, by your kind letter, which sufficiently warmed my heart to have answered it sooner, had I not been deceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and yourself were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my lord was gone to bring you back. The world furnishes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and, I assure you, none of them touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your sentiments upon it are the very same I should entertain: I wish those we call great men had the same notions, but they are really the most little creatures in the world; and the most interested in all but one point, which is, that they want judgment* to know their greatest interest, to encourage and choose honest men for their friends.

I have not once seen the person you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apostle admonisheth, one flesh with his wife.

Pray make my sincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a

* Instead of—*that they want judgment*, propriety of expression requires he should have said—*there where they want judgment*. *Warburton.*

stronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almost any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, though I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you something or other in a letter, which, she says, she repents. She has as much good-nature as if she had never seen any ill-nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, instead of princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Fortescue will pass a few days with me: we shall remember you in our potations, and wish you a fisher with us on my grass-plat. In the mean time we wish you success as a fisher of women at the Wells, a rejoicer of the comfortless and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am your, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

September 11, 1722.

I THINK it obliging in you to desire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse state in my life, and find whatever I have tried as a remedy so ineffectual, that I give myself entirely over. I wish your health may be set perfectly right by the waters: and be assured, I not only wish that, and every thing else for you, as common friends wish, but with a zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear

of and from you; always glad to see you, whatever accidents or amusements have intervened to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think justice in regard to those who are my friends, and if there are any whom I have unwillingly deserved so little of as to be my enemies, I do not desire you to forfeit their opinion or your own judgment in any case. Let time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person; though (to say truth) I do not care how little I am indebted to time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I do not believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr. Congreve's, and Your, &c.

LETTER XL.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

DEAR GAY, *September* 11, 1722.

I THANK you for remembering me; I would do my best to forget myself, but that I find your

idea is so closely connected to me, that I must forget both together, or neither. I am sorry I could not have a glimpse either of you or of the sun (your father) before you went for Bath: but now it pleases me to see him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. Congreve in mind that he has one on this side of the world who loves him; and that there are more men and women in the universe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Duchess. There are ladies in and about Richmond that pretend to value him and yourself; and one of them at least may be thought to do it without affectation, namely, Mrs. Howard.

Pray consult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Cheyne, to what exact pitch your belly may be suffered to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pigeon-pies and hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our governors; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Rochester are opened, and profanely pried into at the Tower: it is the first time dead pigeons have been suspected of carrying intelligence. To be serious, you and Mr. Congreve and the doctor will be sensible of my concern and surprize at his commitment, whose welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think myself a most unfortunate wretch. I no sooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my esteem to any man, but he either dies, like Mr. Craggs, or is sent to imprisonment, like the bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to

be as innocent as I believe, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well!

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being addressed to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the doctor, it is writ to them. I am your, &c.

LETTER XLI.

FROM MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, Dec.* 22, 1722.

After every post-day, for these eight or nine years, I have been troubled with an uneasiness of spirit, and at last I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I do not deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve; for I have not professed to you that I love you as much as ever I did; but you are the only person of my acquaintance almost that does not know it. Whomever I see that comes from Ireland, the first question I ask is after your health; of which I had the pleasure to hear very lately from Mr. Berkley. I think of you very often: nobody wishes you better, or longs more to see you. Duke Disney, who knows more news than any man alive, told me I should certainly meet you at the Bath this season: but I had one comfort in being disappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a colic, that I have been

often troubled with of late; but have not found all the benefit I expected.

I lodge at present in Burlington-house, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me, and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me some knowledge of them; so that I can say, that it is not in their power to disappoint me. You find I talk to you of myself; I wish you would reply in the same manner. I hope, though you have not heard of me so long, I have not lost my credit with you; but that you will think of me in the same manner, as when you espoused my cause so warmly, which my gratitude never can forget. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged, and sincere humble servant,

J. GAY.

P. S. Mr. Pope, upon reading over this letter, desired me to tell you, that he has been just in the same sentiments with me, in regard to you, and shall never forget his obligations to you.

LETTER XLII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it, to read your name at the bottom.

under original sin by the dedication of your Eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance: and besides am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all courts have a sameness in them (as the parsons phrase it) things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to parliament-men's friends, who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be to get your friend who lodgeth in your house to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a week at the deanery-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the successors; and by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and

money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishopric here. Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side! I am ever, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

Jan. 12, 1723.

I FIND a rebuke in a late letter of yours, that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed as I cannot but own the laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given)* a surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly entitled to my friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further deeds or writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would chuse to live,

* Alluding to his large work on Homer. *Warburton.*

and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as were yours before: Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you.* Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other hereditary rights: and, indeed, he seems grown so much a philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the poet you gave him. It is sure my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished: after both of you left England, my constant host was the Bishop of Rochester.† Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being overrun with too much politeness, and cannot regain one great genius, but at the expense of another.‡ I tremble for my Lord Peterborough (whom I now lodge with); he has too much wit, as well as courage, to make a solid general:|| and if

* This circumstance is curious, as it shews to whom Pope was primarily indebted for his introduction to Lords Oxford, Harcourt, and Bolingbroke. *Bowles.*

† Dr. Atterbury. *Warburton.*

‡ The Bishop of Rochester thought this to be indeed the case; and that the price agreed on for Lord B.'s return, was his banishment: an imagination which so strongly possessed him when he went abroad, that all the expostulations of his friends could not convince him of the folly of it. *Warburton.*

|| This Mr. Walsh seriously thought to be the case, where, in a letter to Mr. Pope, he says——"When we were in the North,

he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all sexes, parties, and professions. A glut of study and retirement in the first part of my life cast me into this; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into study and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have hindered me from being violent or sour to any party; but at the same time the observation and experience I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprized at any. I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the violence and hardships I see practised by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind, which by fits improves into a certain degree of cheerfulness, enough to make me just so good-humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none but

my Lord Wharton shewed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain [Lord Peterb.]; I told him I would by all means have that general recalled, and set to writing here at home, for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he shewed, could be fit to command an army, or do any other business."—*Lett.* V. *Sept.* 9, 1706. *Warburton.*

to knaves (for fools I have learned to bear with,) and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to use; the freedom of friendship with men much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally; none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me: and as there is no great need of eclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you; but fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the millennium, and the kingdom of the just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you

will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

I am not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge. You will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals; you resemble perfectly the two alehouse keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity) was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind, has been

these many years devoted to one object.* A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buzz about me while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it, and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I

* Bolingbroke's first wife, with whom he lived unhappily, was descended from the famous Jack of Newbery. Notwithstanding his lordship's former gallantries, no one was more sincerely and affectionately attached afterwards to his wife. *Bowles.*

This second wife was the Marchioness de Villette, niece to the celebrated Madame Maintenon. *Sir Walter Scott.*

ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as party. Alas, I am soon awakened from the pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country, till that body of it, which you promise to finish, appears.

I am under no apprehension that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life. My philosophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perauctus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all; some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprize. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles and rank and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflexion and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any farther than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenour of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly. I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them: my losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town (which will be in a few days), I shall fall back into that course of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both, but in the ordinary course of life I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures the witty rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to

him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin. The fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teazes me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.——Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LETTER XLIV.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, September 20, 1723.

RETURNING from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shews a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here—*Non sum qualis eram.*

I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fugâ sæculi;* unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in chusing your favourites so indifferently among either party; this you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state, than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me;* I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way. I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in penny-worths to those

* Yet they are the Christian notions. *Warburton.*

about me, and who displease me least: and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome, as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four contemporaries, and, if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus; but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be so called in this country. I chuse my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects: but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc*

est vita solutorum, &c. I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintances at his country-house without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the court of requests, the park, the operas, and the coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.—I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last, whether you lodge with Lord Peterborough, or he with you.

I am ever, &c.

LETTER XLV.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO DR. SWIFT.*

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 1723.

I HAVE as good a right to invade your solitude as Lord Bathurst, Gay, or Pope, and you see I make use of it. I know you wish us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you shall have a sheet of paper every post till you come to your-

* Endorsed, "Received Nov. 17, 1723." *Sir W. Scott.*

self. By a paragraph in yours to Mr. Pope, I find you are in the case of the man, who held the whole night by a broom bush, and found when daylight appeared, he was within two inches of the ground. You do not seem to know how well you stand with our great folks. I myself have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent Irish whigs, the whole table turn all upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topic of your good qualities, and the good you did, I should have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expostulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes any body that has the misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myself, if I had had a mind, and I will propose a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late sent several patients in that case to the Spa, to drink there of the Geronstere water, which will not carry from the spot. It has succeeded marvellously with them all. There was indeed one, who relapsed a little this last summer, because he would not take my advice, and return to his course, that had been too short the year before. But, because the instances of eminent men are most conspicuous, Lord Whitworth, our plenipotentiary, had this disease, (which, by the way, is a little disqualifying for that employment); he was so bad that he was often forced to catch hold of any thing to keep him from falling. I know he was recovered by the

use of that water to so great a degree, that he can ride, walk, or do any thing as formerly. I leave this to your consideration. Your friends here wish to see you, and none more than myself; but I really do not advise you to such a journey to gratify them or myself; but I am almost confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The dragon is just the old man, when he is roused. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities just as of old. Lord B—— is much improved in knowledge, manner, and every thing else. The shaver* is an honest friendly man as before; he has a good deal to do to smother his Welsh fire, which, you know, he has in a greater degree than some would imagine. He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies money at ombre, and convinces them that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and Lady Masham, Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Hill, often remember you with affection.

As for your humble servant, with a great stone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as cheerful as ever. In public affairs, he has kept, as Tacitus says, *Medium iter inter vile servitium, et abruptam contumaciam.* He never rails at a great man, but to his face; which, I can assure you, he has had both the op-

* Erasmus Lewis, Esq. who in Dr. Swift's imitation of Horace, Ep. VII. b. 1. is so called:

"This Lewis is an arrant shaver." *Sir W. Scott.*

portunity and license to do. He has some few weak friends, and fewer enemies: if any, he is low enough to be rather despised than pushed at by them. I am faithfully, dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

LETTER XLVI.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

September 14, 1725.

I NEED not tell you, with what real delight I should have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your letter, who is this day gone for France.* Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets, they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a letter from you, with which (after all) I sit down a gainer; since to my great pleasure it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together: not to plot, not

* Dr. James Stopford, an intimate friend and correspondent of Swift; afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.

to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others' hearts with busy vanities, (such as perhaps at one time of life or other take their tour in every man,) but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases; or, at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your Travels* I hear much of; my own, I promise you, shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful investigation of my own territories.† I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I will find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess, when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurse. I can also help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not so old as yourself; you will be pleased with one another, I will engage, though you do not hear one another; you will converse like spirits, by intuition. What you will most wonder at is, she is considerable at court, yet no party-woman, and lives in court, yet would be easy, and make you easy.‡

One of those you mention (and I dare say al-

* Gulliver. *Warburton.*

† The Essay on Man. *Warburton.*

This is the first notice he gives Swift of his great work; and is so obscure a hint, that Swift certainly could not guess at the subject; written 1725. *Warton.*

‡ Mrs. Howard.

ways will remember), Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life, is the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you, he would give you (if he could) such advice as might cure your deafness, but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me Yours, &c.

LETTER XLVII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

September 29, 1725.

I AM now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the *grand monde,* for fear of burying my parts: to signalize myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my Travels,* in four parts com-

* Gulliver's Travels. *Warburton.*

These Travels and the Tale of a Tub are indisputably the two most capital works of Swift. It is remarkable that he never

plete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations; Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals: for in-

would own himself to be the author of the latter; nor is the slightest hint of it to be found in any of his writings. I have very lately been authentically informed, that Swift used to be mortified at Sir William Temple's frequent censure and contempt of burlesque writings; and was much hurt at the last paragraph of Sir William's first Essay in his Miscellanea; where he says: "I wish the vein of ridiculing all that is serious and good, all honour and virtue, as well as learning and piety, may have no worse effect on any state; it is the itch of our age and climate, and has overrun both the court and the stage; enters the House of the Lords and Commons, as boldly as a coffee-house; debates of Council as well as private conversation; and I have known in my life, more than one or two ministers of state, that would rather have said a witty thing, than have done a wise one; and made the company laugh rather than the kingdom rejoice." *Warton.*

stance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor Such-a-one, and Judge Such-a-one: it is so with physicians, (I will not speak of my own trade,) soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man,* although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years, (but do not tell,) and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*,† and to shew it should be only *rationis capax*.‡ Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind, till all honest men are of my opinion: by consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear, that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I

* A sentiment that dishonours him, as a man, a Christian, and a philosopher! as indeed did his conduct towards Miss Vanhomrigh, and his cruelty to Mrs. Johnson: which cannot be palliated nor pardoned. *Warton.*

† There is no person so capable of doing the greatest injury to public morals, as a man of great talents, but of mistaken and perverted sensibility. *Bowles.*

‡ These and similar passages contain a great deal of wild and violent invective against mankind, which has been perhaps too hastily adopted as expressive of Swift's actual sentiments. It ought, however, to be remembered, that if the dean's principles were misanthropical, his practice was benevolent. Few have written so much with so little view either to fame, or to profit, or to aught but benefit to the public. *Sir W. Scott.*

will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odyssey was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three-fourths the less for the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery. I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica.*

I have almost done with harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady whom you describe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court: Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a court-lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court-lady, but then she is a most damnable party-woman, and will never make me easy, as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description: I am glad she visits you, but my voice is so weak, that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and

general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh, if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels! But, however, he is not without fault. There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where after abundance of praises he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but alas! he hath a sort of slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a lord lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as Lord Leicester called those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin blacksmith, a great poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the same Miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret, that complainers never succeeded at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman? that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left. I have an ill name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one

who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am just told is in some of the newspapers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much youth and vigour left, (of which he hath not been thrifty,) but I wonder he has no more discretion.

LETTER XLVIII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

October 15, 1725.

I AM wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them; and are getting into our vortex. Here is one, who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content, with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all.* Here is another, who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily.† Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again, than of review-

* Lord Bolingbroke. † Edward, Earl of Oxford.

ing a world, every part of which he has long despised, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more cheerful than even health can make a man; for he has a good conscience into the bargain, which is the most catholic of all remedies, though not the most universal. I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I am sorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all poets the most miserable. I am also sorry for another reason; if they do not promote him, they will spoil the conclusion of one of my Satires, where having endeavoured to correct the taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus:

> "But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
> In ——'s reign these fruitless lines were writ,
> When Ambrose Philips was preferr'd for wit!"

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs, and generally by Tories too. Because he had humour he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. He puts his whole trust at court in that lady* whom I described to you; and

* Mrs. Howard. Gay trusted to her influence as the Prince's mistress, not aware that the real governess of the family was the princess herself, who, though indulgent to her husband's gallantries, was sufficiently jealous of her political influence over him;

whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy. I wish she really were Riches for his sake; though, as for yours, I question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall; I wish he had received no more by his other fall; Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being: *paullo minus ab angelis.* I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I have fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world: nay, would make them *eat your book,* which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I will not tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a set of Maxims in opposition

and never failed to disconcert all the schemes of those who hoped to rise by Mrs. Howard's interest. *Sir W. Scott.*

to all Rochefoucault's principles*) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my ears in yours and their service.† Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addressed to you, or comes from you) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither; it is a better reason than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire, into your principle of love of individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man

* This was only said as an oblique reproof of the horrid misanthropy in the foregoing letter; and which he supposed might be chiefly occasioned by the Dean's fondness for *Rochefoucault*, whose *Maxims* are founded on the principle of an universal selfishness in human nature. *Warburton.*

That Pope had thought seriously on this subject is, however, apparent from what he said to Mr. Spence: "As L'Esprit, La Rochefoucault, and that sort of people, prove that all virtues are disguised vices, I would engage to prove that all vices are disguised virtues. Neither, indeed, is true; but this would be a more agreeable subject, and would overturn their whole scheme:" v. *Spence's Anec.* p. 11.

"Rochefoucault is the great *philosopher*," says *Addison*, "for administering of consolation to the idle, the envious, and the worthless part of mankind." *Warton.*

† This seems to be the first intimation of Pope's intention to write the Dunciad, a conjecture which is confirmed by Swift's reply.

can care for a hundred thousand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So adieu—what remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his scheme.* Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health, Duke Disney† so also; Sir William Wyndham better, Lord Bathurst well. These, and some others, preserve their ancient honour and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d——d, what is it to a Protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer for my own part as a Papist, I would not pray them out of Purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The first prayed against me with the Turk; and a modern imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Chris-

* His Scheme for a religious settlement at Bermudas. *Bowles.*

† Duke Disney is often mentioned with affectionate and familiar kindness by the party. He lived at Greenwich, as appears from Gay's ballad:

"I hear facetious Disney say,
Duke, that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay."
Bowles.

tian to them, with proper definitions of each in this manner:

"The Pope's the Whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew:
The Christian is an Infidel
That sitteth in a pew."

LETTER XLIX.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Nov. 20, 1725.

I SHOULD sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder, and the relics of it, had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because, if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots:* I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke that I wish he were banished again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi.* My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth, which I immediately acknowledged, but before the letter could reach him,

* It certainly will not stand the test of criticism.

I wished it in the sea: I hope I was more afflicted than his lordship. It is hard that parsons and beggars should be overrun with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament *(sub sigillo confessionis)* that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish.* Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. P * * *† is *fort chancellant* whether he shall turn parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast wits and cast beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church: yet we think it a severe judgment, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish prelate. He is neither secretary, nor gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He hath published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is, that I have not waited on his lordship. We have had a poem sent from London in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Harvey, of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies. You might have spared me a few more lines of your Satire, but I hope in

* Robert, Earl of Oxford, to whose memory Swift continued faithfully attached.

† Ambrose Philips.

a few months to see it all. To hear boys, like you, talk of millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the f—ty-eighth year of my life (pray fill that blank charitably). I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind; it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with *** than I was with the kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write Maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him;* however, I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations. Take care the bad poets do not out-wit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom

* This, methinks, is no great compliment to his own heart.
Warburton.

they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame,* it is a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and will write again without concerning myself whether you write or no. I am, &c.

LETTER L.

MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

December 10, 1725.

I FIND myself the better acquainted with you for a long absence, as men are with themselves for a long affliction. Absence does but hold off a friend, to make one see him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleased to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you seem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleased with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump, in the notion that all scribblers should be passed by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slander,

* "I desire fame," says a certain philosopher: "Let this occur; if I act well I shall have the esteem of all my acquaintance, and what is all the rest to me?" *Warton.*

is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by shewing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mævius,* that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I do not know. I have been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindictive as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you for an hospital in which to lodge the despisers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly like Chelsea, with maimed soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I would rather have those, that out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it; it would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a piss-pot,† than by a thunder-bolt. As to greater oppressors, they are like kites or eagles, one expects mischief from them; but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherley said to me on his death-bed) by apo-

* Or Pope with *Tibbald*, *Concanen*, and *Smedley*, &c. *Warton.*

† Dr. Delany, from his partiality to Swift, is of opinion, that the Dean caught his love of gross and filthy objects from Pope. The contrary seems to be the fact. One would think this love contagious; see two passages in the *View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy*, Letter II. pages 67 and 120. *Warton.*

thecaries' apprentices, by the understrappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph—s * himself.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L— thinks all this indiscreet: the Doctor not so; he loves mischief the best of any good-natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world he is more than mortal: if ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a Divine.† Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I suppose Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons; one, that he thinks all childish things belong to him, and the other, because he will take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you: and that many others whom you do not think the worst of, will be gratified by it: none more, be assured, than Yours, &c.

P.S. Pope and you are very great wits, and I think very indifferent philosophers: if you despised the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect,‡ that noble original

* Philips. *Bowles.*

† This, certainly, does not countenance the idea that Pope had derived his religious opinions from Lord Bolingbroke.

‡ Very different is the opinion that Lord Shaftesbury has given of Seneca, the person here alluded to. "'Tis not," says he finely, "the person, character, or genius, but the style and manner of

whom you think it so great an honour to resemble,* was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world hath used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike to be discovered fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *Animal rationis capax*, instead of the common one *Animal rationale*, will not bear examination: define but reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the pontiff *Cotta;* between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this: make us a visit, and I will subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wished me banished again: but I am not less true to you and to philosophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours, &c. B.

this great man, which we presume to censure. We acknowledge his noble sentiments and worthy actions: we own the patriot and good minister; but we reject the writer. Where an universal monarchy was actually established, and the interest of a whole world concerned, he surely must have been esteemed a guardian angel, who, as a prime minister, could, for several years, turn the very worst of Courts, and worst-conditioned of all princes, to the fatherly care and just government of mankind. Such a minister was Seneca, under an Agrippina and a Nero." *Characteristics*, vol. iii. p. 23. *Warton.*

* Seneca. *Warburton.*

LETTER LI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

London, May 4, 1726.

I HAD rather live in forty Irelands, than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner; for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than you stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborough spoiled every body's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health: which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same, although you had never touched a pen further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey: I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you: this I intend in return to your kindness; and further, I know nobody has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be (in spite of my heart) entirely yours.

LETTER LII.

MR. CONGREVE TO MR. POPE.

SIR, *Ashley, Monday.*

I HAD designed to have waited on you to-day, but have been out of order since Saturday, as I have been most of the summer; and as the days are now, unless I am able to rise in a morning, it will be hard to go and come, and have any pleasure between the whiles. The next day after I had known from you where Lady Mary was, I sent to know how she did; but by her answer I perceive she has the goodness for me to believe I have been all this summer here, though I had been here but a fortnight, when you came to see me. Pray give her my most humble service. If I can, I will wait on you. I am your, &c.

LETTER LIII.

MR. CONGREVE TO MR. POPE.

Surrey Street, Jan. 29.

I RETURN you a thousand thanks for your letter about Spa-water. Dr. Arbuthnot has ordered me at present to drink salt-water, so I cannot expressly say when I shall want the Spa; but if the person mentioned by you, imports any quantity

for himself at any time, I shall be glad to know of it. I am sorry you did not keep your word in letting me see you a second time. I am always, dear Sir. Your, &c.

LETTER LIV.

MR. CONGREVE TO MR. POPE.

May 6, (1726).

I HAVE the pleasure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendship and concern for me, and am more affected with it, than I will take upon me to express in this letter. I do assure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very sorry I had not the good luck to see the Dean before I left the town: it is a great pleasure to me, and not a little vanity, to think that he misses me. As to my health, which you are so kind to inquire after, it is not worse than in London: I am almost afraid yet to say that it is better, for I cannot reasonably expect much effect from these waters in so short a time; but in the main they seem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which next to the few I would chuse, contributes very much to my satisfaction. At the same time that I regret the want of your conversation, I please myself with thinking that you are where you first ought to be, and

engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray give my humble service and best wishes to your good mother. I am sorry you do not tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I should have been glad to have heard he was better. My young amanuensis, as you call him, I am afraid will prove but a wooden one: and you know *ex quovis ligno*, &c. You will pardon Mrs. R——'s pedantry, and believe me to be Yours, &c.

P. S. By the inclosed you will see I am like to be impressed, and enrolled in the list of Mr. Curll's authors: but I thank God I shall have your company. I believe it is high time you should think of administering another emetic.*

LETTER LV.

DR. YOUNG TO MR. POPE.

DEAR SIR, *May 2.*

HAVING been often from home, I know not if you have done me the favour of calling on me;

* We cannot but wish for more of Mr. Congreve's letters, written with the true and proper ease of an epistolary style, and therefore totally different from those of his master, Wycherley, whom he too closely imitated in his comedies. Congreve is said to have written nothing in the Tatler, Spectator, or Guardian, but the well-drawn character of Aspasia, in the forty-second number of the Tatler. *Warton.*

but be that as it will, I much want that instance of your friendship I mentioned in my last, a friendship I am very sensible I can receive from no one but yourself.* I should not urge this thing so much, but for very particular reasons; nor can you be at a loss to conceive how a *trifle of this nature* may be of serious moment to me; and while I am in hopes of the great advantage of your advice about it, I shall not be so absurd as to take any farther step without it. I know you are much engaged, and only hope to hear from you at your entire leisure. I am, &c.

LETTER LVI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO THE THREE YAHOOS† OF TWICKENHAM.

JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN, MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF PARNASSUS.

July 23, 1726.

THOUGH you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing, yet I resolve to believe

* This, I imagine, may relate to the request of a Prologue. So, in one of the Satires, he says:

"Three things another's modest wishes bound,
Your *Friendship*, and a *Prologue*, and—Ten pound."

Bowles.

† From this address to the three poets, then residing together, under the name of *Yahoos*, it is plain that Swift's manuscript of

the contrary. I persuade myself that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to Dawley farm,* and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you, therefore, from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give you further proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you, that I shall be in your neighbourhood again, by the end of next week; by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of business will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle.* Adieu, Jonathan, Alexander, John! Mirth be with you!

Gulliver's Travels had been canvassed by the brotherhood; and that Gay's ignorance with respect to the author, as expressed in his letter of 17th November, 1726, was entirely affected. Yet Mr. Sheridan, in his Life of Swift, seems to have thought that Gay and Pope were really under some doubt concerning the author of Gulliver's Travels upon the first appearance of that singular production. *Sir W. Scott.*

* The country residence of Lord Bolingbroke, near Cranford, in Middlesex.—H. *Sir W. Scott.*

LETTER LVII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

August 22, 1726.

MANY a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home found it no home. It is a sensation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you: habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent; I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter,* or the pleasing prospect of Byberry,† but your idea must be joined with them; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a phantom of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester. I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about

* Cirencester. † Bybury.

me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there, in the state you wish him, or her: so that your visits to us may have no other effect, than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should choose to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are engraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me (with so kind an inscription), and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too: and had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say,

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the deanery of St. Patrick's; which

I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem Pateras*, &c. Till then I will drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I will add to your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

LETTER LVIII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

Sept. 3, 1726.

YOURS to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me (though that gave me a great deal); for to hear you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it; otherwise, believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir ——,* who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us. He said he observed a willingness in you to live among us;

* Sir Robert Walpole, who perhaps foresaw an approaching union between the Dean and Pulteney, and was probably not unwilling to give opening to a reconciliation, which might prevent such a coalition. But the hint, if it meant any thing serious, was given too late; for, as appears from the conclusion of this letter, a correspondence was already opened between Swift and Pulteney. *Sir W. Scott.*

which I did not deny; but at the same time told him you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved: but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborough and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain truth, did they know either it or you. I cannot help thinking (when I consider the whole short list of our friends) that none of them except you and I are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The Doctor* goes to cards, Gay to Court; one loses money, one loses his time: another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil. One lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales:† another is too much a subject to princes and potentates, to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air; and she‡ that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing.§ Lord Peterborough can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great an husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel, indeed, is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet it is fit,

* Arbuthnot. † Lady Bolingbroke.

‡ The Duchess of Marlborough. *Warton.*

§ The Duchess of Marlborough was long a patroness of Congreve. How much she merited the character here bestowed upon her by Pope, appears from the miserable *ennui* expressed in her own diary. *Sir W. Scott.*

for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves, in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps it is a mistake, but however there is something in it generous. Mr. *** takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune: for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power, than out.

To shew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence: "Those that are in, may abide in; and those that are out, may abide out: yet to me, those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in."

I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Wherever you are, (or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

> Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
> Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris,——)

I am, and ever shall be, yours, &c.

LETTER LIX.

MR. POPE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 10, (1726).

I AM glad your travels delighted you; improve you, I am sure, they could not; you are not so much a youth as that, though you run about with a king of sixteen, and (what makes him still more a child) a king of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, spent in attendance upon death, which has seized one of our family: my mother is something better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one compared with my mother's, because my life is not of half the consequence to any body that hers is to me. All these incidents have hindered my more speedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you inquire of, is of as little concern to me as you desire it should; namely, the railing papers about the Odyssey. If the book has merit, it will extinguish all such nasty scandal; as the sun puts an end to stinks, merely by coming out.

I wish I had nothing to trouble me more; an honest mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break its peace, there must be some guilt or consciousness, which is inconsistent with its own principles. Not but malice and injustice have their day, like some poor short-lived vermin

that die in shooting their own stings. Falsehood is folly, (says Homer,) and liars and calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even in this world: in the next, it is charity to say, God have mercy on them! They were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to dispose of his children.

I have had an occasion to make these reflections of late more justly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent person,* who I am sure shares your friendship no less than I do. No creature has better natural dispositions, or would act more rightly or reasonably in every duty, did she act by herself, or from herself; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ship, I mean the head guided by the tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.

* Probably Martha Blount, respecting whose intimacy with Pope there were some insinuations to her disadvantage. *Bowles.*

Of such insinuations I find no traces, except in Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope, and it certainly requires an acute eye to perceive any reference to them in the above letter; which evidently relates only to some domestic affair, in which the person alluded to had suffered herself to be guided by the judgment of others, instead of her own.

LETTER LX.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

Nov. 16, 1726.

I HAVE resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the other,* like useless dependents, who only take up room, and never are active and assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for them. I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publicâ trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen, is delightful; I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

* This was occasioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's chariot; which, in passing a bridge, was overturned, and thrown with the horses into the river. The glasses being up, and Mr. Pope unable to break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning, when the postilion, who had just recovered himself, beat the glass, which lay uppermost, to pieces: a fragment of which cut one of Mr. Pope's hands very dangerously. *Warburton.*

I find no considerable man very angry at the book: some, indeed, think it rather too bold, and too general a satire: but none, that I hear of, accuse it of particular reflections; (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them;) so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte* received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney-coach: by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so, for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the princess. The Irish stuff† you sent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? You are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there is no great fear of you; you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me,

* The publisher. Pope's ignorance, though gravely averred, is certainly affected. The state of the post-office, where they did not consider their letters as altogether inviolable, was probably the cause of this indirect mode of discussing the merits of the work, in which Pope is imitated by Swift himself. *Sir W. Scott.*

† The Dean at this time courted the princess, and was in hopes of getting his Irish deanery changed for some preferment in England; but the ministry were afraid to bring him on this side the water. Sir Robert Walpole dreaded his abilities. *Warton.*

was what you say to Mr. P., by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world:

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: but God forbid an honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about politics at all, (but perhaps it is full as wise to play the fool any other way,) surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborough, no man is more affectionate towards you. Do not fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely, I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon, for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER LXI.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

Nov. 17, 1726.

About ten days ago a book was published here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author: but I am told, the bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet-council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord ——* is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a

* Bolingbroke.

man.* Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it; she declares, that she hath now found out that her whole life hath been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship.† You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady-critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the church say, his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the princess‡ hath read it with great pleasure.

* It is no wonder a man of real merit should *condemn* a satire on his species; as it injures virtue and violates truth: and, as little, that a corrupt or worthless man should *approve* such a satire, because it justifies his principles and tends to excuse his practice. *Warburton.*

† See extracts from her Diary to the same purpose. *Swift's Works*, vol. iii. p. 145, *note*; and vol. xii. p. 12, *note*. *Sir W. Scott.*

‡ Afterwards Queen Caroline. *Bowles.*

As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, it is agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, though this hath its defenders too. It hath passed Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente;* and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine primâ;* which we modern naturalists pronounce ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at furthest. But to us, your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely

surprized to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B—— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Houynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo,* and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER LXII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Nov. 17, 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. H—'s, writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me called *Gulliver's Travels,* of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several

* By this circumstance it is clear that Gay knew Swift to be the author of Gulliver; though the whole letter pleasantly goes on the idea of Swift's being a stranger to the work. *Warton.*

passages, which appear to be patched and altered,* and the style of a different sort (unless I am much mistaken).† Dr. Arbuthnot likes the Projectors least;‡ others, you tell me, the Flying Island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that in these cases, I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies, and, for his part, he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can fifty fables.

* This was the fact, which is complained of and redressed in the Dublin edition of the Dean's works. *Warburton.*

† See the introductory letter from Gulliver to his cousin Simkin. *Sir W. Scott.*

‡ Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the *Royal Society.* *Warburton.*

Probably also because he was sensible of the injustice of the satire upon mathematical and physical science. *Sir W. Scott.*

I am just going to perform a very good office: it is to assist, with the archbishop, in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man, and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion. This I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour, as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries: he declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows, the archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu.

LETTER LXIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

December 5, 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself, and with reason, be-

cause I may probably be a greater loser by it.* What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor fox hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causeway, and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent, because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present;† which when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be of something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice in what you observe as to Mr. P—.‡ Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependence a state of slavery? We care not three pence whether a prince or minister will see us or no: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that riches are liberty, but then we are to put into the balance

* Pope was accustomed to write his letters to Swift in imitation of print, in order that he might read them without difficulty.

† The present to the Princess of Wales of Irish stuff. *Bowles.*

‡ Mr. Pulteney. In his letter of the 16th November, Pope had gently and kindly remonstrated against the Dean's involving himself in a party warfare by too close an alliance with Pulteney. *Sir W. Scott.*

how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses,* I most earnestly entreat you to burn those which you do not approve, and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (though it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call Thoughts, moral and diverting; if you please, I will send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to chuse the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby among the bad critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborough, for which I entreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise Riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a ninepenny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *Mira Poemata!* the most solemn that ever were seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself. You approve

* A just character of Swift's poetry, as well as his prose, is, that it "consists of proper words in proper places." Johnson said once to me, speaking of the simplicity of Swift's style, "The rogue never hazards a figure." *Warton.*

that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? Therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects; *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati, Dissentis.*

Yours, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

March 8, 1726-7.

Mr. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our Miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume, in which, methinks, we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner, diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of Verses, but I would chuse to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguished for ours, from other writers. There is no end of making books, Solomon said, and above all, of making

Miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I should not care to be one of the twelve thousand signed.

You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a Horse and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic Epistle to Mrs. Gulliver.* The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You see how much like a poet I write, and yet if you were with us, you would be deep in politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpose, but therefore the more warm and the more angry: *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I stay at Twit'nam without so much as reading newspapers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets: Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season, but my hand (though, as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively

* Poems of Pope addressed to Dr. Swift.

letter, which will attend this: she has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborough has writ twice to you; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER LXV.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.*

October 2, 1727.

It is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most

* This letter alludes to Swift's abrupt departure from Twickenham, which he imputed to indisposition; but which was certainly occasioned by his distressed state of mind concerning Stella.

Sir W. Scott.

from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning; perhaps you know it. But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure:* for the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I do not find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as

* Dr. Johnson has given this circumstance a malevolent turn. "He left the house of Pope it seems with very little ceremony, finding that two sick friends cannot agree together, and did not write to him till he found himself at Chester." Sinking, as he himself declares, under weakness, age, and wounded affection, Swift might have claimed some exemption from ceremony. But Pope saw Swift at his lodgings in London, as he himself writes to Sheridan, more than once at least; and when the Dean left England, he took leave of Pope in a kind letter, not written from Chester, but left for him at Gay's lodgings; over which he to whom it was addressed wept "like a girl." *Sir W. Scott's Life of Swift*, p. 354.

with you, in staying so entirely from you;* nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that before you went we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we shall have something better than even a friend there, but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time. May you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled! Yours, &c.

LETTER LXVI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.†

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

I HAVE been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home; I have there a large house, and

* Swift remained some days in London after having quitted Pope at Twickenham.

† The following seems to be an enlarged edition of the "kind letter" left for Pope at Gay's, in which the Dean apologized for abruptly quitting the hospitable mansion of Twickenham.

Sir W. Scott.

servants and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am, and have no where to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable, comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleased God that you are not in a state of health to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick

friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see any body, and here is a large house where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accompts; so that I am very well qualified to be a lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall-landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health; *det salutem, det opes; animam æquam tibi ipse parabis.* You see Horace

wished for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court, till you do so too.

Yours, &c.

LETTER LXVII.

MR. GAY AND MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

Oct. 22, 1727.

THOUGH you went away from us so unexpectedly, and in so clandestine a manner, yet, by several inquiries, we have informed ourselves of every thing that hath happened to you.

To our great joy, you have told us, your deafness left you at the inn in Aldersgate-street: no doubt, your ears knew there was nothing worth hearing in England.

Our advices from Chester tell us, that you met Captain Lawson;* the captain was a man of veracity, and set sail at the time he told you. I really wished you had laid hold of that opportunity, for you had then been in Ireland the next day; besides, as it is credibly reported, the captain had a bottle or two of excellent claret in his cabin. You would not then have had the plague of that little smoky room at Holyhead;† but considering it was

* Commander of the king's Dublin yacht.—H. *Sir W. Scott.*

† The Dean's route upon this, as upon other occasions, might be traced by his memoranda upon the walls and windows of his inn. There is an inscription, Swift's Works, vol. xiv. p. 363,

there you lost your giddiness, we have great reason to praise smoky rooms for the future, and prescribe them in like cases to our friends. The maid of the house writes us word, that, while you were there, you were busy for ten days together writing continually; and that, as Wat drew nearer and nearer to Ireland, he blundered more and more. By a scrap of paper left in this smoky room, it seemed as if the book you were writing was a most lamentable account of your travels; and really, had there been any wine in the house, the place would not have been so irksome. We were further told, that you set out, were driven back again by a storm, and lay in the ship all night. After the next setting sail, we were in great concern about you, because the weather grew very tempestuous; when to my great joy and surprize, I received a letter from Carlingford in Ireland, which informed us, that, after many perils, you were safely landed there. Had the oysters been good, it would have been a comfortable refreshment after your fatigue. We compassionated you in your travels through that country of desolation and poverty in your way to Dublin; for it is a most dreadful circumstance, to have lazy, dull horses on a road where there are very bad or no inns. When you carry a sample of English apples next to Ireland, I beg you would get them

which, being dated 1726, was probably written in the course of his journey *to* London; and while delayed at Holyhead, on his return, he wrote the verses which are to be found on p. 361 of the same volume. *Sir W. Scott.*

either from Goodrich or Devonshire. Pray who was the clergyman that met you at some distance from Dublin? because we could not learn his name. These are all the hints we could get of your long and dangerous journey, every step of which we shared your anxieties——and all that we have now left to comfort us, is to hear that you are in good health.

But why should we tell you what you know already? The queen's * family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest princess;† which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting;‡ and I have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition. You remember you were ad-

* Queen Caroline, consort of King George II. *Sir W. Scott.*

† This appointment was treated by all the friends of Gay, as a great indignity; and he is said to have felt the disappointment very severely, and was too much dejected on the occasion. *Warton.*

‡ The miscarriage of Gay's hopes of patronage at court, or rather their mean and contemptuous termination in appointing him gentleman-usher to a child, opened the voices of all his friends, not only against Walpole, but against the Queen and Mrs. Howard, from whose influence far different promotion had been expected. *Sir W. Scott.*

vising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly. I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera * is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a free man, and I wrote him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same: it will mend him, and make him a better man than a court could do.† Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time, if he pleased; but I will not in the time of our Augustus. My poem ‡ (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curlls and Dennises of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers), my poem, I say, will show you what a distinguished age we live in? Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits.

> Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
> Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair;
> Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
> Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem.§ Adieu.

* The Beggars' Opera.

† See these Letters, Nos. LXIX and LXX.

‡ The Dunciad.

§ We see by this, with what judgment Pope corrected and erased. *Warburton.*

LETTER LXVIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

October 30, 1727.

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay; but it would have been wiser to direct to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the post-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the Deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that in point of friendship you acted like some philosophers who writ much better upon virtue than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et ceteras, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking of you is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health: you pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you, and for the

consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health; in which pursuits I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting Scripture, not to your advantage; I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers: "I knew thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart." I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds, for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, *If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?* This is more proper still, if you consider the French word *spirituel*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pounds, I would not allow myself to be in your debt; but if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride; witness what Mr. Gay

says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged: I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good-nature can contrive; I believe local motion will be no ill physic, and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance, who used to correspond with the last Great Duke of Tuscany, shewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his Highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letter: *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The person to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, said, the meaning of *real good* was only that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good Christian, and (which is almost as rare) a good woman.

Adieu.

LETTER LXIX.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 6, 1727.

I HAVE many years ago magnified in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth beatitude, added to the eighth in the Scripture: "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismission from all court dependance; I dare say I shall find you the better and the honester man for it many years hence; very probably the healthfuller and the cheerfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious habits, of which few or no men escape the infection, who are hackneyed and trammelled in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and peers (the lackeys of princes), and ladies (the fools of peers), will smile on you the less; but men of worth, and real friends, will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which kings and queens cannot give you, (for they have it not to give), liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, thank God, Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the satisfactory consciousness of having *not* merited such graces from courts as are bestowed only on the mean, servile, flattering, inte-

rested, and undeserving. The only steps to the favour of the great* are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their passions. He is their greatest favourite who is the falsest; and when a man by such vile gradations arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for serving their ends: so many a minister has found it!

I believe you did not want advice in the letter you sent by my Lord Grantham; I presume you writ it not, without: and you could not have better, if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it,† in respect to any decency you ought to observe: for I take that person to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account; I think it a bad omen. But what have I to do with court omens? Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly speech; while you are nobody's servant, you may be any one's friend; and as such,

* Dr. Warton observes, "This satire against the Great is carried to excess." The representation is surely very unlike the English character, and betrays equally the spleen and ignorance of the author. If there is any thing offensive and disgusting in wealth, it is where its superiority is *unmitigated* by education; but this is very far from being the case with respect to English nobility, or English gentlemen. *Bowles.*

† This relates to the death of George I. and the succession of Gay's patrons, the prince and princess, to the throne, from whom he expected preferment. *Bowles.*

I embrace you in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling, you shall have sixpence, nay eightpence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully, Your, &c.

LETTER LXX.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 27, 1727.

I ENTIRELY approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which, although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated: and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy: you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1,000*l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your

Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natured man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper. I am very glad your Opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it succeed, because you are ill used by others.

I have known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: First,* in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured: Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing: Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for those who can do service or disservice.

Now why does not Pope publish his Dulness? the rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward. Pray inquire how my Lord St. John does? there is no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his. I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independency; or whether you do not sometimes

* Warton says, "Let every expectant of preferment, in Church and State, carefully attend to, and remember, these *five* reflections of a man well versed in courts." Which "five reflections" are the five reflections (and no doubt five more equally sagacious might be added) of almost all those who

"Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis." *Bowles.*

leer upon the court, *oculo retorto?* Will you not think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase-money? Have you dedicated your Opera, and got the usual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? Does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pulteney in expectation of a son, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuscript?

I bought your Opera to-day for sixpence,* a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve: it is in the *grand goût.*

We are all as full of it *pro modulo nostro* as London can be; continually acting, and houses crammed, and the Lord Lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it. I wish Macheath,† when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying: I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most wor-

* Some of those songs, that contained the severest satire against the court, were written by Pope; particularly,

"Thro' all the employments of life,"—

and also,

"Since laws were made," &c. *Warton.*

† A hint that might have been worked up with much humour: as was the quarrel of *Locket* and *Peachum.* *Warton.*

thy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the Opera, of the applause of the song *That was levell'd at me,* when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them. I am heartily glad your Opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds? that you may laugh at courts, and bid ministers——

Ever preserve some spice of the alderman, and prepare against age and dulness, and sickness, and coldness or death of friends. A whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzo-tinto.* Lord! how the school-boys

* This was Miss Lavinia Fenton. She afterwards became Duchess of Bolton. She was very accomplished; was a most agreeable companion; had much wit, and strong good sense, and a just taste in polite literature. Her person was agreeable and well-made; though she could not be called a beauty. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly the old Lord Bathurst, and Lord Granville. Quin thought the success of this Opera so doubtful, that he would not undertake to play the part of Macheath, but gave it up to Walker. And indeed it had liked to have miscarried and been damned, till Polly sung in a most tender and affecting manner, the words

"For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's life."

This is the air that is said irresistibly to have conquered the lover who afterwards married her. *Warton.*

The Duke of Argyle, in a letter to Dodington, 1728, says,

"All

at Westminster, and University lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as ministers can make weep?

I will excuse Sir —— the trouble of a letter: when ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years; the emperor answered, that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggars' Opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggars' Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

LETTER LXXI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE AND MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

(1728.)

Pope charges himself with this letter; he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to Lon-

"All the news we have in this part of the world is, that the Duke of Bournonville is trying to get Gibraltar, and the Duke of Bolton has got Polly." *Bowles.*

don, he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for aught I know, at Dublin. In the mean time his Dulness* grows and flourishes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his patrons from Bickerstaff to Gulliver will rejoice, to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness which carried you so suddenly from us (if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin). Dear Swift, take care of your health; I will give you a receipt for it, *à la Montaigne,* or which is better, *à la Bruyère. Nourisser bien vôtre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais:*† *laisser rouiller l'esprit, meuble inutil, voire outil dangereux: laisser sonner vos cloches le matin pour éveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui luy procure de beaux songes: lever vous tard, et aller à l'Eglise, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien dejeuné.* As to myself (a person about whom I concern myself very little) I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots: I have caught hold of the earth (to use a gardener's phrase), and neither my enemies nor my friends

* The Dunciad. *Warburton.*

† The whole of this pleasant receipt is taken from the Lutrin of Boileau. *Warton.*

will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear from you, at least of you: I love you for a thousand things, for none more than for the just esteem and love you have for all the sons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the Gynocrasy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber and the British journalist; so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our most abstruse studies. The only courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry; the former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his Opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity (that of her majesty's waterman), that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to them. But the Opera succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be

in you, and in posterity to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.

LETTER LXXII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

March 23, 1727-8.

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New England, wherein you will find a real person a member of their parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that traveller hath travelled thither, it has travelled very quick to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I reply (to solve the riddle) that the person is an *anabaptist*, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pounds:* he will soon be thinking of a

* Before Mr. Gay had *fenced* his thousand pounds, he had a consultation with his friends about the disposal of it. Mr. Lewis advised him to intrust it to the funds, and live upon the interest: Dr. Arbuthnot, to intrust it to Providence, and live upon the

fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar—as Cato said, for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in: nay, they would not, by their goodwill, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness,* (which by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name *The Dunciad,*) how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you, when you read the Treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) *in consuetudine studiorum.* Would to God our persons could but as well, and as surely, be inseparable! I find my other ties dropping from me: some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: my greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, Time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so

principal; and Mr. Pope was for purchasing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty he could only say with the old man in Terence,

—— fecistis probe,
Incertior sum multo, quam dudum. *Warburton.*

much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others, who want only, in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has its share of decay, as well as my spirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable: your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness: you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier, next to that it pleases me, that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next feli-

city is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself)

"That each bad author is as bad a friend."

This poem will rid me of these insects:

"Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade."

I mean than *my Iliad;* and I call it *Nescio quid,* which is a degree of modesty; but however if it silence these fellows,* it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I HAVE with great pleasure shewn the New England newspaper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar.† These are not the only

* It did, in a little time, effectually silence them. *Warburton.*

† The circumstance seems almost too odd to be credited; for although the surname of Gilliver, or Gulliver, sometimes occurs, yet its being joined to the odd Christian name, Lemuel, and the attribute assigned to the witness, make the coincidence almost incredible. *Sir W. Scott.*

observations I have made upon odd, strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's opera hath been acted here twenty times, and my Lord Lieutenant tells me it is very well performed; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges: I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go with them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland *(Quanquam O!)* and for England I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature

you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper, who hath been my *W—lp—le* above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town: you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*——there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggars' Opera hath done its task; *discedat uti conviva satur.* Adieu.

LETTER LXXIV.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

June 1, 1728.

I LOOK upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a particular triumvirate, who have nothing to

expect, or to fear, and so far fittest to converse with one another; only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I will not say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath that you have more virtue in an hour, than I in seven years; for you despise the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper: and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which hath made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is first minister. Your long letter was the last I received, till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The Doctor told me your secret about the Dunciad, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your inquiries, I am easy enough in great matters, and have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station, and the more contempt-

ible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks used by my Chapter to tease me. I do not converse with one creature of station or title, but I have a set of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind; I have formerly described them to you; but when you come, you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please, and I shall on that account make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own: if I were five-and-twenty, I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P. B * * *.† has writ to me, and is one of the best letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility, and friendship, without any stiffness or restraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the University-lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not Temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of Ease and Liberty; so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

† Patty Blount.

LETTER LXXV.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I NOW hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two haycocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Antony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that his scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and œconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his haymakers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard

him yesterday agree with a painter for 200*l.* to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm—now turn over a new leaf—

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself: there, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong; and he says further, if you could bear as great a fall and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest.* It will be attended with *Proeme, Prolegomena, Testimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum,* and Notes *Variorum.* As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best; whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill; Dr. Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

* The lines added in the second edition in which the poem is inscribed to Swift.

LETTER LXXVI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

July 16, 1728.

I HAVE often run over the Dunciad in an Irish edition (I suppose full of faults) which a gentleman sent me.* The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observed that twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate. When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never in my opinion saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin, I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I ima-

* No doubt Swift could fully have accounted for the publication of this edition.

gine it is not to be published till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with some real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28, and find that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c. and among many complaints of spurious editions? I am thinking whether the editor should not follow the old style of, *This excellent author, &c.* and refine in many places where you meant no refinement; and into the bargain take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances?

As to yourself, I doubt you want a spurrer-on to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at your season of life is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man God-ward, and the most intemperate your self-ward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money: Providence never designed him to be above two-and-twenty, by his thoughtlessness and cullibility. He hath as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I must observe, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindness to me) argues most sophistically: the fall from a million to a

hundred thousand pounds is not so great, as from eight hundred pounds a year to one: besides, he is a controller of fortune, and poverty dares not look a great minister in the face under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so great and expensively as he hath done since his return from exile; such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless you, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher—and Gay is a slave just by two thousand pounds too little—And Horace was of my mind, and let my lord contradict him, if he dares.—

LETTER LXXVII.

MR. GAY TO MR. POPE.

August 2, 1728.

It was two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter; I might indeed have done it sooner; I thought of you every post-day upon that account, and every other day upon some account or other. I must beg you to give Mrs. B. my sincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court,* who seemed, in the letter she writ, to be in high health and spirits. Considering the multiplicity

* Mrs. Howard.

of pleasures and delights that one is over-run with in those places, I wonder how any body had health and spirit enough to support them: I am heartily glad she has, and whenever I hear so, I find it contributes to mine. You see I am not free from dependance, though I have less attendance than I had formerly; for a great deal of my own welfare still depends upon hers. Is the widow's house to be disposed of yet? I have not given up my pretensions to the Dean: if it was to be parted with, I wish one of us had it; I hope you wish so too, and that Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Howard wish the same, and for the very same reason that I wish it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertisements in newspapers, by which one would think the race of Curlls was multiplied; and by the indignation such fellows show against you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himself hath not been worse used by the French. I am to tell you that the duchess makes you her compliments, and is always inclined to like any thing you do; that Mr. Congreve admires, with me, your fortitude, and loves, not envies, your performance; for we are not dunces. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1728.

I HAVE past six weeks in quest of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe, at a certain time of life, men are either fools or physicians for themselves, and zealots or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit, but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am just relieved by an assurance that you are still at Sir A——'s* planting and building; two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable lady. I conclude (though I know nothing of it) that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others, because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure, that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them; it is bearing testimony to a

* Sir Arthur Acheson's. Swift spent a great part of his time very pleasantly there, and amused the family with idle verses, the most celebrated of which is Hamilton's Bawn. *Bowles.*

merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse; and, I believe, if you will not, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inserted in the poem. Do you care I should say any thing further how much that poem is yours? since certainly without you it had never been.* Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! The whole weight of scribblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them; every stick you plant, and every stone you lay is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life; my humour, and health; I am so atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the Drawing-

* This seems to confirm the story that Swift rescued the Dunciad when Pope had thrown it into the fire, on Swift's last visit to Twickenham.

room, was not true. The sayings of princes are generally as ill related as the sayings of wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

LETTER LXXIX.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728-9.

I LIVED very easily in the country: Sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my lady a better;* she is perfectly well bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong: with that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady, my time passed very well, and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old Presbyterian housekeeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common newspaper, when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this

* Sir Arthur and Lady Acheson.

renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve,* whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends, as well as of him-

* He was certainly one of the most polite, pleasing, and well-bred men of all his contemporaries. And it might have been said of him, as of *Cowley*, "You would not, from his conversation, have known him to be a wit and a poet, it was so unassuming and courteous." Swift had always a great regard and affection for him; and introduced him, though a strenuous Whig, to the favour of Lord Oxford. It is remarkable that, on its first publication, Congreve thought the *Tale of a Tub* gross and insipid. Swift, in a copy of Verses to Dr. Delany, speaks thus of Congreve's fortune and situation:

"Thus, Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd his station
To be Mecænas of the nation,
For poets open tables kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself, as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy tho' they wanted shoes;
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair;
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter scene;
Took proper principles to thrive;
And so might every dunce alive."

This picture is unfair and over-charged; for the honour of Government, Congreve had several good places conferred on him, and enjoyed an affluent income. *Warton.*

Congreve died in January, 1728-9.

self. Upon his own account, I could not much desire the continuance of his life under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight upon my spirits since we lost him; though I saw him so seldom, and possibly if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally; they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than Poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat: he offends nobody, is easy with every body.—Is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my Lady A——, who knows him too, but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health; I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my Lord ——, who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second opera, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER LXXX.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

(*Jan.* 1728-9.)

I AM glad to hear of the progress of your recovery, and the oftener I hear it, the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the consolation you were to me in my mother's former illness, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I would have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now passed five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: the rest (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to send messages. I never passed so melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death* touches me nearly. It was twenty

* Our author's great regard for *Congreve* appears from his having dedicated to him, in preference to any great patron, his translation of the Iliad. One of the most singular circumstances in the life of *Congreve* is, his having been able to write such a comedy as the *Old Bachelor*, at the age of nineteen. Dr. Johnson accounts for this extraordinary phænomenon in the history of literature, by saying it might be done by a mind vigorous and acute, and *furnished* with comic characters by the perusal of *other poets*, *without* much actual commerce with mankind. And then he afterwards adds, in direct and palpable contradiction of this assertion, " that he is an

years and more that I have known him. Every year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all tendernesses, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu; This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it:

With added days if life give nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let every pleasure through;
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more!
Is this a birth-day?—'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of another year.*

Your, &c.

original writer, who borrowed neither the *models* of his plots, nor the *manner* of his dialogue." The inexhausted and improper superabundance of his wit, on all subjects and occasions, and in all characters, (for Jeremy is as witty as his master, Valentine,) has been too often observed to be here mentioned. The Mourning Bride has been magnified, beyond its merits, by Lord Kaimes; and Dr. Johnson has strained an encomium on a speech of Almeria, in this tragedy, so high, as to say, that a more poetical paragraph cannot be selected from the whole mass of English poetry. One passage in this speech must be noticed for its affectation: she says, "The temple in which the scene lies, is so solemn and awful, that it *looks tranquillity.*" How different in style and manner are the brilliant sallies in Congreve's comedies, from the *purity, justness*, and truth of Terence, and the Drummer! *Warton.*

* These lines were originally added to the Lines on the Birth-day of M. Blount:

"Oh, be thou blest!"

These appear in the MS. in his own hand-writing, sent to her; but are properly left out in his Works. *Bowles.*

LETTER LXXXI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

March 6, 1728-9.

If I am not a good correspondent, I have bad health; and that is as good. I passed eight months in the country, with Sir Arthur and my Lady Acheson, and had at least half a dozen returns of my giddiness and deafness, which lasted me about three weeks a-piece; and among other inconveniences, hindered me from visiting my chapter, and punishing enormities; but did not save me the charges of a visitation dinner. This disorder neither hinders my sleeping, nor much my walking: yet is the most mortifying malady I can suffer. I have been just a month in town, and have just got rid of it in a fortnight: and, when it is on me, I have neither spirits to write, or read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like; which is a resource you cannot fly to when you are ill. And I like it as little as you: but I can bear a pint better than you can a spoonful. You were very kind in your care for Mr. Whaley;* but I hope you re-

* This respects a lawsuit between Mr. Nathaniel Whaley and the Archbishop of Armagh on the one side, and the Crown on the other, which depended in the House of Lords, on a writ of error, and in which the Dean greatly interested himself. Mr. Whaley was at length successful. The shape of the question resolved into a doubt whether the death of George I. did not abate the writ.

Sir W. Scott.

membered that Daniel* is a damnable poet, and consequently a public enemy to mankind. But I despise the Lords' decree, which is a jest upon common sense, for what did it signify to the merits of the cause, whether George the old, or the young, were on the throne?

No: I intended to pass last winter in England, but my health said no: and I did design to live a gentleman, and, as Sancho's wife said, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in spring; if not, pray God you may never be in jest! Dr. Delany shall attend you at Chester, and your apartment is ready; and I have a most excellent chaise, and about sixteen dozen of the best cider in the world; and you shall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monstrari*, &c. And, when I cannot hear, you shall have choice of the best people we can afford, to hear you, and nurses enough; and your apartment is on the sunny side.

The next paragraph strikes me dumb. You say, "I am to blame, if I refuse the opportunity of going with my Lady Bolingbroke to Aix la Chapelle." I must tell you that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I must have good ears to catch up the words of so nimble a tongued race as the French, having been a dozen years without conversing among them. Mr. Gay is a scandal to

* Richard Daniel, Dean of Armagh, attending as a witness on the issue of the cause. *Sir W. Scott.*

all lusty young fellows with healthy countenances; and, I think, he is not intemperate in a physical sense. I am told he has an asthma, which is a disease I commiserate more than deafness, because it will not leave a man quiet either sleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his opera* before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions to amount to eight hundred pounds. And yet, I believe, he lost as much more, for want of human prudence.

I told you some time ago that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the lady of the family where I lived, and upon myself; but they never went farther: and my Lady Acheson made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or suffered them to be copied. They were sometimes shown to intimate friends, to occasion mirth, and that was all. So that I am vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have some confused notion of seeing a paper called Sir Ralph the Patriot,† but am sure it was bad or indifferent: and as to the Lady at Quadrille, I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the same with a paper of verses, called The Journal of a Dublin Lady, which I

* The Second Part of the Beggars' Opera, which was excluded from the theatre by order of the Chamberlain. *Sir W. Scott.*

† Pope appears to have thought the poem so entitled, was the Dean's production, and, notwithstanding his disapprobation, it has some glimpse of his manner and peculiar humour. *Sir W. Scott.*

It is given in Swift's Works by Sir W. Scott, vol. xvii. p. 256.

writ at Sir Arthur Acheson's; and leaving out what concerned the family, I sent it to be printed in a paper which Dr. Sheridan had engaged in, called, The Intelligencer, of which he made but sorry work, and then dropped it. But the verses were printed by themselves, and most horridly mangled in the press, and were very *mediocre* in themselves: but did well enough in the manner I mentioned, of a family jest. I do sincerely assure you, that my frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humour I am in, and some other reasons, which time has shown, and will show more if I live, have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling, to play with me an hour at backgammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within; or, at least, am deaf a week or two after I am well. But on Sunday evenings it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray, come over in April, if it be only to convince you that I tell no lies; and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs. Brent, my housekeeper, famous in print for digging out the great

bottle, says, "she will be your nurse;" and the best physicians we have shall attend you without fees; although, I believe, you will have no occasion but to converse with one or two of them, to make them proud. Your letter came but last post, and you see my punctuality. I am unlucky at every thing I send to England. Two bottles of usquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble service to my Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Lord Masham, and his lady, my dear friend, and Mr. Pulteney, and the Doctor, and Mr. Lewis, and our sickly friend Gay, and my Lady Bolingbroke; and very much to Patty, who, I hope, will learn to love the world less, before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my Lord Peterborough being ill. I am exceedingly his servant; and pray God recover his health! As for your courtier, Mrs. Howard, and her mistress, I have nothing to say, but that they have neither memory nor manners; else I should have some mark of the former from the latter, which I was promised about two years ago; but, since I made them a present,* it would be mean to remind them. I am told poor Mrs. Pope is ill. Pray God preserve her to you, or raise you up as useful a friend.

This letter is in answer to Mr. Ford, whose hand I mistook for yours, having not heard from

* Of some Irish stuff. The Dean expected a present of medals from Queen Caroline, which he never received. *Sir W. Scott.*

him this twelvemonth. Therefore you are not to stare; and it must not be lost, for it talks to you only.

Again, forgive my blunders; for, reading the letter by candle-light, and not dreaming of a letter from Mr. Ford, I thought it must be yours, because it talks of our friends.

The letter talks of Gay, and Mr. Whaley, and Lord Bolingbroke, which made me conclude it must be yours; so all the answering part must go for nothing.

LETTER LXXXII.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.*

From the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington Gardens, March 18, 1728-9.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE writ to you several times; and having heard nothing from you, makes me fear my letters are miscarried. Mr. Pope's letter has taken off my concern in some degree; but I hope good weather will entirely re-establish you in your health. I am but just recovered from the severest fit of sickness that ever any body had who escaped death. I was several times given up by the physicians, and every body that attended me; and upon my recovery, was judged to be in so ill a condition,

* Endorsed, "See the duchess's answer to the royal message." *Sir W. Scott.*

that I should be miserable for the remainder of my life; but contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder of the distempers that attacked me, which were, at the same time, fever, asthma, and pleurisy. I am now in the Duke of Queensberry's house, and have been so ever since I left Hampstead; where I was carried at a time that it was thought I could not live a day. Since my coming to town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has been so severe.

I must acquaint you (because I know it will please you,) that during my sickness, I had many of the kindest proofs of friendship, particularly from the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry; who, if I had been their nearest relation and nearest friend, could not have treated me with more constant attendance then: and they continue the same to me now.

You must undoubtedly have heard, that the duchess took up my defence with the king and queen, in the cause of my play, and that she has been forbid the court for interesting herself to increase my fortune, by the publication of it without being acted.* The duke too has given up his

* The duchess was so vehement in her attempts to have the embargo removed from Gay's play, that she offered to read it to his majesty in his closet, that he might be satisfied there was no offence in it. George II. escaped from this dilemma by saying, he should be delighted to receive her Grace in his closet, but hoped to amuse her better than by the literary employment she proposed. *Sir W. Scott.*

employment (which he would have done, if the duchess had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill usage from the ministers; but this hastened him in what he had determined. The play is now almost printed, with the music, words, and basses, engraved on thirty-one copper-plates, which, by my friends' assistance, has a possibility to turn greatly to my advantage. The Duchess of Marlborough has given me a hundred pounds for one copy; and others have contributed very handsomely; but, as my account is not yet settled, I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cause of virtue, and against the fashionable vices, I am looked upon at present as the most obnoxious person almost in England. Mr. Pulteney tells me, I have got the start of him. Mr. Pope tells me, that I am dead, and that this obnoxiousness is the reward for my inoffensiveness in my former life. I wish I had a book ready to send you; but I believe I shall not be able to complete the work till the latter end of the next week. Your money is still in Lord Bathurst's hands; but, I believe, I shall receive it soon: I wish to receive your orders how to dispose of it. I am impatient to finish my work, for I want the country air; not that I am ill, but to recover my strength: and I cannot leave my work till it is finished. While I am writing this, I am in the room next to our dining-room, with sheets all around it, and two people from the binder folding sheets. I print the book at my own expense, in quarto, which is to be

sold for six shillings, with the music. You see I do not want industry; and I hope you will allow that I have not the worst economy. Mrs. Howard has declared herself strongly, both to the king and queen, as my advocate. The Duchess of Queensberry is allowed to have shown more spirit, more honour, and more goodness, than was thought possible in our times; I should have added too, more understanding and good sense. You see my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increases by oppression. I go to no courts; I drink no wine; and am calumniated even by ministers of state; and yet am in good spirits. Most of the courtiers, though otherwise my friends, refused to contribute to my undertaking. But the city, and the people of England take my part very warmly; and, I am told, the best of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I am afraid I should write too much for you, and for myself. I have not writ so much together since my sickness. I cannot omit telling you, that Dr. Arbuthnot's attendance and care of me showed him the best of friends. Dr. Hollins, though entirely a stranger to me, was joined with him, and used me in the kindest and most handsome manner. Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney were greatly concerned for me, visited me, and showed me the strongest proofs of friendship. When I see you, I will tell you of others, as of Mr. Pope, Mrs. Blount, Mr. and Mrs. Rollinson, Lord and Lady Bolingbroke,

&c. I think they are all your friends and well-wishers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget Mr. Lewis, nor Lord Bathurst, Sir William Wyndham, and Lord Gower, and Lord Oxford, among the number.

My service to Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford.

LETTER LXXXIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, March 19, 1728-9.

I DENY it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation, for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the Duchess of Queensberry, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her Grace that she is a general toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the deanery, even in the face of my Whig subjects. I will leave my money in Lord Bathurst's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray keep the interest money in a bag wrapped

up and sealed by itself, for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger; but the different pursuits and manners and interests of life, as fortune hath pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope, when you are rich enough, you will have some little economy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of port; for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vamped play, although Mr. Pope seemed to have, and although it were ever so good; but you should have done like the parsons, and changed your text, I mean your title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100*l.* a-year more for horses. I ride and walk whenever good weather invites me, and am reputed the best walker in this town, and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope. I wish you had a little villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

LETTER LXXXIV.

DR. SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

You tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope was as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust. I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old lord in Leicestershire, who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly cross the channel and stand by, while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now, after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude that Providence hath ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits; and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever; for finding it troublesome to read at night, and the com-

pany here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are spurious except one paper,* for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your lordship used to say, that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling, to the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change like gaming by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never, as a minister, have suffered an act to pass through the H. of C——s, only because you were sure of a majority in the H. of L——s to throw it out: because it would be unpopular, and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the case in the Qualification-bill relating to pensioners. It should seem to me, that corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running seven millions in debt. I am forced to

* Entitled *A Libel on Dr. Delany, and a certain great Lord.* *Warburton.*

play a small game, to set the beasts here a madding, merely for want of better game, *Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim, &c.*——The D—— take those politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England, if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *Oh mihi præteritos*—but *cruda deo viridisque senectus.* Pray, my lord, how are the gardens? have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew hedges? Have you not bad weather for the spring corn? Has Mr. Pope gone farther in his Ethic Poems?* and is the head-land sown with wheat? and what says Polybius? and how does my Lord St. John? which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.——I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons played the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by, while my servants threw down what was amiss: I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment; but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.

* Undoubtedly his Essay on Man, in which it appears he had at this time made some progress.

I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *Melange* above-written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition, which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my lady.

LETTER LXXXV.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO DR. SWIFT.

London, March 19, 1728-9.

This is the second or third time, dear sir, that I have writ to you without hearing a word of you, or from you; only, in general, that you are very much out of order; sometimes of your two old complaints, the vertigo and deafness, which I am very sorry for. The gentleman who carries this has come better off than I did imagine: I used my little interest as far as it would go, in his affair. He will be able to give you some account of your friends, many of whom have been in great distress this winter. John Gay, I may say with vanity, owes his life, under God, to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant; for a physician who had not been passionately his friend could not have saved him. I had, besides my personal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a public person, a little Sache-

verell; and I took the same pleasure in saving him as Radcliffe did in preserving my Lord Chief Justice Holt's wife, whom he attended out of spite to the husband, who wished her dead.

The inoffensive John Gay is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of ministers, the chief author of the Craftsman, and all the seditious pamphlets which have been published against the government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the court banished from it for his sake;* another great lady in danger of being *chassée* likewise;† about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the ancient Circumcelliones‡ in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him. Since he became so conspicuous Will Pulteney hangs his head, to see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play: but, I really believe, he would get more by showing his person: and I can assure you, this is the very identical John Gay, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in Whitehall two years ago. I have been diverting myself with making an extract out of a history,

* The Duchess of Queensberry. *Sir W. Scott.*

† Mrs. Howard perhaps, who declared herself in Gay's favour on this momentous occasion. *Sir W. Scott.*

‡ A sect of African heretics, who were smitten with the rage of being martyrs. *Sir W. Scott.*

which will be printed in the year 1948. I wish I had your assistance to go through with it; for I can assure you, it rises to a very solemn piece of burlesque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine; for Mr. Pope is as high in favour, as I am afraid the rest are out of it. The king, upon the perusal of the last edition of his Dunciad, declared he was a very honest man. I did not know till this moment that I had so good an opportunity to send you a letter; and now I know it, I am called away, and obliged to end with my best wishes and respects, being most sincerely yours, &c.

LETTER LXXXVI.

DR. SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE AND MR. POPE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I do not think it would be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart: I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own, so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But

before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history; which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do. I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My lord, I have no other notion of œconomy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease, and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with men's affairs in such nice matters. And, my lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my lord, inquire whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the H. of Commons? In my conscience, I believe Fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because, if I play at piquet for sixpence with a man or woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty,

who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though she is a bungler, and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it, but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who I thought when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *res nolunt diu male administrari;* the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe, it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had

not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious," wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walking ten miles a day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom.* Bolingbroke, *et incipit ad amicum* Pope.

Having finished my letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that when I was very young I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy,* where the best author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the compilements of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke) more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is

* In *Montesquieu's Persian Letters*, there is an admirable one upon this subject.

no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue riband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me; but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remembered Sir Fulke Greville's epitaph, "Here lies, &c. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I most heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

LETTER LXXXVI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

August 11, 1729.

I AM very sensible that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires, which however I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitable to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially towards night. Yet my

disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half year; so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country,* there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place strewed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation the two thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures even where they excel what come from abroad: this is the true state of Ireland in a very few words. These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness, but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a philosopher: and perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope,

* There are many acute and new observations on the state of Ireland, in *Berkley's Querist*; by which he appears to be as great a *Patriot* and *Politician*, as in his other works he is a *Philosopher* and *Divine*. *Warton.*

(if she be still alive), I heartily pity you and pity her: her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labours, when she hath so many good works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness, I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why I would have you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal, is that you may be master of two or three years' revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinched in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs: and when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest for the spoonful of wine, and scraps of a chicken, it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any person, one tenth part so heartily disposed as you are, to do good offices to others, without the least private view.

Was it a gasconade to please me, that you said your fortune was increased 100*l.* a year since I left you? you should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectuti* are extremely desirable, if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice though I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no usurer more

wishes to be richer (or rather to be surer of his rents). But I am not half so moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000*l.** and live on the interest without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dexterous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. B—, but to no lady at court.† God bless you for being a greater dupe than I; I love that character too myself, but want your charity. Adieu.

* He gained, we see, a considerable sum by his writings. Enough has been said of Milton's selling his *Paradise Lost* for ten pounds. Tonson gave Dryden only two hundred and fifty guineas for ten thousand verses to make up the volume of his Fables. It may be of use to inform young adventurers, that Thomson sold his *Winter* to Millar for only three guineas. He gained but little more for his *Summer*. The year after, when he rose in reputation, 1728, Andrew Miller gave him fifty guineas for his *Spring*. This was his first connection with Thomson, whom he ever afterwards honoured and assisted if called upon. Dr. Young received of Dodsley two hundred guineas for the three first *Night Thoughts;* Dr. Akenside one hundred and twenty guineas for his *Pleasures of Imagination;* and Mallet the same sum for his *Amyntor and Theodora.* *Warton.*

† Swift, it has been observed, paid great court to Mrs. Howard, in hopes of exchanging his preferment, through her interest. This is the first symptom of his anger, on finding there was a probability of his being disappointed. *Bowles.*

LETTER LXXXVIII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

October 9, 1729.

It pleases me that you received my books at last:* but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or disapprove not of some parts of the commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other: if in any particular any thing be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here may have it rectified. You will find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to the notes and epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increased by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapiers-Hill is to emulate Parnassus; I fear the country about it is as much impoverished. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you removed from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me and about me than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you will not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100*l.*

* The copies of the London edition of the Dunciad.

a-year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself: but a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tied by the links of both. I cannot tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away a 100*l.* a-year. Do not be angry; I will not live to be very old; I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay assures me his 3000*l.* is kept entire and sacred; he seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Doctor* is unalterable, both in friendship and quadrille: his wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer, with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. He is the same man: so is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille Qui minimis urgetur*—Poor Mrs. *** is like the rest, she

* Arbuthnot.

cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer nobody to pull it out. The court-lady I have a good opinion of,* yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: but if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as nobody can detect a great fault so well as you, nobody would so well hide a small one. But after all, that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a courtier. I can assure you that Lord Peterborough always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*

LETTER LXXXIX.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

Brussels, Sept. 27, 1729.

I HAVE brought your French acquaintance thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that she

* Mrs. Howard.

will recover such a degree of health as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the farce. Might not my life* be entitled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it* than a *farce?* some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interspersed with

* Bolingbroke is reported, in a letter written to Pouilly, to have said, "You, and I, and Pope, are the only three men living fit to reign." Voltaire, in the xiith volume of his Letters, denies this anecdote, and adds, "J'aime mieux ce que disait à ses compagnons la plus fameuse Catin de Londres: Mes sœurs, Bolingbroke est declaré aujourdhui Secrétaire d'Etat; sept mille guinées de rente, mes sœurs; et tout pour nous!" It appears, by Voltaire's Letters, vol. i. p. 13, that in the year 1722, he was at La Source near Orleans, with Lord Bolingbroke; to whom he communicated the first sketches of the *Henriade*, and received from him the highest commendations. *Warton.*

The following letter from Horace Walpole, respecting Voltaire's journey to England to get his poem printed, is curious. It is written to Dodington:

"Dear Sir, *Paris, May* 29, 1726.

"Mr. Voltaire, a French poet, who has wrote several pieces with great success here, being gone for England in order to print by subscription an excellent poem, called *Henry IV.* which, on account of some bold strokes in it against persecution and the priests, cannot be printed here; M. de Morville, the Mecænas, or, I may truly say, the Dodington here, for the encouragement of wit and learning, has earnestly recommended it to me to use my credit and interest for promoting this subscription among my friends; on which account, as well as for the sake of merit, I thought I could apply myself no where more properly than to you; and I hope this will answer the particular view and interest which I have in it myself, which is, to renew a correspondence so agreeable to me; who am, with the greatest truth and affection, Sir,

"Your most obedient and most humble servant,

"H. Walpole."

Bowles.

scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the prototype of your hero. I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death: enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a-dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: little regret when I look backwards, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland: I would complain of mine too in England, but I will not, nay, I ought not; for I find by long experience that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleasure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montaigne* does something like it in one of his Rhapsodies. To tell you my reasons would be to write an essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a letter; but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I will shew you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending without anxiety two or three stages more. In short (Mr. Dean) if you will come to a certain farm in Middle-

* Yet there are few writers that give us such an insight into human nature as this old prater. *Warton.*

sex, you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused; but I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom (which is sometimes the reason and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob of the world). Now to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment, your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at: and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his exit, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire Fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good

of society. You poets and orators have inverted this order; you propose Fame as the end; and good, or at least great actions, as the means. You go further: you teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads besides your own; I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar, pressed forward to the same goal. After all perhaps it may appear, from a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this passion or this direction of self-love, in to your aid: Tacitus has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ, contemni virtutes.* But now whether we consider fame as an useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self-love is so fond of; methinks our entrance into life, or (to speak more properly) our youth, not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming to desire it with ardour. If it is useful, it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have, a long

scene of action open before us: towards our exit, this scene of action is or should be closed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of fame the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure. When it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age: but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5.

I am here; I have seen Pope, and one of my first inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear: you are building, it seems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some county of Ireland. Though I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend; may the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which surround us, make as little impression on you, as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in!

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you;

she is faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned and disappointed not to find you in this island at her return, which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER XC.

DR. SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, October 31, 1729.

I RECEIVED your lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten lustres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this country of liberty and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter: it is you were my hero, but the other* never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him,†

* Lord Oxford. *Warburton.*

† This is a remarkable sentence; as it conveys a depreciating idea of Lord Oxford, whom we had imagined Swift preferred to Bolingbroke. *Warton.*

in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it than yours: for, I declare yours was *unie*, and I wish you would so order it, that the world may be as wise as I upon that article: Mr. Pope wishes it too, and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not.—I was forty-seven* years old when I began to think of death, and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep.—I writ to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its name, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons; you born to a great fortune: yet I see you, with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them; but yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almost impossible) than ever you were in your highest exaltation—only I grieve like an alderman that you are not so rich. And yet, my lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope,) I

* The year of Queen Anne's death. *Warburton.*

do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind: and as for the *pleasure of giving*, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things, (be not offended, it is no Ecclesiastical, but an Epictetian phrase,) could you, when these have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the deanery? I could almost wish the experiment was tried—— No, God forbid, that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But as old Weymouth said to me in his lordly latin, *Philosopha verba, ignava opera:* I wish you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles which you advise me to, will tell me that I can live on 50*l.* a-year, (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to,) but I cannot endure that *Otium* should be *sine dignitate.*—My lord, what I would have said of fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; because I cannot be a great lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*, I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at most in

an age, through the whole world.* My lord, I hate and love to write to you, it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The D—— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

LETTER XCI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Oct. 31, 1729.

You were so careful of sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own, which hath sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it.

* When Bolingbroke was very old, in his retirement at Battersea, it was customary for many people to pay their respects to him, chiefly with the view of seeing and conversing with a character so distinguished. Among others, Lord Chatham, then a young man, called on him; but found him pedantic, fretful, angry with his wife, &c. Such is the melancholy picture of the last stage of existence. [*Communicated by Lord* Chatham *to the late Marquis of* Lansdowne.] *Bowles.*

I writ this post to Lord B. and tell him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loss for a frolic, I will fly as soon as build; I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience, for such amusements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100*l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds in specie in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our absentees as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what, I believe, I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100*l.* *per annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends; I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B—— about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am: but I make it as little as possible.

As to the other part, you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was, of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. . Adieu.

LETTER XCII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

November 19, 1729.

I FIND that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hirundine primâ.* I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more. Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation ap-

proaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state, (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*,) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which soothes my mind like this: I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty* of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on œconomics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500*l.* a-year as well as with 5,000*l.*; the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last

* Viz. *Reason.* Tully (to whom the letter-writer seems to allude) observes something like this on the like occasion, where, speaking of Plato's famous book of the Soul, he says, *Nescio quomodo, dum lego, adsentior: cum posui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animarum cœpi cogitare, adsentio illa omnis elabitur.* Cicero seems to have had but a confused notion of the *cause* of the slippery nature of this assent, which the letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the *imagination* is always ready to indulge so flattering an idea, but severer *reason* corrects and disclaims it. As to RELIGION, that is out of the question: for Tully wrote to his few philosophic friends; though, as has been the fate of his lordship's *first philosophy*, (where this whole matter is explained at large,) it came at last into the hands of the public.

Warburton.

work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprize and anger you. However, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you; no matter, for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page, as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest; it is a fine one; and will be, in his hands, an original.* His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness, it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace.

* Essay on Man. *Warburton.*
On which, therefore, it appears, he was employed in 1729. *Warton.*

LETTER XCIII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

November 28, 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a rhapsody; it is many years ago since I wrote as a wit.* How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if one determined to say nothing that one could not say prettily! I lately received from the widow of one dead correspondent, and the father of another, several of my own letters, of about fifteen and twenty years old: and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe, how and by what degrees I ceased to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more, the longer I have compared you with the rest of the world, so inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curll would be bit, were our epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations!

You cannot imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have something to rebuke you for in the way of œconomy. I love the man that builds a house

* He used to value himself on this particular. *Warburton.*

subito ingenio, and makes a wall for a horse: then cries, "We wise men must think of nothing but getting ready money!" I am glad you approve my annuity: all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: but I will increase your regard for my wisdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes also the life of another,* whose concern ought to be as near to me as my own, and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I throw my javelin of hope no farther. *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo,* &c.

The second (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you, if I know any opportunity: if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition. The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, &c. for you know I disapprove Irish politics, (as my commentator tells you), being a strong and jealous subject of England. The lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your present; she having lately received a much richer present from Mr. Knight of the South Sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an outlaw. It is certain, as he can never expect any favour,† his motive must be wholly disinterested. Will not this reflection make you blush? Your

* His mother's. *Warburton.*

† He was mistaken in this. Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742. *Warburton.*

continual deplorings of Ireland make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow such a patriot here too, as not to be quite at ease, for your love of old England.—It is very possible, your journey, in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back, you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life; since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me: the natural imbecility of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship at sixteen, was contracted with a man of seventy, and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, though we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr. Wycherley; some letters of whom, by the bye, and of mine, the booksellers have got and printed not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours.* I do not much approve of it;

* See the occasion in the second and third paragraphs of the Preface to the first volume of Letters. *Warburton.*

though there is nothing in it for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of any thing I do not do myself, or of any thing that is not immoral but merely dull; as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they easily may, if the underlings at the post-office please to take a copy of it. I admire, on this consideration, your sending your last to me quite open, without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever, manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together. I will fully represent to our friend (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart) what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme honest man, and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is: but I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idlenesses in the way of wit. You know my maxim to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all interest in either party. I was once displeased before at you, for complaining to Mr. *** of my not having a pension, and am so again at your naming it to a certain lord. I have given proof, in the course of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole,) that I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause as to deserve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it:

but give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from, are those very two, to whom you have unluckily spoken of it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way. And yet, you know, I am no enemy to the present constitution; I believe, as sincere a well-wisher to it, nay, even to the church established, as any minister in or out of employment whatever; or any bishop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the religion of Erasmus, a Catholic; so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkley, and Mr. Hutchenson, in that place, to which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B.'s answer to your letter I have just received, and join it to this pacquet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER XCIV.

MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

April 14, 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you (as a clergyman,

and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man: moreover he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honest. I shall think it a kindness done myself, if you can propagate Mr. Westley's subscription for his Commentary on Job, among your divines, (bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope,) and among such as are believers, or readers, of Scripture: even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the Church of England, though you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not use me so ill as to flatter me! I therefore think it some other weak Irishman.

P.S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together. Pliny writ his letters for the

public,* so did Seneca, so did Balsac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not, and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as historians and poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at *Aix la Chapelle*, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber. I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public spirit would be less grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a visit at least. It will not be the fault of several persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good will, and little power, produce such slow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men. I know you will be angry with me, if I say nothing to you of a

* A just and sensible criticism on Epistolary writings, which we should bear in our minds whilst we are reading this collection of letters. *Warton.*

poor woman, who is still on the other side of the water in a most languishing state of health. If she regains strength enough to come over, (and she is better within these few weeks,) I shall nurse her in this farm with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last duty of friendship wherever she is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am most faithfully and affectionately yours.

LETTER XCV.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

April 18, 1730.

If my friendship were as effectual as it is sincere, you would be one of those people who would be vastly advantaged and enriched by it. I ever honoured those Popes who were most famous for nepotism; it is a sign that the old fellows loved somebody, which is not usual in such advanced years. And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extensive bounty and goodness to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendship is so much less effectual than theirs; nay, so utterly useless, that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this distance, nor help the general, whom I greatly love, to catch one fish. My only consolation is to think you happier than my-

self, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you (an excellent remedy for love). How comes it that Providence has been so unkind to me, (who am a greater object of compassion than any fat man alive,) that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepared with oranges by the hand of the Duchess of Queensberry? that I am condemned to live by a highway side, like an old patriarch, receiving all guests, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while you are rapt into the Idalian Groves, sprinkled with rose-water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet, up to the chin, with the Duchess of Queensberry? that I am doomed to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windsor, while you are happily banished with the Duchess of Queensberry? So partial is fortune in her dispensations! for I deserved ten times more to be banished than you, and I know some ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I must not name any, who dare do so much for you as to send you their services. But one there is,* who exhorts me often to write to you, I suppose, to prevent or excuse her not doing it herself; she seems (for that is all I will say for a courtier) to wish you mighty well. Another,† who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wish you well. I fancy, after all, they both do so.

* Mrs. Howard. † Mrs. Martha Blount.

I writ to Mr. Fortescue, and told him the pains you took to see him. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from Irish evidence, but only two letters these four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: he is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Mr. Cleland always speaks of you: he is at Tunbridge, wondering at the superior carnivoracity of our friend: he plays now with the old duchess,* nay, dines with her, after she has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counsellor Bickford has hurt himself, and has the strongest walking staff I ever saw. He intends speedily to make you a visit with it at Amesbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Duchess's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and Your, &c.

LETTER XCVI.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

July 21, (1730).

You have the same share in my memory that good things generally have. I always know, whenever I reflect, that you should be in my mind; only I reflect too seldom. However, you ought to allow me the indulgence I allow all my friends (and if I did not, they would take it) in consideration that they have other avocations, which may

* Of Marlborough.

prevent the proofs of their remembering me, though they preserve for me all the friendship and goodwill which I deserve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my past life of twenty years may be set against the omission of (perhaps) one month: and if you complain of this to any other, it is you are in the spleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter splenetic, consider I have just received the news of the death of a friend, whom I esteemed almost as many years as you; poor Fenton. He died at Easthamstead, of indolence and inactivity; let it not be your fate, but use exercise. I hope the duchess* will take care of you in this respect, and either make you gallop after her, or tease you enough at home to serve instead of exercise abroad. Mrs. Howard is so concerned about you, and so angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. Blount for not doing the same, that I am piqued with jealousy and envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great place at court; which you will confess a proper cause of envy and hatred, in any poet militant or unpensioned. But to set matters even, I own I love you; and own I am, as I ever was, and just as I ever shall be, Your, &c.

* Queensberry. *Warburton.*

LETTER XCVII.

MR. POPE TO THE REV. MR. BROOME, PULHAM, NORFOLK.

DEAR SIR, *August* 29, 1730.

I INTENDED to write to you on this melancholy subject, the death of Mr. Fenton, before yours came; but stayed to have informed myself and you of the circumstances of it. All I hear is, that he felt a gradual decay, though so early in life, and was declining for five or six months. It was not, as I apprehended, the gout in his stomach, but I believe rather a complication first of gross humours, as he was naturally corpulent, not discharging themselves, as he used no sort of exercise. No man better bore the approaches of his dissolution (as I am told) or with less ostentation yielded up his being. The great modesty which you know was natural to him, and the great contempt he had for all sorts of vanity and parade, never appeared more than in his last moments: he had a conscious satisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, and unpretending to more than was his own. So he died, as he lived, with that secret, yet sufficient contentment.

As to any papers left behind him, I dare say they can be but few; for this reason, he never wrote out of vanity, or thought much of the ap-

plause of men. I know an instance where he did his utmost to conceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural love of ease, I fancy we must expect little of this sort: at least I hear of none except some few further remarks on Waller, (which his cautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonson,) and perhaps, though it is many years since I saw it, a translation of the First Book of Oppian. He had begun a tragedy of Dion, but made small progress in it.

As to his other affairs, he died poor, but honest, leaving no debts or legacies; except of a few pounds to Mr. Trumbull and my Lady, in token of respect, gratefulness, and mutual esteem.

I shall with pleasure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending, Christian and philosophical character, in his epitaph.* There truth may be spoken in a few words: as for flourish, and oratory, and poetry, I leave them to younger and more lively writers, such as love writing for writing sake, and would rather show their own fine parts, than report the valuable ones of any other man. So the elegy I renounce.

I condole with you from my heart, on the loss of so worthy a man, and a friend to us both. Now he is gone, I must tell you he has done you many a good office, and set your character in the fairest light, to some who either mistook you, or knew

* This Pope has done, in a manner that perfectly accords with the character given of Fenton in this letter.

you not. I doubt not he has done the same for me.

Adieu: Let us love his memory, and profit by his example. Am very sincerely, dear Sir,

Your affectionate
and real servant.

LETTER XCVIII.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

Sept. 11, 1730.

I MAY with great truth return your speech, that I think of you daily; oftener indeed than is consistent with the character of a reasonable man, who is rather to make himself easy with the things and men that are about him, than uneasy for those which he wants. And you, whose absence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here to be laid up in a more blessed state, with spirits of a higher kind: such I reckon his Grace and her Grace since their banishment from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for, I conclude, none but true friends will consort or associate with them afterwards. I cannot but look upon myself (so unworthy as a man of Twit'nam seems, to be ranked with such rectified and sublimated beings as you) as a separated spirit too

from courts and courtly fopperies; but, I own, not altogether so divested of terrene matter, not altogether so spiritualized, as to be worthy of admission to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugged back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-shot of reports, within the vortex of lies and censures. I hear sometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reason and religion. I presume these are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter; except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the post, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this distance; as one Mrs. H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midst of the colluvies and sink of human greatness at W——r; one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you lived in your mortal and too transitory state at Petersham; one Lord B., who admired the Duchess before she grew a goddess; and a few others.

To descend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miseries here, I must seriously say, the loss of any one good woman is too great to be borne easily: and poor Mrs. Rollinson, though a private woman, was such. Her husband is gone into Oxfordshire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for such is our fate and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you

will, and (to encourage you) I will write as seldom as if you did not. Believe me, Your, &c.

LETTER XCIX.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

DEAR SIR, *October* 1, 1730.

I AM something like the sun at this season, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and resolving to shine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to such a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more serviceable company. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the Irishman) that the moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I do not say this with any allusion to my poetical capacity as a son of Apollo, but in my companionable one, (if you will suffer me to use a phrase of the Earl of Clarendon's,) for I shall see or be seen of few of you this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleasure. I not only, as Dryden finely says, feel my notes decay as a poet, but feel my spirits flag as a companion, and shall return again to where I first began, my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body, if I can, to some life. A friend (a woman friend, God help me!) with whom I have spent three or four

hours a day these fifteen years, advised me to pass more time in my studies: I reflected, she must have found some reason for this admonition, and concluded she would complete all her kindnesses to me by returning me to the employment I am fittest for; conversation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a beatified spirit, comparing your life with my stupid state; for as to my living at Windsor with the ladies, &c. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I shall certainly make as little court to others as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My fair-weather friends of the summer are going away for London, and I shall see them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not desire to do, if it were only for their sakes. But we that are writers, ought to love posterity, that posterity may love us; and I would willingly live to see the children of the present race, merely in hope they may be a little wiser than their parents. I am, &c.

LETTER C.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

It is true, that I write to you very seldom, and have no pretence of writing which satisfies me,

because I have nothing to say that can give you much pleasure: only merely that I am in being, which in truth is of little consequence to one from whose conversation I am cut off by such accidents or engagements as separate us. I continue, and ever shall, to wish you all good and happiness: I wish that some lucky event might set you in a state of ease and independency all at once; and that I might live to see you as happy as this silly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening as my age increases; not that I am worse, but better, in my health than last winter; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor support to lean upon, from those about me: and so I find myself leaving the world, as fast as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and those too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to bear pace with; or else so divided from me, that they are but like the dead whose remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit from my youth made me have but one strong desire: all other ambitions, my person, education, constitution, religion, &c. conspired to remove far from me. That desire was, to fix and preserve a few lasting, dependable friendships: and the accidents which have disappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am sunk into an idleness, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the rest of man-

kind; I propose no rewards to myself, and why should I take any sort of pains? Here I sit and sleep, and probably here I shall sleep till I sleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what passes in the busy world with so little attention, that I forget it the next day; and as to the learned world, there is nothing passes in it. I have no more to add, but that I am, with the same truth as ever, Your, &c.

LETTER CI.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

October 23, 1730.

Your letter is a very kind one, but I cannot say so pleasing to me as many of yours have been, through the account you give of the dejection of your spirits. I wish the too constant use of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing physician of that opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immersed in the country; I hope your return to town will be a prevalent remedy against the evil of too much recollection. I wish it partly for my own sake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be physicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our constitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *studiorum simili-*

tudo, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are several here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which seems to be bidding the town a long and last adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth reading, or seeing; the whole age seems resolved to justify the Dunciad, and it may stand for a public epitaph or monumental inscription like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people perished!* There may indeed be a wooden image or two of poetry set up, to preserve the memory that there once were bards in Britain; and (like the giants in Guildhall) shew the bulk and bad taste of our ancestors: at present the poor Laureat* and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose; a drunken sot of a *Parson* holds forth the emblem of *inspiration*, and an honest industrious *Thresher* not unaptly represents *pains* and *labour*. I hope this phenomenon of Wiltshire has appeared at Amesbury, or the Duchess will be thought insensible to all bright qualities and exalted geniuses, in court and country alike. But he is a harmless man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talked of at court, but it will please you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, though not in the same breath with the Thresher, as they do of me. By the way, have you seen or conversed with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful phenomenon of Wiltshire?† I have

* Eusden. *Warburton.*

† He was a glover at Salisbury. How came the commentator to imagine that the City set him up to rival Locke? *Warton.*

read through his whole volume* with admiration of the writer; though not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have passed just three days in London in four months, two at Windsor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excursion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library. Adieu. Live mindful of one of your first friends, who will be so till the last. Mrs. Blount deserves your remembrance, for she never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend.†

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my services: the contentment you express in their company pleases me; though it be the bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly your, &c.

* This was his quarto volume, written before he had given any signs of these extravagancies, which have since rendered his name so noted. As the Court set up Mr. Duck for the rival of Mr. Pope, the City at the same time considered Chubb as one who would eclipse Locke. The modesty of the Court Poet kept him sober in the very intoxicating situation, while the vanity of this new-fangled philosopher assisted his sage admirers in turning his head. *Warburton.*

† Alluding to those lines in the Epistle *on the Characters of Women:*

"With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?—She wants a heart."

Warburton.

The plain meaning of which is, Pope could not *inspire tenderness:* hence he says:

"Adieu, fond hope of *mutual flame!*"

and this is the reason of his asserting, that his favourite Martha wanted "a heart." *Bowles.*

LETTER CII.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, Nov.* 8, 1730.

So you are determined never to write to me again; but, for all that, you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me (the post-office willing) whether you will or not. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you as I can; which has been so very little, that I am resolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed: and in the circumstances I am in, where should I apply, but to my best friend? Mr. Pope, indeed, upon my frequent inquiries, has told me that the letters which are directed to him concern me as much as himself: but what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord Carteret was here yesterday, in his return from the Isle of Wight, where he had been a shooting, and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning to the Bath, to Lady Carteret, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours last night, and told me that you talk of me: I mean, that you are prodigiously in his favour, as he says; and I believe that I am in yours; for I know you to be a just and equitable person, and it is but my due. He seemed to take to me, which may proceed from

your recommendation; though, indeed, there is another reason for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have been generally of that sort: for, I take to them, as being naturally inclined to those who can do no mischief. Pray, do you come to England this year? He thinks you do. I wish you would; and so does the Duchess of Queensberry. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, come, spend me: and your friends cry, come, see me. I have been treated barbarously by you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr. Pope to have his share in it. In short, I do not care to keep any man's money, that serves me so. Love or money I must have; and if you will not let me have the comfort of the one, I think I must endeavour to get a little comfort by spending some of the other. I must beg that you will call at Amesbury, in your way to London; for I have many things to say to you; and I can assure you, you will be welcome to a three-pronged fork. I remember your prescription, and I do ride upon the Downs; and at present I have no asthma. I have killed five brace of partridges, and four brace and a half of quails: and I do not envy either Sir Robert or Stephen Duck, who is the favourite poet of the court. I hear sometimes from Pope, and from scarce anybody else. Were I to live ever so long, I believe I should never think of London; but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could talk to you, but I would

I understood one of your former was dated: nor did I imagine you were gone back to Amesbury so late in the year, at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a court on account of their virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a dukedom to lose favour in the manner* their Graces have done.

* After the amazing success of the Beggars' Opera, Gay produced another, with the name (which was now become so popular) of *Polly*. This, as it was supposed to contain severe and pointed sarcasms on the Court, and those in power, was forbid to be acted by the Lord Chamberlain. In consequence of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry's warmly taking up Gay's cause, they were forbid the Court. The following high-spirited letter was sent by the Duchess to the King and Queen, copies of which were generally circulated:

"That the Duchess of Queensberry is surprized, and well pleased, that the King has given her so agreeable a command as to stay from Court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility upon the King and Queen.

"She hopes, by such an unprecedented order as this, that the King will see as few as he wishes at his Court, particularly such as dare to think, or speak truth: I dare not do otherwise, nor ought not; nor could have imagined, that it would not have been the very highest compliment I could possibly pay the King, to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house.

"C. QUEENSBERRY."

"Particularly when the King and Queen had both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay's Play. I have certainly done right then to stand by my own word, rather than by his Grace of Grafton's, who has neither made use of truth, judgment, nor honour, through this whole affair, either for himself or his friends."

[*Dodington Papers, March the 4th*, 1728-9.] *Bowles.*

I believe my Lord Carteret,* since he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as Lieutenant: I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time, that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pulteney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the Centurion say to my servants, Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a Duchess is at this time the hatefullest lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception; for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have

* The lines which he quoted from Homer, on his death-bed, to Mr. Wood, on occasion of the peace, were as happily applied as the apology he used to Swift for some harsh measures in Ireland:

——*Regni novitas me talia cogit*
Moliri.—— *Warton.*

a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill-informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite, yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel, the contention being between Concanen or Theobald, or some other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the Duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministries, by way of sauce to relish my meat: and I confess one point of conduct in my Lady Duchess's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my Lady Duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200*l.* to have left place for as many more.

To the Duchess.

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and established rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances have been constantly made me by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages* before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me.

* He means Queen *Caroline;* and her neglect of *Gay*, which recommended him to the Duchess of Queensberry. *Warton.*

This is your own direction, but it was needless. For Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

LETTER CV.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

Jan. 17, 1730-31.

I BEGIN my letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant, and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same.

Would to God you was within her reach! She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and though our best botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies, are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chemistry, the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison a specific. Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, whilst I begin this

letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do to mankind I know not; this comfort he may be sure of, he cannot do less than you have done before him.* I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral-writers keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits: a real reformation† is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires those extraordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons: national corruption must be purged by national calamities. Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention, because we desire it, and be cause we believe that you desire to hear from us.

LETTER CVI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE AND MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

March 29, (1731).

I HAVE delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to

* This is a strange assertion to be made to Swift, who prided himself on his labours to improve mankind by the severity of his discipline; but perhaps Lord Bolingbroke meant to refer to Swift's inefficient attempts to reconcile the ministers shortly prior to the death of Queen Anne.

† Bolingbroke has enlarged on this topic in his philosophical works, intending to depreciate Christianity, by shewing that it has not had a general effect on the morals of mankind, nor produced a real reformation: an argument nothing to the purpose, nor any impeachment of the doctrines of the Gospel; even if it were well founded, as it certainly is not. *Warton.*

speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates,) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions* (says Pope, our divine,* as you will see one time or other) are the *Gales* of life, let us not complain that they do

* Pope took the image from Lord Bacon:—"The mind would be temperate and stayed, if the *affections, as winds,* did not put it into tumult," &c. *Bowles.*

not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning: I recal the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions, in their force, would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself, but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you was here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak: the slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more* every hour

* She was niece to Madame de Maintenon, educated at St. Cyr, and was a woman of a very beautiful person, and very agreeable manners. Her letters are written in very elegant French. She was a woman of much observation. Madame de Maintenon mentions her in her letters. Dr. Trapp told me that Lord Bolingbroke, boasting one day of his former gallantries, she said to him, smiling, "When I look at you, methinks I see the ruins of a fine old Roman aqueduct; but the water has ceased to flow." *Warton.*

of my life; death is not to her the king of terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself.——You shall not stay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, Munuscula, that stoical fop Seneca used to send in every Epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My lord has spoken justly of his lady: why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years, those cares which are now as necessary to her, as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and

to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing (or rather planning) a book,* to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour. And just now too I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England. *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life,

Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus,

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

LETTER CVII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE AND MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

You may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that histo-

* He means his Essay on Man; and alludes to the arguments he uses to make men satisfied even with their *present* state, without looking to another. Young wrote his Night Thoughts in direct opposition to this view of human life, but which, in truth, Young has painted in colours too dark and uncomfortable.

Warton.

Pope did not write his Essay on Man to make men satisfied with their *present* state, *without looking to another.* On the con-

rical task, which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprized to find that I have been partly drawn by him and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority, and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it is pushed as successfully, as I think it is, render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am persuaded that divines and free-thinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that where you say that you told Dr. *** the grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible revelations,* &c.

trary, it was his object to make men satisfied with their *present* state, because whatever evils they might suffer *here*, would be remedied in *that future state to which this has a relation*, and every thing be found *right upon the whole.*

* In this maxim all *bigotted divines* and *free-thinking politicians* agree: the one, for fear of disturbing the established religion; the other, lest that disturbance should prove injurious to their ad-

It has happened, that, whilst I was writing this to you, the Doctor came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago: he was in haste to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left with me eight dissertations,* a small part, as I understand, of his work, and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find myself unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged in a disputation of this sort, and the manner of reasoning is

ministration of the state. And would they be content to take these points for granted themselves, without injuring those, in their fortunes and reputation, who are for inquiring into, and settling them on, their right grounds, I think nobody would envy their *piety* or their *wisdom:* but when they begin to persecute those who venture to assume this natural liberty, then they unmask their hypocrisy and Machiavelianism. *Warburton.*

* The work here alluded to, was the first volume of Dr. Delany's "Revelation examined with Candour;" published 1732: a work written in a very florid and declamatory style, and with a greater degree of learning and ingenuity, than of sound reason and argument. Witness, the first Dissertation, on the forbidden Fruit; the second, concerning the Knowledge of the Brute World conveyed to Adam; the third, of the Knowledge of Marriage given to Adam; the sixth, concerning the Difficulties and Objections that lie against the Mosaic Account of the Fall; the fifteenth, on some Difficulties relating to Noah's Ark considered. The same may be said of this author's *Life of King David.* The best of his works seem to be his *Reflections on Polygamy.* Dr. Delany was an amiable, a benevolent, and virtuous man; a character far superior to that of the ablest controversial writer. His defence of Revelation is of a very different cast from such solid and masterly works as the Bishop of Landaff's *Apology for the Bible,* and Archdeacon Paley's *Evidences of Christianity.* *Warton.*

by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience would be that which he would take ill and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can, for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement, and exercise, your notions are true: the first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men, who, for fear of being savage, live with all who will live with them; and who, to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu! Pope calls for the paper.

P.S. I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a free man. Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; though some of them I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it: yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry: though in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters, but I do not feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home. My lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let philosophy

be ever so vain, it is less vain now than politics, and not quite so vain at present as divinity: I know nothing that moves strongly but satire, and those who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this age.

I know you will desire some account of my health: it is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations, which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides, and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects, merely on the score of party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life that I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr. ——'s book is what I cannot commend so much as Dean Berkley's,* though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad populum*, is, I think, purely *ad clerum*. Adieu.

* A very lively and ingenious book, called, *The Minute Philosopher*. *Warburton.*

A book that deserves a much higher encomium than being *lively* and *ingenious*; as containing, perhaps, a stronger defence of *Revelation* than the *Divine Legation of Moses*. *Warton.*

LETTER CVIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, April 13, 1731.

YOUR situation is an odd one. The Duchess is your treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c. like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue and contempt of money, &c. Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the prince of Lilliput. But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her Grace.

Madam, since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your Grace shall have your own way, in all places

except your own house, and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine, so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight, (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it,) the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty million times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that under these disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars' length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your

left hand, at least within three of you, for of two bad ears, my right is the best? My groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? is any one of your women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four and twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Amesbury. For, I profess, you are the first lady that ever I desired to see, since the first of August, 1714,* and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company; which, however, I think was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your

* The day on which Queen Anne died, when all his hopes of more preferment were lost. *Warton.*

waiting-women. Pray God preserve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

TO MR. GAY.

I have just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his handwriting. How much does his philosophy exceed mine? I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

LETTER CIX.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 12, 1731.

I DOUBT habit has little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits has a most unhappy effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it

than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have written since I left you (either verse or prose) I can only say, that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt, but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural, and when I take a pen say to myself a thousand times *non est tanti.* As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon, they consist of little accidental things writ in the country; family amusements, never intended farther than to divert ourselves and some neighbours; or some effects of anger on public grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a weekly paper, and call it an Intelligencer. But it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have seen it,) was the work only of two, myself and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one halfpenny; and so it dropped. In the volume you saw (to answer your questions) the

1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated,)* the 9th mine, the 10th only the verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines; the 15th is a pamphlet of mine printed before, with Dr. Sheridan's preface, merely for laziness, not to disappoint the town: and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining. As to other things of mine, since I left you; there are, in prose, a View of the State of Ireland; a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret: in verse, a Libel on Dr. Delany † and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr. Delany on the Libels writ against him; the Barrack (a stolen copy); the Lady's Journal: the Lady's Dressing-room (a stolen copy); the Plea of the Damned (a stolen copy): all these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England.) Beside these there are five or six (perhaps more) papers of verses writ in the north, but perfect *family things*,‡ two or three of which may be tolera-

* Richard Tighe. *Sir W. Scott.*

† Of these papers, Nos. I., III., and XIX. are printed in Swift's works, vol. ix. p. 290. Nos. V. and VII. contain the Essay on the Fates of Clergymen, vol. viii. p. 361. The verses in No. VIII. are the dialogue between Mad Mullinix and Tim, and those in No. X. are *Tim and the Fables.* No. XV. contains an exposition of the causes of the public distress in Ireland. *Sir W. Scott.*

‡ A very excellent, because perfect, sort of primitive verses, which never rose above daily topics, and the *chat* of the times. The greatest part of Swift's poetry is of this kind. I know not

ble, the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices, is not one syllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance; he told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a projector hath something upon the same thought. This young man* is the most hopeful we have: a book of his poems was printed in London; Dr. Delany is one of his patrons: he is married and has children, and makes up about 100*l.* a-year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and, in proper time, die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained, and I profess I grow gradually so dry, that a rhyme with me is almost as hard to find as a guinea, and even prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose,† begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almost finished. It will make a four shilling volume, and is such a perfection of folly that

of any work of the Dean's that can be strictly called *poetical*. Our bards of this species are numerous. *Warton.*

* His name was Pilkington; and he was husband of the lady who wrote memoirs of her own life. *Warton.*

† Polite Conversation.

you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay, I have another of the same age,* which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr. —— who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider that both wit and beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and I doubt my lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and I believe the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their playfellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love so long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

* Directions to Servants.

LETTER CX.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

EVER since I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Amesbury, as the Duchess hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered: first I thought I had done with my lawsuit, and so did all my lawyers; but my adversary, after being in appearance a Protestant these twenty years, hath declared he also was a Papist, and consequently, by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: and the Duchess in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command, and scold; I must have horses to ride, I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles, besides, every day.

I always told you Mr. —— was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Duchess, and I hate to see you charitable, and such a cully, and yet I love you for it, because I am one myself.

You are the silliest lover in Christendom: if you like Mrs. ——, why do you not command her to take you? if she does not, she is not worth pursuing; you do her too much honour; she hath neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love, and I do sometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the Duchess in regard to me. I have heard her say, Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here! positively I will not write a syllable more. She is an ungrateful Duchess, considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before. I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7,000*l.* which will bring you 300*l.* *per annum,* and this will maintain

you, with the perquisite of spunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country. Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The Duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

Madam,

Since I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (whichever it is that had designs upon a chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house, and in that case you must suspend your domineering-claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters hath done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them who had an inkling of the matter (your Grace will hardly believe it) refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. Pray consider this, and do your duty, or dread the con-

sequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Amesbury, and seven in London, while I am in health; but if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect, your Grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

LETTER CXI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

DEAR SIR, *July* 20, 1731.

I WRIT you a long letter not many days ago, which, therefore, did not arrive until after your last that I received yesterday, with the enclosed from me to the queen. You hinted something of this in a former letter: I will tell you sincerely how the affair stands. I never was at Mrs. Barber's house in my life, except once that I chanced to pass by her shop, was desired to walk in, and went no farther, nor staid three minutes. Dr. Delany has been long her protector; and he being many years my acquaintance, desired my good offices for her, and brought her several times to the deanery. I knew she was poetically given, and, for a woman, had a sort of genius that way. She appeared very modest and pious, and I believe was sincere; and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to England was on the

score of her trade, being a woollen-draper, until Dr. Delany said, she had a design of printing her poems by subscription, and desired I would befriend her: which I did, chiefly by your means; the doctor still urging me on: upon whose request I writ to her two or three times, because she thought that my countenancing her might be of use. Lord Carteret very much befriended her, and she seems to have made her way not ill. As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the queen, on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name, I can only say, that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a foolish thing, is an effect of kindness: and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland, that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-draper's wife declined in the world, because she has a knack at versifying; was to suppose, or fear, a folly so transcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand; and why I should disguise, and

yet sign my name, should seem unaccountable:* especially when I am taught, and have reason to

* The letter here adverted to, as sent with the signature of Swift to the queen, was as follows:†

MADAM, *Dublin, June* 22, 1731.

I have had the honour to tell your majesty, on another occasion, that provinces labour under one mighty misfortune, which is, in a great measure, the cause of all the rest; and that is, that they are for the most part far removed from the prince's eye: and, of consequence, from the influence both of his wisdom and goodness. This is the case of Ireland beyond expression!

There is not one mortal here, who is not well satisfied of your majesty's good intentions to all your people: and yet your subjects of this isle are so far from sharing the effects of your good dispositions, in any equitable degree; are so far from enjoying all the good to which they are entitled from your majesty's most gracious inclinations: that they often find great difficulty how to enjoy even the relief of complaint.

To omit a thousand other instances, there is one person of Irish birth, eminent for genius and merit of many kinds, an honour to her country, and to her sex: I will be bold to say, not less so in her sphere than your majesty in yours. And yet all talents and virtues have not yet been able to influence any one person about your majesty, so far as to introduce her into your least notice. As I am your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subject, it is a debt I owe your majesty to acquaint you, that Mrs. Barber, the best female poet of this or perhaps of any age, is now in your majesty's

† It is thus endorsed by Dr. Swift: "Counterfeit letter from me to the Queen, sent to me by Mr. Pope; dated June 22, 1731; received July 19, 1731; given by the Countess of Suffolk." It is indignantly disavowed by Swift, and there are many expressions in it which cannot be supposed to accord with his general sentiments. Yet the purpose of so gross a fabrication, if it be one, seems utterly inexplicable. *Sir W. Scott.*

believe, that I am under the queen's displeasure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a stone over the burying-place of the Duke of Schomberg, in my cathedral: which, however, I was assured by a worthy person, who solicited that affair last summer with some relations of the Duke, "That her majesty, on hearing the matter, said they ought to erect a monument." Yet I am told assuredly, that the king, not long ago, on the representation and complaint of the Prussian envoy (with a hard name) who has married a grand-

majesty's capital; known to Lady Hertford, Lady Torrington, Lady Walpole, &c.; a woman whose genius is honoured by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either honoured or envied by every man of genius in England.

Your majesty is justly reverenced for those great abilities with which God has blessed you; for your regard to learning, and your zeal for true religion. Complete your character, by your regard to persons of genius; especially those who make the greatness of their talents, after your majesty's example, subservient to the good of mankind and the glory of God; which is most remarkably Mrs. Barber's case and character.

Give me leave to tell you, madam, that every subject of understanding and virtue, throughout your dominions, is appointed by Providence of your council. And this, madam, is an open and an honest apology for this trouble; or, to speak more properly, for this dutiful information. It is your true interest, that all your subjects should see that merit is regarded by you in one instance; or rather that it is not disregarded in any instance. Let them daily bless God for every gift of wisdom and goodness bestowed upon you, and pray incessantly for the long continuance of them; as doth

Your Majesty's most dutiful
And loyal subject and servant,
JON. SWIFT.

daughter of the Duke, said publicly in the drawing-room, "That I had put up that stone out of malice, to raise a quarrel between his majesty and the King of Prussia." This perhaps may be false, because it is absurd: for I thought it was a whiggish action to honour Duke Schomberg, who was so instrumental in the revolution, and was stadtholder of Prussia, and otherwise in the service of that electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will observe the letter sent me concluded, "Your majesty's loyal subject;" which is absolutely absurd; for we are only subjects to the king, and so is her majesty herself. I have had the happiness to be known to you above twenty years; and I appeal, whether you have known me to exceed the common indiscretions of mankind; or that, when I conceived myself to have been so very ill used by her majesty, whom I never attended but on her own commands, I should turn solicitor to her for Mrs. Barber? If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb. I am pushed on by that unjust suspicion to give up so much of my just discretion, as to write next post to my Lady Suffolk on this occasion, and to desire she will show what I write to the queen; although I have as much reason to complain of her, as of her majesty, upon the score of her pride and negligence, which make her fitter to be an Irish lady than an English one. You told me, "she

complained that I did not write to her;" when I did, upon your advice, and a letter that required an answer, she wanted the civility to acquit herself. I shall not be less in the favour of God, or the esteem of my friends, for either of their majesties' hard thoughts, which they only take up from misrepresentations. The first time I saw the queen, I took occasion, upon the subject of Mr. Gay, to complain of that very treatment which innocent persons often receive from princes and great ministers, that they too easily receive bad impressions; and although they are demonstrably convinced that those impressions had no grounds, yet they will never shake them off. This I said upon Sir Robert Walpole's treatment of Mr. Gay about a libel; and the queen fell entirely in with me, yet now falls into the same error. As the letter † * * * * * * * * * * * * * of accidents, and out of perfect commiseration, &c.

† Here the paper is accidentally torn. There seem to be wanting eight small quarto lines, which conclude with those few words on the back of the page which follow the asterisks.—H.

LETTER CXII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

August 2, 1731.

I AM indebted to you, my reverend Dean, for a letter of a very old date: the expectation of seeing you from week to week, which our friend Gay made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while; and I have since deferred it by waiting an opportunity of sending my letter by a safe hand. That opportunity presents itself at last, and Mr. Echlin will put this letter into your hands. You will hear from him, and from others, of the general state of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am confined for my sins. If I entertained the notion, which by the way I believe to be much older than popery, or even than Christianity, of making up an account with Heaven, and demanding the balance in bliss, or paying it by good works and sufferings of my own, and by the merits and sufferings of others, I should imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, since my return into England. One of the circumstances of my situation, which has afflicted me most, and which afflicts me still so, is the absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should be the best pleased to serve. Success in serving my friends would make me amends for the want of it in disserving my

enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making such an establishment here as might tempt you to quit Ireland. One of them would have succeeded, and would have been agreeable in every respect, if engagements to my lady's kinsman (who did not, I suppose, deserve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place, without the consent of those, who would rather have you a Dean in Ireland, than a parish priest in England; and who are glad to keep you, where your sincere friend,* my late Lord Oxford, sent you. A third was wholly in my power; but when I inquired exactly into the value, I found it less than I had believed; the distance from these parts was great; and beside all this, an unexpected and groundless dispute about the right of presentation (but still such a dispute as the law must determine) had arisen. You will please to believe, that I mention these things for no other reason than to shew you, how much those friends deserve you should make them a visit at least, who are so desirous to settle you among them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unsuccessful.

I received, some time ago, a letter from Dr. Delany; and very lately Mr. Pope sent me some sheets, which seem to contain the substance of two sermons of that gentleman's. The *philosophia*

* Ironical. Bolingbroke's hatred to Oxford breaks forth on all occasions. *Sir W. Scott.*

prima is above my reach, and especially when it attempts to prove, that God has done, or does so and so, by attempting to prove, that doing so and so is essential to his attributes, or necessary to his design; and that the not doing so and so, would be inconsistent with the former, or repugnant to the latter. I content myself to contemplate what I am sure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble silence. I can demonstrate, that every cavil, which has been brought against the great system of the world, physical and moral, from the days of Democritus and Epicurus to this day, is absurd; but I dare not pronounce why things are made as they are, state the ends of infinite wisdom, and shew the proportion of the means.*

Dr. Delany, in his letter to me, mentioned some errors in the critical parts of learning, which he hoped he had corrected, by shewing the mistakes,

* Yet this appears to have been the attempt of Mr. Pope, in his "Essay on Man," in which he professes to have adopted Lord Bolingbroke's principles:

"Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend;"

and which Lord Bolingbroke, in a subsequent part of this letter, says, was undertaken at his instigation; approving, at the same time, of the first three books, which he had seen and considered. —H.

But see the subsequent passage in this letter, where Bolingbroke says that "Pope will not go deep into the argument, or carry it so far as he had hinted;" "that is," says his commentator, "will not reconcile the present unequal distribution to the divine justice." In other words, Pope would not adopt Lord Bolingbroke's idea that every thing was perfectly right in this world; and that therefore there was no occasion for a future state.

particularly of Sir John Marsham,* on whose authority those errors were built. Whether I can be of use to him, even in this part, I know not; for, having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient history and chronology, by a careful examination into the first principles of them, I have ever since laid that study totally aside. I confess, in the letter I writ lately to the Doctor, notwithstanding my great respect for Sir John Marsham, that his authority is often precarious, because he leans often on other authorities, which are so. But to you I will confess a little more: I think, nay, I know, that there is no possibility of making any system of that kind, without doing the same thing; and that the defect is in the subject, not in the writer. I have read the writings of some who differ from him; and of others who undertook particularly to refute him. It seems plain to me, that this was the case. All the materials of this sort of learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them so, and the unfaithfulness of those who have transmitted them down to us, particularly of that vile fellow Eusebius,† has done even more than time itself. By

* A learned English historian, chronologist, and linguist. He was a zealous loyalist during the time of the civil war, and died in 1685. His works had chiefly reference to scriptural chronology, to which it would seem the passage in the text refers. His chief treatise is entitled Chronicus Canon. *Sir W. Scott.*

† The learned Bishop of Cæsarea, in the fourth century, in his "Chronicon," published by Joseph Scaliger, with notes, at Leyden, in 1606, folio, and reprinted at Amsterdam, with great additions to the notes, in 1658.—B. *Sir W. Scott.*

throwing these fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations, (and it is often impossible to make any others), in short, by a few plausible guesses for the connexion and application of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almost any thing by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned dissertation, by the same set of authorities, that there had been four Assyrian monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but two; that there had been but one; and that there never had been any. I puzzled myself, and a much abler man than myself, the friend to whom I lent the manuscript, and who has, I believe, kept it. In short, I am afraid that I shall not be very useful to Dr. Delany, in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be useful, and I am sure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are still in Ireland, pray give my best services to him; but say no more than may be proper of all I have writ to you.

I know very well the project you mean, and about which you say, that Pope and you have often teased me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that a publication of any thing of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be so even now. Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never make, either to the present age, or to posterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late queen's reign.* But I will ap-

* This probably alludes to a tract called, "Letters on the

ply myself very seriously to the composition of just and true relations of the events of those times, in which both I, and my friends, and my enemies, must take the merit, or the blame, which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will assign to us. I will endeavour to write so as no man could write who had not been a party in those transactions, and as few men would write who had been concerned in them. I believe I shall go back, in considering the political interests of the principal powers in Europe, as far as the Pyrenean treaty; but I shall not begin a thread of history till the death of Charles the Second of Spain, and the accession of Queen Anne to the throne of England. Nay, even from that time downward, I shall render my relations more full or *piu magra*, the word is father Paul's, just as I have, or have not, a stock of authentic materials. These shall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity, nor other men's curiosity, in going one step farther than they carry me. You see, my dear Swift, that I open a large field to myself: with what success I shall expatiate in it, I know as little, as I know whether I shall live to go through so great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal business of the rest of my life. This advantage, at least, I

Spirit of Patriotism," of which Lord Bolingbroke permitted a few copies to be taken for his particular friends, and which afterwards found its way into the world by Mr. Pope's means. See Gent. Mag. vol. xix. p. 195.—H.

shall reap from it, and a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the present scene; I shall grieve less at those things which I cannot mend; I shall dignify my retreat; and shall wind up the labours of my life in serving the cause of truth.

You say that you could easily shew, by comparing my letters for twenty years past, how the whole system of my philosophy changes by the several gradations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my shame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way of thinking. My own passions, and the passions and interests of other men still more, have led me aside. I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballast enough. If the ship did not sink, the cargo was thrown overboard. The storm itself threw me into port. My own opinion, my own desires would have kept me there: the opinion, the desires of others, sent me to sea again. I did, and blamed myself for doing what others, and you among the rest, would have blamed me, if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much at least as was due to friendship. If I go off the stage of public life without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do assure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does Pope talk to you of the noble work, which,

at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner, that he must be convinced, by this time, I judged better of his talents than he did? The first Epistle, which considers man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole system of universal being: the second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself, and relatively to his particular system: and the third, which shows how

"a universal cause
Works to one end, but works by various laws;"

How man, and beast, and vegetable are linked in a mutual dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole; how human societies were formed; from what spring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greatest interest and our plainest duty indivisibly the same:—these three Epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject; he pleads the cause of God, I use Seneca's expression, against that famous charge which atheists in all ages have brought, the supposed unequal dispensations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting.* You admit it indeed for an extreme

* To prove that the dispensations of Providence in the present state are not unequal, is certainly very desirable; but there is reason to fear, that those who blame divines for admitting an inequality, have not succeeded in the attempt. The philosophers, both ancient and modern, who have endeavoured to justify the ways of God to man, by proving that happiness does not consist in externals, in order to shew that his dispensations are equal, have yet placed happiness in virtue chiefly, as a principle of active benevolence.

"Happier

good purpose, and you build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments. But what if you should find, that this future state will not account, in opposition to the atheist, for God's justice in the present state, which you give up? Would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the proof of the other point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The Epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book; the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said, that Pope will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted.* You inquire so kindly after

"Happier as kinder in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss, but height of charity."

Now there seems to be an inconsistency between these two principles, of which they are not aware.

It may reasonably be asked, what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to bestow? Can it bestow upon others any thing more than externals? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happiness, or happiness is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happiness, it is indeed a mere name; the subject receives nothing; the agent gives nothing. The bliss of charity is founded on a delusion; on the false supposition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happiness can be communicated by externals, and consequently is dependent upon them, and these externals are unequally distributed, how is the dispensation of Providence, with respect to happiness in the present state, equal?—H.

* That is, will not reconcile the present unequal distribution to the divine justice.—H.

Consequently Pope would not weaken the argument for a futur-

my wife, that I must tell you something of her She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a surgeon abroad, and which has had great success in cases similar to hers. This remedy has visibly attacked the original cause of all her complaints, and has abated, in some degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various symptoms. I hope, and surely with reason, that she will receive still greater benefit from this method of cure, which she will resume as soon as the great heat is over. If she recovers, I shall not, for her sake, abstract myself from the world more than I do at present in this place. But if she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong desire, which I have long had, of secluding myself totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management, even of my private affairs, to others; and of securing, by these means, for the rest of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philosophical quiet.

I suppose you have seen some of those volumes of scurrility, which have been thrown into the world against Mr. Pulteney and myself, and the Craftsman, which gave occasion to them. I think, and it is the sense of all my friends, that the person who published the Final Answer,* took a right

state, which is founded on the unequal distribution of happiness in the present.

* This pamphlet was written by Lord Bolingbroke, in his own vindication, 1731. It is entitled, "A Final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication of his two honourable Patrons; and to all the Libels which have come, or may come, from the same Quarter, against the Person last mentioned in the Craftsman of 22d of May." *Sir W. Scott.*

turn, in a very nice and very provoking circumstance. To answer all the falsities, misrepresentations, and blunders, which a club of such scoundrels, as Arnall, Concanen, and other pensioners of the minister, crowd together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous; and must have forced several things to be said, neither prudent, nor decent, nor perhaps strictly honourable to be said. To have explained some points, and to have stopped at others, would have given strength to that impertinent suggestion. Guilt alone is silent in the day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the scene of the late queen's reign, nor submit the passages of her administration, and the conduct of any of her ministers, to the examination of so vile a tribunal. This was still the more right, because, upon such points as relate to subsequent transactions, and as affect me singly, what the Craftsman had said, was justified unanswerably; and what the remarker had advanced, was proved to be infamously false. The effect of this paper has answered the design of it; and, which is not common, all sides agree, that the things said ought to have been said. The public writers seem to be getting back, from these personal altercations, to national affairs, much against the grain of the minister's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not; but this I know, that when all the information which can be given is given; when all the spirit which can be raised, is raised; it is to no purpose to write any

more. Even you men of this world have nothing else to do, but to let the ship drive till she is cast away, or till the storm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a foremast-man. I am but a passenger, said my Lord Carbury.

It is well for you I am got to the end of my paper; for you might else have a letter as long again from me. If you answer me by the post, remember, while you are writing, that you write by the post. Adieu, my reverend friend.

LETTER CXIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

August 28, 1731.

You and the Duchess use me very ill, for, I profess, I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herself, and that you write more like her Grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the Duchess, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the Duchess, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous me-

tropolis, to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a city-living, such as an English chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour.* The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the Whole Duty of Servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy.† I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations, to be happy in the best company of England; I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoe-boy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense: a Lord Lieutenant told the first King George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly his character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing sixteen thousand pounds a year. Why, you need not stare: it is easily applied: I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her Grace. Lo, here comes in the Duchess again (I know her

* *Wagstaff's Dialogues of Polite Conversation*, published in his lifetime. *Warburton.*

† An imperfect thing of this kind, called *Directions to Servants in general*, has been published since his death. *Warburton.*

by her dd's; but am a fool for discovering my art) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said—Madam, I will imitate your Grace, and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base, unromantic spirit in me, to suspend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finish a paltry lawsuit. It concerns indeed almost all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two-thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks' rent of your Grace's. This cursed accident hath drilled away the whole summer. But, Madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed: though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably hath your Grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero, (as your Grace knows), or so he might have said.

I am told that the Craftsman in one of his papers is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person* as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on

* Bolingbroke.

you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental;* some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: and what you say, is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself: though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But this is almost past with me: my invention and judgment are perpetually at fisty-cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the merest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see.†

LETTER CXIV.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

September 10, 1731.

If your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends' coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean

* As were the subjects of the *Lutrin*, and *Rape of the Lock*, and the *Dispensary*. *Warton.*

† His ludicrous prediction was, since his death, and very much to his dishonour, seriously fulfilled. *Warburton.*

shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under-ones, that may add another thousand pound to your stock: and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongst you; and reason good, when I am teased with Dukes and Duchesses for a visit, all my commands complied with, and all excuses cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixote! queens held his horse, and duchesses pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean-spirited fellow; I can say ten times more; O happy, &c. such a Duchess was designed to attend him, and such a Duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam istos reges cæteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:* go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vaporing after he had found the pot of gold. I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, because you are so forgiving as not to hate her; however, she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool. I have

been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead.* I shall finish it soon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.† It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill-conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and lovers of their country of all denominations: Whig and Tory, High and Low church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected; and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at court, which hath given you leisure to cultivate both public and private virtue, neither of them likely to be soon met with within the walls of St. James's or Westminster. But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

My Lord,

I could have sworn that my pride would be always able to preserve me from vanity; of which I

* This has been published, and is amongst the best of his poems. *Warburton.*

† Verses on his own Death: in which, speaking of the impression his death will make among his friends, he says,

"Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay,
A week,—and Arbuthnot, a day."

have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my Lady Duchess, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finish the work; and I should have certainly gone about shewing my letters under the charge of secrecy to every blab of my acquaintance; if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations from two such persons to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the mean time, I must desire your Grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for your consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed not to know, that the Duchess, ever since you met, hath been most politicly employed in increasing those forces, and sharpening those arms with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side, and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace, that the Duchess's great secret in her art of government, hath been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your Grace for so great a favour as you are pleased

to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving, since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient, &c.

Madam,

I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sate up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hand at the bottom of the last Amesbury letter, but all in vain. Only it is agreed, that the language is Coptic, and a very profound Behmist assures me, the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex to a strange kind of man whom she never saw; and this is all I can find, which, after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, wherewith I am,

Madam,

Your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LETTER CXV.

MR. GAY AND MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

Dec. 1, 1731.

You used to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak; you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you do not send to me now and then, the post-office will

think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please; you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes shewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you: I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits, and, as I do not want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependant. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already published. All the money I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses; the motive to my parsimony is independence. If I were to be represented by the Duchess (she is such a downright niggard for me), this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I do not pretend that I am equally saving with S——k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a verse-man can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your lawsuit, I was in hopes that you had got

your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating booksellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on, and it is probable I shall some time or other see an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke, 500*l.*; Mr. Pelham, 500*l.*; Sir William Wyndham's youngest son, 500*l.*; General Hill, 500*l.*; Lord Massam's son, 500*l.*

You have the good wishes of those I converse with; they know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguished. Therefore, as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me; the only satisfaction of distant friends!

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the

worst of it, is what should be its excuse, that I write in a head-ache that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: though in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady ——* took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelvemonth; but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However she is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common justice. For God's sake why all this scruple about Lord B——'s† keeping your horses, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine; John Gay shall help me to entertain you, though you come like King Lear with fifty knights.—Though such prospects as I wish, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again: the old Lord ‡ may die, the benefice may drop; or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord B——'s and one of mine;§ which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity;

* Suffolk. † Bolingbroke.

‡ Lord St. John, father of Bolingbroke, at this time of great age; upon whose death, a considerable accession of income would devolve to Lord Bolingbroke. *Bowles.*

§ Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophical Dissertations, and Pope's Essay on Man; evidently here referred to as two distinct works.

and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of parties. even of countries; for countries are larger parties. *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim; pray finish it.* I am happy whenever you join our names together: so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleased with nothing: for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stooped to treat one another; surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c. Even as a writer I am cool in it, and whenever you see what I am now writing,† you will be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less admirers, and greater reasoners. I study much more to render my own portion of being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the

* The Poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault. It is one of the best of his performances, but very characteristic. *Warburton.*

† This was said whilst he was employed on the Essay on Man, not yet published, 1731. *Warton.*

human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmanned me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increased, though not diminished. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down; when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the head-ache, &c. If greater pains arrive (such as my late rheumatism) the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me, and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am just now as well as when you was here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were passed near you, and, such as it is, I would not repine at it.—All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

LETTER CXVI.

MR. CLELAND TO MR. GAY.*

Dec. 16, 1731.

I AM astonished at the complaints occasioned by a late Epistle to the Earl of Burlington, and I should be afflicted were there the least just grounds for them. Had the writer attacked vice at a time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and

* This was written by the same hand that wrote the *Letter to the Publisher*, prefixed to the *Dunciad;* and what hand that was, no one who reads this collection of Letters can be at a loss to ascertain. *Warburton.*

It was by Pope. *Warton.*

so far from being concealed as a defect, that it is proclaimed with ostentation as a merit; I should have been apprehensive of the consequence: had he satirized gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds fortune, acquired by such methods as are in daily practice, and almost universally encouraged: had he over-warmly defended the religion of his country, against such books as come from every press, are publicly vended in every shop, and greedily bought by almost every rank of men; or had he called our excellent weekly writers by the same names which they openly bestow on the greatest men in the ministry, and out of the ministry, for which they are all unpunished, and most rewarded: in any of these cases, indeed, I might have judged him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his rashness.

I could not but hope better from this small and modest Epistle, which attacks no vice whatsoever; which deals only in folly, and not folly in general, but a single species of it; that only branch, for the opposite excellency to which the Noble Lord to whom it is written must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape censure, especially seeing how tenderly these follies are treated, and really less accused than apologized for.

> Yet hence the poor are cloathed, the hungry fed,
> Health to himself, and to his infants bread
> The laborer bears.

Is this such a crime, that to impute it to a man must be a grievous offence? It is an innocent folly,

and much more beneficent than the want of it; for ill taste employs more hands, and diffuses expense more than a good one. Is it a moral defect? No, it is but a natural one, a want of taste. It is what the best good man living may be liable to. The worthiest peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favoured house, and the best reputed citizen be pleased with a vile garden. I thought (I say) the author had the common liberty to observe a defect, and to compliment a friend for a quality that distinguishes him: which I know not how any quality should do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But, they say, the satire is personal. I thought it could not be so, because all its reflections are on things. His reflections are not on the man, but his house, garden, &c. Nay, he respects (as one may say) the persons of the Gladiator, the Nile, and the Triton: he is only sorry to see them (as he might be to see any of his friends) ridiculous by being in the wrong place, and in bad company. Some fancy, that to say a thing is personal, is the same as to say it is unjust, not considering, that nothing can be just that is not personal. I am afraid that "all such writings and discourses as touch no man, will mend no man." The good-natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like satire; and the guilty readily concur with the weak for a plain reason, because the vicious look upon folly as their frontier:

Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.

No wonder those who know ridicule belongs to them, find an inward consolation in moving it from themselves as far as they can; and it is never so far, as when they can get it fixed on the best characters. No wonder those who are food for satirists should rail at them as creatures of prey; every beast born for our use would be ready to call a man so.

I know no remedy, unless people in our age would as little frequent the theatres, as they begin to do the churches; unless comedy were forsaken, satire silent, and every man left to do what seems good in his own eyes, as if there were no king, no priest, no poet, in Israel.

But I find myself obliged to touch a point, on which I must be more serious; it well deserves I should: I mean the malicious application of the character of Timon, which, I will boldly say, they would impute to the person the most different in the world from a man-hater, to the person whose taste and encouragement of wit have often been shewn in the rightest place. The author of that Epistle must certainly think so, if he has the same opinion of his own merit as authors generally have; for he has been distinguished by this very person.

Why, in God's name, must a portrait, apparently collected from twenty different men, be applied to one only? Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. Has it his nose or mouth? no, they are totally differing. What then, I beseech you? Why, it has the mole on his chin. Very well;

but must the picture therefore be his, and has no other man that blemish?

Could there be a more melancholy instance how much the taste of the public is vitiated, and turns the most salutary and seasonable physic into poison, than if amidst the blaze of a thousand bright qualities in a great man, they should only remark there is a shadow about him; as what eminence is without? I am confident the author was incapable of imputing any such to one, whose whole life (to use his own expression in print of him) is a *continued series* of *good* and *generous actions.*

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the least pain or offence to any innocent person; and none who would be less concerned, if the satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim it. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the freedom of one whose censures are just, and who sets his name to them.

LETTER CXVII.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, Jan* 18, 1731-2.

It is now past nine o'clock. I deferred sitting down to write to you, in expectation to have seen Mr. Pope, who left me two or three hours ago, to try to find Lord Burlington, within

whose walls I have not been admitted this year and a half; but for what reason I know not. Mr. Pope is just this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him: so that I cannot give you any satisfaction in the affair you writ last about. He designs to see him to-morrow; and if any thing can be done, he says you shall hear from him.

By the beginning of my letter you see how I decline in favour; but I look upon it as my particular distinction, that as soon as the court gains a man I lose him. It is a mortification I have been used to, so I bear it as a philosopher should.

The letter which you writ to me and the duke, I received; and Mr. Pope showed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleasure than all the letters you have writ since I saw you, as it gives me hopes of seeing you soon.

Were I to acquaint the duke and duchess of my writing, I know that they would have something to say to you, and perhaps would prevent my sending the letter this post, so I choose to say nothing about it. You are in great favour and esteem with all that love me, which is one great reason that I love and esteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you; but I choose to leave it where it is till you want it, as it carries some interest; though it might be now sold to some advantage, and is liable to rises and falls with the other stocks. It may be higher as well as lower; so I will not dispose of it till I hear from

you. I am impatient to see you, so are all your friends. You have taken your resolution, and I shall henceforth expect every week an agreeable surprize. The bellman rings for the letter, so I can say no more.

LETTER CXVIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my Lady Duchess, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Amesbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may beckon a blackguard boy under a gate, near your visiting place, *(experto crede)* save eleven pence, and get a half a crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to in-

crease my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for losing your great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and volatile as ever, just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but I profess I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Duchess, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride five hundred miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do: as well to keep up

the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune: you are merciful to every thing but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Amesbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the footmen a laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Duchess's women admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for roaches, or gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will shew this letter to the Duchess, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Amesbury. Hear a piece of Irish news, I buried the famous General Meredith's father last night in my cathedral; he was ninety-six years old: so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health;

pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night, but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

LETTER CXIX.

MR. GAY TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, May* 19, 1732.

To-morrow we set out for Amesbury, where I propose to follow your advice, of employing myself about some work against next winter. You seemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Those I am now writing, have a prefatory discourse before each of them, by way of epistle, and the morals of them mostly are of the political kind; which makes them run into a greater length than those I have already published. I have already finished fifteen or sixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the same size as the first. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy, I find it is the most difficult of any that I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable, and finished it, I despair of finding out another; but I have a moral or two more, which I wish to

write upon. I have also a sort of scheme to raise my finances by doing something for the stage: with this, and some reading, and a great deal of exercise, I propose to pass my summer. I am sorry it must be without you. Why cannot you come and saunter about the downs a-horseback, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to shoot for your dinner? Yesterday I received your letter, and notwithstanding your reproaches of laziness, I was four or five hours about business, and did not spend a shilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's interest on your two bonds, which is 8*l.* I have four of my own. I have deposited all of them in the hands of Mr. Hoare, to receive the half year's interest at Michaelmas. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal since I bought yours. I gave very near 6*l.* on each bond, and they are now sold for about 50*s.* Every thing is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public securities; but, I believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the South Sea scheme. I do not know whether it will be prudent to trust our money there till that time. I did what I could to assist Mr. Ryves; and I am very glad that he has found justice. Lord Bathurst spoke for him, and was very zealous on bringing on his cause. The Duchess intended to write in my last letter, but she set out all on a sudden, to take care of Lord Drumlanrig,* who was taken ill of the small-pox at Winchester school.

* The Duke of Queensberry's eldest son.

He is now perfectly well recovered (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think she ought, as she intends, to renew her correspondence with you at Amesbury. I was at Dawley on Sunday. Lady Bolingbroke continues in a very bad state of health, but still retains her spirits. You are always remembered there with great respect and friendship. Mrs. Pope is so worn out with old age, but without any distemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr. Pope's state of health is much in the same way as when you left him. As for myself, I am often troubled with the colic. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower spirits than usual, which I impute to my having no one pursuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the Duke and Duchess, and Lords Bolingbroke, Bathurst, Sir William Wyndham, Mr. Pulteney, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Lewis, &c. Every one of them is disappointed in your not coming among us. I have not seen Dean Berkley, but have read his book,* and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative, at least for me. Dr. Delany I have very seldom seen; he did not do me the honour to advise with me about any thing he has published.† I like your thoughts upon these sort of writings; and I should have advised

* Alciphron: or, the Minute Philosopher. Printed at London, in 1732, in two vols. 8vo.—B.

† He published at London, in the year 1732, "Revelation examined with Candour," &c. 2 vols. 8vo.—B.

him, as you did, though I had lost his good opinion. I write in very great haste; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let me hear from you often. But I am still in hopes to see you, and will expect a summons one day or other to come to Bristol, in order to be your guide to Amesbury.

LETTER CXX.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he staid long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something; there is no writing I esteem more than fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in, which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admired your happiness in such a kind of performances, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint; I found a moral first and studied for a fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was to represent what scoundrels arise in armies by a long war, wherein I supposed the lion was engaged, and having lost all his animals of worth, at last serjeant Hog came to be brigadier, and corporal Ass a colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise

about getting something by the stage, which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England: but, pray take some new scheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was to pass a month at Amesbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Riskins, without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings: but I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or no. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: so that, when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful, if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here is your health——and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Duchess——and I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of philosophers) would starve me, for even of port-

wine I should require half a pint a day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unless your Duke and Duchess have mended you. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind; you eat without care, and if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes by court-hopes and court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* but the Doctor is the king of inattention. What a vexatious life should I lead among you? If the Duchess be a *reveuse,* I will never come to Amesbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain.

Madam,

I mentioned something to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge-acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we turn to town, and yet I am assured that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your Grace to be better established upon your return to Amesbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my

heart, that Mr. Gay had no sooner turned his back, than you left the place in this letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst; and fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she hath pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months hath not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Amesbury, and breeding confusion in your Grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life hath been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invincible lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a brat in hanging-sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, and most humble, &c.

LETTER CXXI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

July 18, 1732.

I WRITE this letter, in hopes that Pope, a man scattered in the world (according to the French phrase) will soon procure me an opportunity of conveying it safely to you, my reverend Dean. For my own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your beggarly nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew any thing of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of state nor of party; and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our ministers: it might pass in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot against themselves, if not against the state; or, at least, it might furnish them with an opportunity of doing an ill-natured, and disappointing a good-natured thing; which being a pleasure to the malicious and the base, I should be sorry to give it on any occasion, and especially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum*.*

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you, that there is in my neighbourhood, in Berkshire, a clergyman, one Mr. Talbot, related to the solicitor-general, and protected by him. This man has now the living of Burfield,† which the late Bishop of

* Sir Robert Walpole, and his brother Horace.—B.

† A rectory in Berkshire.—B.

Durham held before, and, for aught I know, after he was Bishop of Oxford.* The living is worth four hundred pounds per annum, over and above a curate paid, as Mr. Corry, a gentleman who does my business in that country, and who is a very grave authority, assures me. The parsonage house is extremely good, the place pleasant, and the air excellent, the distance from London a little day's journey, and from hence (give me leave to think the circumstance of some importance to you) not much above half a day's even for you who are no great jockey. Mr. Talbot has many reasons which make him desirous to settle in Ireland for the rest of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferment some time. As soon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the same mind, and to tell him that an advantageous exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his kinsman to make it practicable at court. He answered for his own acceptance, and his kinsman's endeavours. I employed next some friends to secure my Lord Dorset, who very frankly declared himself ready to serve you in any thing, and in this if you desired it. But he mentioned a thing, at the same time, wholly unknown

* It is honourable to Bolingbroke, that of all the Dean's great and powerful friends, he appeared, while in office, most anxious to fix his fortune; and now, when deprived of power, seems to have been equally assiduous in discovering means of settling him in England. But the exchange proposed in this letter was too unfavourable for Swift to be carried into effect. *Sir W. Scott.*

to me, which is, that your deanery is not in the nomination of the crown, but in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more easy; more hard, I think, it cannot be; but in all cases, it requires other measures to be taken. One of these I believe must be, to prepare Hoadley, Bishop of Salisbury, if that be possible, to prepare his brother the Archbishop of Dublin. The light in which the proposition must be represented to him and our ministers, (if it be made to them) is this; that though they gratify you, they gratify you in a thing advantageous to themselves, and silly in you to ask. I suppose it will not be hard to persuade them, that it is better for them you should be a private parish priest in an English county, than a dean in the metropolis of Ireland, where they know, because they have felt, your authority and influence. At least, this topic is a plausible one for those who speak to them, to insist upon, and coming out of a whig mouth may have weight. Sure I am, they will be easily persuaded, that quitting power for ease, and a greater for a less revenue, is a foolish bargain, which they should by consequence help you to make.

You see now the state of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do, of the means to be employed on your side of the water: as to those on this, nothing shall be neglected. Find some secure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man

else upon earth has. Or rather, dispose of affairs so as to come hither immediately. You intended to come some time ago. You speak, in a letter Pope has just now received from you, as if you still had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the summer, and the sooner the better. To talk of being able to ride with stirrups, is trifling: get on Pegasus, bestride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the Revelation. To be serious; come any how, and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires despatch and management. Though I have room, I will not say one word to you about Berkley's* or Delany's† book. Some part of the former is hard to be understood; none of the latter is to be read. I propose, however, to reconcile you to metaphysics; by shewing how they may be employed against metaphysicians; and that whenever you do not understand them, nobody else does, no not those who write them.

I know you are inquisitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place; it is tolerable, better than it has been some years. Come and see her; you shall be nursed, fondled, and humoured. She desires you to accept this assurance with her humble service. Your horses shall be grazed in summer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man shall have meat, drink, and lodging.

* "Alciphron; or The Minute Philosopher."—B.

† "Revelation examined with Candour."—B.

Washing I cannot afford, Mr. Dean; for I am grown saving, thanks to your sermon about frugality.

LETTER CXXII.

MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, July* 24, 1732.

As the circumstances of our money affairs are altered, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with them as soon as I can; which, if I had not received your letter last post, I should have done now. I left your two South Sea bonds, and four of my own in Mr. Hoare's hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the interest for us, when due; or, if you should want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the South Sea Company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 *per cent.* of their bonds, with the interest of the 50 *per cent.* to Michaelmas next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr. Hoare's hands at present, without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclined to have your money remitted to Ireland, I will not lay out the sum that is paid into his hands in any other thing, till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I shall see Mr. Hoare in this country very soon; for he has a house not above six miles from us, and I intend to

advise with him; though in the present situation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 *per cent.*, were it to be sold at present, bears a premium; but the premium on the 50 that was paid is sunk. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the subject. I cannot send you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for interest, beside the principal; and you will understand so much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr. Hoare's hands without any interest. So since I cannot send you the particulars of your account, I will now say no more about it.

I shall finish the work I intended this summer; but I look upon the success in every respect to be precarious. You judge very right of my present situation, that I cannot propose to succeed by favour; and I do not think, if I could flatter myself that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfashionable pretension.

I have almost done every thing I proposed in the way of fables; but have not set the last hand to them. Though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make much such another volume as the last. I find it the most difficult task I ever undertook; but have determined to go through with it; and after this, I believe I shall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Last post I had a letter from Mr. Pope, who informs me he has heard from you;

and that he is preparing some scattered things of yours and his for the press. I believe I shall not see him till the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a stock of health, to squander in the town. You see, in this respect, my scheme is very like the country gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me: so that in that point we shall agree very well in living together; and the Duchess will answer for me that I am cured of inattention; for I never forget any thing she says to me.*——For he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. If I served him the same way, I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my Tunbridge acquaintance, whom, by attention to him I have learned to set my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philosophical reason, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in London, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their best friends; which, if I thought modestly of myself, must needs be you, because you know little of me. Till you do more, pray do not persuade Mr. Gay, that he is discreet enough to live alone; for I do assure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great use to one another; for we never flatter or contradict, but when it is absolutely necessary, and then we do it to some purpose; particularly the first agrees mightily with our constitutions. If ever we quar-

* The Duchess here begins.

rel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for somebody is never sick except he eats too much of it. He will not quarrel with you for a glass or so; for by that means he hopes to gulp down some of that forty millions of schemes that hindered him from being good company. I would fain see you here, there is so fair a chance that one of us must be pleased; perhaps both, you with an old acquaintance, and I with a new one: it is so well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. But before either of our journeys are settled, I desire you would resolve me one question—whether a man, who thinks himself well where he is, should look out for his house and servants before it is convenient, before he grows old, or before a person, with whom he lives, pulls him by the sleeve in private (according to oath) and tells him that they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, &c.

The Duke is very much yours, and will never leave you to your wine.* Many thanks for your drum.—I wish to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe.

* It would appear that Swift, himself naturally hospitable until age and disease altered his temper, did not altogether admire the parsimony of Pope, who used to desert his guests soon after supper, with a habitual expression, "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine," of which there was but a small modicum placed on the table. *Sir W. Scott.*

LETTER CXXIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, Aug. 12, 1732.

I KNOW not what to say to the account of your stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the South-sea* should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way, for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the Duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me six hogsheads of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia.* Horace desired no more; for I will construe *frugis* to be

* Gay, as well as his friend Pope, ventured some money in the famous South-sea scheme. And there was a print by Hogarth, representing Pope putting one of his hands into the pocket of a large fat personage, who wore a hornbook at his girdle, designed for the figure of Gay; and the hornbook had reference to his Fables, written for the young Duke of Cumberland. To such subjects it is to be wished that Hogarth had always confined the powers of his pencil. "His *Sigismunda*," says Mr. Walpole, "is a maudlin strumpet, just turned out of keeping, and with eyes red with rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper had given her. And as to his scene from Milton, *Hell* and *Death* have lost their terrors; and *Sin* is divested of all powers of temptation." *Warton.*

wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures,* and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the Duchess shall be your critic; and betwixt you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300*l.* a-year: and that must be made up out of the Duchess's pin-money before I can consent. I want to be minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the Duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D——y has got a wife with 1,600*l.* a-year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand; I wish you would inquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thousand pounds more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Amesbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons, which I shall teach

you, and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know whether the Vicar of Amesbury can play at back-gammon? Pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

To the Duchess.*

Madam,

I was the most unwary creature in the world, when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you, upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with

* One of the last, and most elegant compliments, which this singular lady, after having been celebrated by so many former wits and poets, received, was from the amiable Mr. William Whitehead, in the third volume of his Works, p. 65, which compliment turns, with a happy propriety, on the peculiar circumstance of her Grace's having never changed her dress, according to the fashion, but retained that which had been in vogue when she was a young beauty:

Say, shall a bard, in these late times,
Dare to address his trivial rhymes
To her whom Prior, Pope, and Gay,
And every bard, who breathed a lay
Of happier vein, was fond to chuse
The patroness of every Muse?

Say, can he hope that you, the theme
Of partial Swift's severe esteem,
You, who have borne meridian rays,
And triumphed in poetic blaze,
Even with indulgence should receive
The fainter gleams of ebbing eve? *Warton.*

him on some poetical subjects, he would answer; "Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of gentleman-usher:" and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly despair.—As to yourself, I will say to you, (though comparisons be odious,) what I said to the ——, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: my compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters, than I could by six months' conversing. Your pen is always more natural and sincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing, you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy; and although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world; parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms, quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only, arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the ministry, and those who are out; between

all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, it is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be who lives a few miles from this town! As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Amesbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question I answer, that your Grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my clothes to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my Lord Duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch; for I am not ashamed of you though you be Duke and Duchess, though I have been of others who are, &c. and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postillions; and when I come to Amesbury, before I see your Grace I will have an hour's conversation with the Vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson, and all the neighbours, as if you

were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect, Your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LETTER CXXIV.

MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, Aug.* 28, 1732.

MR. HOARE has a hundred and odd pounds of yours in his hands, which you may have whenever you please to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you (I mean, beside the South-sea bond of a hundred, that still subsists); but I cannot tell you exactly how your account stands till I go to town. I have money of my own too in Mr. Hoare's hands, which I know not at present how to dispose of. I believe I shall leave it without interest till I go to town, and shall then be at the same loss how to dispose of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next winter; but am prepared for disappointments, which I think it is very likely I shall meet with; yet as you think it convenient and necessary that I should have more than I have, you see I resolve to do what I can to oblige you. If my designs should not take effect, I desire you will be as easy under it as I shall be; for I find you so solicitous about me, that you cannot bear my disappointments as

well as I can. If I do not write intelligibly to you, it is because I would not have the clerks of the post-office know every thing I am doing. If you would come here this summer, you might, with me, have helped to have drunk up the Duke's wine, and saved your money. I am growing so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us; but not unless it could be to your ease and satisfaction. You insist upon your being minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and prebendary of Westminster. For your being minister in those places, I cannot promise you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and useful invention; but I have not made use of them since I left Devonshire. I ride and walk every day to such excess, that I am afraid I shall take a surfeit of it. I am sure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he does not live among us, but resides in another parish. And I have not played at backgammon with any body since I came to Amesbury, but Lady Harold, and Lady Bateman. As Dr. Delany has taken away a fortune from us, I expect to be recommended in Ireland. If authors of

godly books are entitled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a moral one; I mean, in Ireland, for that recommendation would not do in England.

THE DUCHESS BEGINS.

The Duchess will not lend you two or three thousand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reasons to Strada del Po; but she had much rather give you that, or ten thousand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat to make herself respected.

I believe, for all you give Mr. Gay much advice, that you are a very indiscreet person yourself, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs; and not be so indiscreet as to send for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr. Gay is a very rich man: for I really think he does not wish to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though, if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and less trouble. His covetousness at present, is for health, which he takes so much pains for, that he does not allow himself time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present. When he began to be a sportsman, he had like to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himself, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted in a letter; therefore pray come on purpose to decide

it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with Goody Dobson; for I have seen Goody Dobson play at that with so ill a grace, that I was determined never to risk any thing so unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and those, not for having any sort of merit, but only because it is my humour; in this rank, Mr. Gay stands first, and yourself next, if you like to be respected upon these conditions. Now do you know me? He stands over me, and scolds me for spelling ill; and is very peevish (and sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawned for it a thousand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wish that she had the best living in England to give you.* It was not I; but I do wish it with all my heart, if Mr. Gay does not hang out false lights for his friend.

MR. GAY GOES ON HERE.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from Twickenham, in which was this paragraph: "Motte, and another idle fellow, I find, have been writing to the Dean, to get him to give them some copyright, which surely he will not be so indiscreet as to do, when he knows my design, and has done these two months and more. Surely I should be a properer person to trust the

* Lady Suffolk, or, perhaps, Queen Caroline, while Princess of Wales. *Sir W. Scott.*

distribution of his works with, than a common bookseller. Here will be nothing but the ludicrous and little things; none of the political, or any things of consequence, which are wholly at his own disposal. But, at any rate, it would be silly in him to give a copyright to any, which can only put the manner of publishing them hereafter out of his own and his friends' power, into that of mercenaries."*

I really think this is a very useful precaution, considering how you have been treated by these sort of fellows.

The Duke is fast asleep, or he would add a line.

* The following letter from Pope to Mr. Motte, of which the original is in Mr. Nichols's possession, seems to refer to the same transaction: *Sir W. Scott.*

SIR, *August* 16, 1732.

Had I had the least thought you would have now desired what you before so deliberately refused, I would certainly have preferred you to any other bookseller. All I could now do was to speak to Mr. Gilliver, as you requested, to give you the share you would have in the property, and to set aside my obligation and covenant with him so far, to gratify the Dean and yourself. You cannot object, I think, with any reason to the terms which he pays, and which at the first word he agreed to.

I am, Sir,

Your friend and servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER CXXV.

MR. POPE TO MR. GAY.

October 2, 1732.

Sir Clem. Cottrel tells me you will shortly come to town. We begin to want comfort in a few friends about us, while the winds whistle and the waters roar. The sun gives us a parting look, but it is a cold one. We are ready to change those distant favours of a lofty beauty, for a gross material fire, that warms and comforts more. I wish you could be here till your family come to town. You will live more innocently, and kill fewer harmless creatures, nay none, except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit, for conscience sake, that you should come to town, and that the Duchess should stay in the country, where no innocents of another species may suffer by her. I hope she never goes to church: the Duke should lock you both up, and less harm would be done. I advise you to make man your game, hunt and beat about here for coxcombs, and truss up rogues in satire: I fancy they will turn to a good account, if you can produce them fresh, or make them keep: and their relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a colleague, absolute and perpetual dictator of the stage, though indeed while he lived he was but as Bibulus to Cæsar. However, ambition finds something to be gratified with in a mere name; or else, God

have mercy upon poor ambition! Here is a dead vacation at present, no politics at court, no trade in town, nothing stirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verses on the royal hermitage:* I hear the queen is at a loss which to prefer; but for my own part I like none so well as Mr. Poyntz's in Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your muse on this occasion. I am sure I would do as much for the Duchess of Queensberry if she desired it. Several of your friends assure me it is expected from you: one should not bear in mind, all one's life, any little indignity one receives from a court; and therefore I am in hopes, neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The volume of Miscellanies is just published, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and, I assure you, no one more than Your, &c.

LETTER CXXVI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, October 3, 1732.†

I USUALLY write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in bet-

* In the edition of Swift by Sir W. Scott.

† In Dr. Warton's and Mr. Bowles's editions of Pope, this letter, which is an answer to the preceding one of Aug. 28, 1732, is erroneously dated 1731.

ter company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe I have told you of a great man, who said to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country, who regards any events that pass here, unless he hath an estate or employment. I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present ministry, much less to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the politic of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known; for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any, which I declare I do not: and besides, I think the world is already so well informed by plain events, that I question whether the ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and although it should be discovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it, and think no further. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though I agree you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even

the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the post-officers, that since wit and learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned, and punished, till within your own memory; nor dulness and ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease, perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends; but besides the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence; you will hear my reasons when you see those friends, and I concluded them with saying; That I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

Madam,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same *Strada del Po;* and yet, if that author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier;* which, I am sure, your Grace is not, no not so much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a free-thinker, nor can sell

* Probably alluding to Gay.

bargains; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier; that you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taste for wit, in preferring two old fashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in such an old fashioned style, as none of them can understand. You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health; I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I entreat your Grace will order him to move his chops less and his legs more the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which you say are not paid to merit, but to your own humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit, and there goes an ugly observation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I should go to Amesbury, with a great load of merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandize at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the first part, and I but the second; which is hard treatment, since I

shall be the newest acquaintance by some years; and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed? I should be ready to say in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the lady who wished she could give the best living, &c. if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same lady who spoke many things to me in the same style, and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose dupe he was, as well as of her waiting woman; but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lord Duke, and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c.

LETTER CXXVII.

MR. GAY TO MR. POPE.

October 7, 1732.

I AM at last returned from my Somersetshire expedition,* but since my return I cannot so much boast of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, so as to make me uneasy and dispirited, though not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excursions we made, were every way

* To Orchard-Wyndham, the seat of Sir William Wyndham. *Bowles.*

agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful prospects. Sir William Wyndham is at present amusing himself with some real improvements, and a great many visionary castles. We are often entertained with sea-views, and sea-fish, and were at some places in the neighbourhood, among which I was mightily pleased with Dunster Castle, near Minehead. It stands upon a great eminence, and hath a prospect of that town, with an extensive view of the Bristol Channel, in which are seen two small islands called the Steep Holms and Flat Holms, and on the other side we could plainly distinguish the divisions of fields in the Welsh coast. All this journey I performed on horseback, and I am very much disappointed that at present I feel myself so little the better for it. I have indeed followed riding and exercise for three months successively, and really think I was as well without it: so that I begin to fear the illness I have so long and so often complained of, is inherent in my constitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience.

As to your advice about writing panegyric,* it

* Gay, we see, would not take the advice his friend gave him to write some panegyric. I think the Duchess of Queensberry dissuaded him from doing it, and that she was not pleased with one of the last paragraphs of the *preceding* letter.

What more mortifying than to see the abject flattery into which even men of genius and talents have sometimes descended! While Louis XIV. was one day shewing his gardens at Marly to Cardinal de Polignac, they were overtaken in their walk by a sudden shower of rain; and the King expressing his concern lest the habit of the Cardinal should be soiled by the wet, "Ah! Sire;

is what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it sometimes against my judgment and inclinations, and I heartily repent of it. And at present, as I have no desire of reward, and see no just reason of praise, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I would not interfere in any gentleman's profession. I have seen no verses on these sublime occasions; so that I have no emulation: let the patrons enjoy the authors, and the authors their patrons, for I know myself unworthy.

I am, &c.

LETTER CXXVIII.

MR. POPE AND DR. ARBUTHNOT TO DR. SWIFT.*

December 5, 1732.

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears): it is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life

(said the Author of Anti-Lucretius) la pluie de Marly ne mouille pas." *Warton.*

* "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: received December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse, foreboding some misfortune." [This note is endorsed on the original Letter in Dr. Swift's hand.] *Pope.*

in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensberry's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will. Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that is a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu, I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. Pope.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shewn, and continued

attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels; it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, Sir,

Yours, &c. ARBUTHNOT.

LETTER CXXIX.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay, upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a

little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support; but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wish, that with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your Poem on the Use of Riches hath been just printed here, and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon Taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces, of the same bulk, to be inscribed to other friends, one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on.

Doctor Delany presents you his most humble service: he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the streets as usual by daylight, does many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a country-house two miles distant, and is one of those very few within my knowledge on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an agent; he is a most worthy gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P——, which, I desire, may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his modesty; a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensberry, I desire you will present her my most humble service: I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being

a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

LETTER CXXX.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO DR. SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *London, Jan.* 13, 1732-3.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving one from you by Mr. Pilkington. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable, ingenious man. I value him very much for his music, which you give yourself an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprize.

I have had but a melancholy, sorrowful life for some time past, having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would have willingly redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he has left me.

We have all had another loss of our worthy and dear friend, Mr. Gay. It was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by al-

most every body, even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at Westminster Abbey, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good Duke of Queensberry, who lamented him as a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts put upon vice and injustice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the Beggars' Opera, and what he had to come upon the stage, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come. Curll (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for sending him some, particularly an account of his disgrace at court, which, I am sure, might have been made entertaining: by which I should have attained two ends at once, published truth, and got a rascal whipped for it. I was overruled in this. I wish you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myself, that you have some virtue and honour left, some small regard for religion. Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer. You have no companies or stock-jobbing, are yet free of excises; you are not insulted in your poverty, and told with a sneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor pension, is not deemed with you a rogue, and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. Pope has his usual complaints of headache and indigestion, I think more than for-

merly. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of superior health and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his Dunciad, a royal declaration against the haberdashers of points and particles, assuming the title of critics and restorers; wherein he declares, that he has revised carefully this his Dunciad, beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading; and it is signed by John Barber, *major civitatis Londini.*

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours: they all long to see you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new scheme of excise. You may remember, that a ministry in the queen's time, possessed of her majesty, the parliament, army, fleet, treasury, confederate, &c. put all to the test, by an experiment of a silly project in the trial of a poor parson.* The same game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonness of power. *Miraberis quàm paucâ sapientiâ mundus regitur.*

I have considered the grievance of your wine: the friend that designed you good wine, was abused by an agent that he entrusted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whose name is De la Mar, to whom show what friendship you can. My brother is getting money now, in China, less, and more honestly, than his predecessors su-

* Dr. Sacheverell.—H.

percargoes; but enough to make you satisfaction, which, if he comes home alive, he shall do.

My neighbour the proseman is wiser, and more cowardly and despairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a-week. I dream at night of a chain, and rowing in the galleys. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse (even with the greatest persons to whom I have access), in defending the cause of liberty, virtue, and religion: for the last, I have the satisfaction of suffering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lot, from a steady resolution I have taken of giving these ignorant, impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes, and a happy new year; and none can do it more heartily than myself, who am, with the most sincere respect,

Your most faithful humble servant.

LETTER CXXXI.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

Feb. 16, 1732-3.

It is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensberry

will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no will, nor spoke a word of them, or any thing else, during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the Comedy* (which our poor friend gave to the play-house the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some Fables he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings; for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is. I am preparing also for my own, and have nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world that men of wit, or even poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort: and indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *jeux d'esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can

* It was intitled, *The Wife of Bath;* in truth, it is but an indifferent Comedy. This second volume of the Fables is much inferior to the first: particularly on account of the long and languid introductions to each fable; which read like party-pamphlets.
Warton.

do, since they cannot be denied, is to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of Miscellanies) to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idlenesses, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last volume of Miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "that these volumes contained all that we have ever offended in that way," would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the libel on Dr. D——, and the best panegyric on myself, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you observe, was printed in great haste; the cause whereof was, that the booksellers here were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I do not mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my Epistle to Lord Bathurst even before it was published, and another thing of mine, which is a parody* from Horace, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of these, nor less

* Sat. i. lib. 2. *Warburton.*

than of the latter: yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person; but you will see pretty soon, that the Letter to Lord Bathurst* is a part of it, and you will find a plain connexion between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were published in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who shew their best silks last; or (to give you a truer idea, though it sounds too proudly) my works will in one respect be like the works of nature, much more to be liked and understood when considered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often, those parts which attract most at first sight, will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable.

I am pleased and flattered by your expression of *Orna me*. The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be loved or adorned. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension (from their extraordinary passion for poetry, and their bound-

* He himself, we see, calls this piece a *Letter*, not a *Dialogue*, as it was afterwards entitled. *Warton.*

less hospitality) of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My mother lives, (which is an answer to that point), and, I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and sensible to me, though scarce to any thing else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you preferred to see France first, to which country, I think, you would have a strong invitation.* Lord Peterborough has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber: he is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you: he has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him inclosed in the common way, as I do to you: innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part, I would give them free leave to send all I write to Curll, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way esteemable: my Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natured nobleman, whom I should be happy to know.

* From Bolingbroke. *Bowles.*

Lord B. received your letter through my hands; it is not to be told you how much he wishes for you: the whole list of persons to whom you sent your services, return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction. Your lady friend is *semper eadem*, and I have written an Epistle to her on that qualification in a female character;* which is thought by my chief critic, in your absence, to be my *chef d'œuvre:* but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so sore of satire, and so willing to misapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight fever (the complaint here), but recovered by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left succeeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

* The Epistle on the "Characters of Women," addressed to Martha Blount. In the first edition, he asserted, "*upon his honour*," that no character was taken from life. *Bowles.*

On this it must be observed, that the pointed characters of Philomedé, Chloe, and Atossa were not inserted in the first editions of this Epistle, and that after they were added, the above mentioned declaration was withdrawn.

LETTER CXXXII.

THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO DR. SWIFT.

SIR, *Feb.* 21, 1732-3.

Soon after the death of our friend, Mr. Gay, I found myself more inclined to write to you, than to allow myself any other entertainment. But, considering that might draw you into a correspondence, that most likely might be disagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, till Mr. Pope showed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converse together as usual: by which advantage I will not despair to obtain in reality some of those good qualities you say I *seem* to have. I am conscious of only one, that is, being an apt scholar; and if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it insensibly of our poor friend, as children do any strange language. It is not possible to imagine the loss his death is to me; but as long as I have any memory, the happiness of ever having such a friend can never be lost to me.

As to himself, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend to do him the justice to assure you, he had a most perfect and sincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; so that, if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleasure to employ me, as

you would him: and I shall wish it could ever be in my power to serve you in any thing essential. The Duke of Queensberry meant to write, if I had not, concerning your money affair. We both thought of it as soon as we could of any thing; and if you will only write word what you would have done with your money, great care shall be taken according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are in any likelihood of dying poor or friendless: the world can never grow so worthless. I again differ with you, that it is possible to comfort one's self for the loss of friends, as one does upon the loss of money. I think I could live on very little, nor think myself poor, or be thought so; but a little friendship could never satisfy me; and I could never expect to find such another support as my poor friend. In almost every thing, but friends, another of the same name may do as well; but friend is more than a name, if it be any thing.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleasure. I felt much more than you wrote, and more than, I hope, you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr. Pope good advice, pray practise it yourself. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I must beg you, in your own words, not to shorten your own: for I do full well know by experience, that health and happiness depend on good spirits. Mr. Pope is better in both this year, than I have seen him a good while. This you will believe, unless he has told you what he

tells me, that I am his greatest flatterer. I hope that news has not reached you; for nothing is more pleasant than to believe what one wishes. I wish to be your friend; I wish you to be mine; I wish you may not be tired with this; I wish to hear from you soon; and all this in order to be my own flatterer.

I will believe——

I never write my name.

I hope you have no aversion to blots.

Since I wrote this, the Duke of Queensberry bids me tell you, that if you have occasion for the money, you need only draw upon him, and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of interest settled, and made up to you. He will take this upon himself, that you may have no trouble in this affair.*

LETTER CXXXIII.

DR. SWIFT TO THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

MADAM, *March* 20, 1732-3.

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your Grace, which was dated just a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days since, I have been much disordered with a giddiness, that I

* This excellent letter confers great honour on its noble author, and justly entitles her to rank amongst the most illustrious female characters of the age.

have been long subject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgment of the great favour you have done me. The greatest unhappiness of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend,* (I mean my banishment in this miserable country,) for the distance I am at, and the despair I have of ever seeing my friends, farther than by a summer's visit; and this, so late in my life, so uncertain in my health, and so embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen; so that my loss is not so great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converse with him. But I chiefly lament your Grace's misfortune, because I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can possibly acquire the highest veneration to a mortal creature from the worthiest of human kind, you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend, as that person whose death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your Grace has the same thoughts. Loss of friends has been called a tax upon life, and what is worse, it is then too late to get others, if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I shall never differ from you in any thing longer than till you declare your opinion; because I never knew you wrong in any thing, except your condescending to have any regard for me; and therefore all you say upon the subject of friendship I hear-

* Mr. Gay.—H.

tily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends or the public, or both; and his, for a person in private life, was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me, I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself; which, considering a thousand mortifications, added to the perfect ill will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your Grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by the honour of lying under the same circumstances, with a certain great person, whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make in the whole course of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the Duke and your Grace for my stewards for that immense sum; and in proper time I may come to thank you, as a king does the Commons, for your loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly entreat your Grace, that the money may lie where you please, till I presume to trouble you with a bill, as my Lord Duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very tetchy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken; for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr. Pope, like a treacherous gentleman, showed you my letter wherein I mentioned good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroked that offensive word, to show that it should be printed in *italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the Mall. Your letters may possibly be false copies of your mind; and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person in two kingdoms, who have the least regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean, that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them by a sort of infirmity wherein I have few fellow-sufferers; I mean that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree, as long as I am a servant to your Grace, I mean to the last hour of my life and senses. I am, with the greatest respect and utmost gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my Lord Duke of Queensberry. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almost as I desire; and I pray God, that those who give it me, may never have reason to give me a better.

LETTER CXXXIV.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

April 2, 1733.

You say truly, that death is only terrible to us as it separates us from those we love, but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loss of Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thoughts of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and cheerfully: whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints,

and that *Whatever is, is right.** Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am sorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me, and that I shall like as well. Upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither, for this reason among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the court and town make about any I give: and I will not render them less important, or less interesting, by sparing vice and folly, or by betraying the cause of truth and virtue. I will take care they shall be such, as no man can be angry at but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the royal family, at the same time that I satirized false courtiers, and spies, &c. about them. I have not the courage however to be such

* The manner in which this *maxim* is here introduced, decidedly shows, that in the adoption of it Pope never meant to confine it to the present state of being, as an argument against the necessity of a future state; but that he considered every thing to be right *upon the whole;* that is, combining the present with *a future state* of existence.

a satirist as you, but I would be as much, or more, a philosopher. You call your satires, libels; I would rather call my satires, epistles: they will consist more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my antagonists to be witty (if they can) and content myself to be useful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady ——'s or Lord ***'s performance:* they are certainly the top-wits of the court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was laboured, corrected, pre-commended, and post-disapproved, so far as to be disowned by themselves, after each had highly cried it up for the other's. I have met with some complaints,† and heard at a distance of some threats, occasioned by my verses: I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you. I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that poem,‡ in which I am immortal for my morality: I never took any praise so kindly, and yet, I think, I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your Collection come out, and

* Lady Montagu and Lord Harvey's Epistle to the Imitator of Horace. *Bowles.*

† At this time there was a great outcry among all the courtiers, against the keenness of his satires. *Warton.*

‡ The ironical libel on Dr. Delany. *Warburton.*

what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my Epistles, in the order of the system; and this week *(exercitandi gratiâ)* I have translated, or rather parodied, another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expenses, housekeeping, &c. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will sit till Midsummer, which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn: you used to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I see not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor in dependence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor lady* for her unhappiness, and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at court call happiness. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the season, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thousand warm wishes, mixed with short sighs), ever yours.

* Mrs. Howard.

LETTER CXXXV.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I ANSWER your letter the sooner, because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, *The Life and Character of Dr. S., written by himself.* It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication, after a formal story, says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago, near five hundred lines upon the same Maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impostor says in his dedication, with many circumstances, all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's Æneis; for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I shewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one single line, or thought, is contained in this imposture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true

one, which indeed is not proper to be seen, till I can be seen no more: I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that every body may know the delusion, and acquit me, as I am sure you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it, which is mean, and trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise: I would sink to be a vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder more or less is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I lived amongst you; because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill nature in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness; and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that of all men living you are the most happy in your enemies and your friends: and I will swear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the lady or the lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore, *facit indignatio versus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villany, and never

operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness; only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? Give me a shilling, and I will ensure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged than see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen burned immediately, and the others that have gone abroad printed separately like opuscula, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your Epitaph was immediately to be engraved, and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to nobody else; and, he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recal. I have a short Epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line or two at most, and then I will send it you (with his permission). I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *Striking their aching:* the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like.* I shall write to the Duchess, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and

* The word *aching* was accordingly altered to *pensive*, but it is much to be wished that Swift had also objected to the very equivocal sentiment with which this Epitaph concludes.

I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe critic on you and your neighbour;* but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600*l.* for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two servants, for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitiosâ paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find grass, and wine, and servants, but with him not.—The Collection you speak of is this. A printer† came to me to desire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes, by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London. I answered they could, if the partners agreed. He said, he "would be glad of my permission, but as he could print them without it, and was advised that it could do me no harm, and having been assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest," &c. Much of this discourse passed, and he goes on with the

* The neighbour is Lord Bolingbroke, and he evidently hints at the doctrines of the Essay on Man.—Bolingbroke's father, Lord St. John, was still living. *Bowles.*

† George Faulkner, of Dublin, who printed these four volumes of his works. *Bowles.*

matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent; and I wish it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of the kind. This is the truth of the story.

My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Quæ Virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest earnestness and truth.

LETTER CXXXVI.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

May 28, 1733.

I HAVE begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of virtue: all other praise, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed *by* virtue *for* virtue. My poetry I abandon to the critics, my morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me; and therefore I was more pleased with your libel, than with any verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be

printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surprized to receive from the printer that spurious piece, called, The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, with a letter telling me the person "who published it, had assured him the dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or else he would not have printed it." I cannot tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking: though, had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeased at the publisher's part in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends' partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be cleared to you,* and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough: it will not want for satire, but as for anger I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the apostle speaks, "Be ye angry, and sin not."

* It is clear from this passage, that Swift doubted the tendency of the Essay on Man, which was founded on Bolingbroke's Philosophical Creed. *Bowles.*

It has already been sufficiently shewn, that the philosophical creed of Pope and Bolingbroke were essentially different, and that they both knew them to be so.

But by the philosophical work above mentioned Pope did not allude merely to his Essay on Man, but to that greater plan of which the Essay on Man was only a part, and which was to include also his Moral Epistles and Satires; as is evident from the conclusion of the above passage.

My neighbour's writings* have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable history of Europe in these latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has caused so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

LETTER CXXXVII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I MUST condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain,

* Bolingbroke's philosophical works. *Bowles.*

under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me, and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation pressed on you, alleging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them: I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year; Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern* (who

* The poet.

hath just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniences of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at the two ends of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good humour, and taste, able and desirous to please you; and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare, my health is so uncertain, that I dare not venture amongst you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney coaches, carts, and carriages, round this town, who dare not insult me, like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one lord or squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and six. Thus, I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reasons for what

I once writ, why I chuse to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then, I walk the streets in peace, without being jostled, nor even without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am lord mayor of one hundred and twenty houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the lord mayor of the city, and the archbishop of Dublin, only the latter, like the K. of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B——* and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.†

* Bolingbroke.

† Swift had been remarkably active. The last place of his residence in England was Letcombe, in Berkshire, where there is a hill, which the village tradition says he was in the habit of running up every morning before breakfast. In his declining years, it is known that, for exercise, which he could not take abroad, he pursued the plan, strange as it may appear, of running violently up and down the stairs. *Bowles.*

Mr. Bowles is here mistaken. Swift was twice in England after his residence at Letcombe!

LETTER CXXXVIII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I HAVE every day wished to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet, I think, I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public that all private enjoyments are lost, or disrelished I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did; but all these are to no purpose; the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed either way. Let your

hungry poets, and your rhyming poets, digest it; I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half starved, than to be so over praised and over fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you: you are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness; nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year: it is not affectation to tell you, my mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I; as little for any nation in contradistinction to others, as I; and then I fancy you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people who are (at last) like

the primitive Christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come,* which I have often wished, but never thought to see; when *every mortal, that I esteem, is of the same sentiment in politics and religion.*

Adieu. All you love, are yours; but all are busy, except (dear Sir) your sincere friend.

LETTER CXXXIX.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

Jan. 6, 1734.

I NEVER think of you, and can never write to you now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked; the reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by absence, checks me to that degree that it takes away in a manner the

* This is a remarkable paragraph. At this time, therefore, 1733, he and Bolingbroke were of the *same sentiment* in religion as well as politics. *Warton.*

This attempt of Dr. Warton to shew that Pope's religious opinions were the same as Lord Bolingbroke's is futile; unless it could be shewn that Swift was also of the same opinion, which no one has ever supposed. The *sentiment* to which Pope here alludes is, as clearly appears by the context, that of *Christian charity* from the professors of one sect towards those of another—a sentiment which he always considered as of the first importance; and which is perhaps the only one in which all those he esteemed could be supposed perfectly to agree.

pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine. But one, I am sure, is yours; and your method of concealing yourself puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You will have immediately by several franks (even before it is here published) my Epistle to Lord Cobham, part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last Essay on Man, both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookseller, on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain Lord:* his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter; I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and, after shewing it to some people, suppressed it: otherwise it was such as was worthy of him and worthy of me.† I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborough, who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be sure almost all those whom I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that

* An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court, (Lord Hervey) Aug. 28, 1733, and printed in November following, for J. Roberts, fol.

† It was afterwards published, and will be found at the close of the preceding volume.

B——* paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a true wit, and too much half-honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope, and I think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him: he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. That strict neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men as slander and belie my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are pests to private society, or mischievous members of the public; that is to say, unless they are enemies to all men as well as to me. Pray write to me when you can: if ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this simple world, where nothing is valuable, but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir; may health attend your years; and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am just now told, a very curious lady† intends to write to you, to pump you about some

* B—— is perhaps Bishop Boulter, the friend of Philips, of whom he says,

"Still to *one Bishop*, Philips seems a wit." *Bowles.*

† Probably M. Blount, concerning the offensive verses, "The Lady's Dressing-room," "Strephon and Chloe," &c. *Bowles.*

That the lady referred to was Martha Blount is not unlikely;

poems said to be yours. Pray tell her that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

LETTER CXL.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, *April* 12, 1734.

I HAVE received yours of the 16th of February very lately; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend Pope is in town, and to him I send this letter; for he tells me he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. Faulkner any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you; but my help, in a project of subscription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own, that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you, for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you, which I know she thinks, enjoys a pre-

but it can scarcely be supposed that her inquiries were directed towards pieces so grossly indelicate as those to which Mr. Bowles alludes in the foregoing note.

carious health, easily shaken, and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain: but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me), gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can; the censors say, not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other; for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea;* and Bathurst is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied; for I have something, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethic epistles, and though they go a little into metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them; the first book being finished, the others will soon follow; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out.* What are you doing?—Good, I am sure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I

* This seems to refer to the Moral Epistles of Pope, which were intended to form a part of the great system of ethics, which he did not live to complete.

took care, a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean.* Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this island? I often wish myself out of it; and I shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no English word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear Sir, no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you than I do.

LETTER CXLI.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. POPE.

Hampstead, July 17, 1734.

I LITTLE doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously served by my friends, as he that has thousands to leave in legacies; besides the assurance of their sincerity. God Al-

* There is no great pleasure in guessing who was here meant; but it would seem to be Mr. Pilkington, whose conduct in London seems to have disobliged those to whom the Dean recommended him, and especially Barber. *Sir W. Scott.*

mighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worse.

As for you, my good friend, I think, since our first acquaintance, there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships; I am sure, not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendships; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: and I make it my last request, that you will continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of vice, which you seem naturally endued with; but still with a due regard to your own safety; and study more to reform than chastise,* though the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurst I have always honoured, for every good quality that a person of his rank ought to have: pray, give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me,

* A very sensible and important piece of advice; which our poet, however, did not follow, and gives his reasons for not observing his excellent friend's salutary admonition, in the succeeding letter. But the reasons are not so solid as the admonition.

Warton.

who will be very glad of his present. If it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is Euthanasia. Living or dying, I shall always be

Your, &c.

LETTER CXLII.

MR. POPE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I THANK you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguished yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant; because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any distrust, but by any vanity, much less any interest.

What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a last request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: it is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true love for virtue, without loving the good. To reform, and not to chastise, I am afraid is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the

best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home examples: Precepts only apply to our reason, which in most men is but weak: Examples are pictures, and strike the senses, nay, raise the passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterred. So that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they raised the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see, that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appeared touched by my Satires.*

* Arbuthnot advises Pope to study more to reform than to chastise. Pope replies, that to reform and not to chastise is, he fears, impossible. If the latter sentiment be true, moral instruction and religious establishments are of no avail, and mankind must be impelled to their duty by terror alone. To reform, and to deter from crimes injurious to society are not synonymous terms, although Pope has so considered them. A reformed person is a virtuous character, and acts upon principle, but a man who is deterred from crimes merely by the fear of punishment, or from misconduct, by the dread of satire, is as vicious as ever, and will resort to his former courses whenever opportunity occurs. It is therefore better to *reform* than to *chastise*. The one accomplishes

As to your kind concern for my safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some Characters* I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, it is evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of the day; the talents that make a cheat or a whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an insulter: and as to private villany, it is not so safe to join in an assassination, as in a libel. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them; as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope I shall not forfeit it; for that of the great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but if through misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

the object, the other is only a doubtful medium for obtaining it, and perhaps upon the whole hardens rather than improves.

* The character of Sporus in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.
Warburton.

It is certain, much freer satirists than I have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mecænas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus; and, allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering party too, that they favoured and distinguished Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another court-favourite, Boileau. I have always been too modest to imagine my panegyrics were incense worthy of a court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reason why I have never offered any. I would only have observed, that it was under the greatest princes and best ministers, that moral satirists were most encouraged; and that then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the follies, as historians did over the vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure, in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false taste and affectation in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the first of these reigns it was, that Horace was protected and caressed; and in the latter, that Lucan was put to death,* and Juvenal banished.

* We must be compelled to own, that the integrity of *Lucan* and *Juvenal*, though not their genius, was superior to that of Horace and Virgil; and that the death of one, and the exile of the other, confers on them more real honour than all the favours la-

I would not have said so much, but to shew you my whole heart on this subject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with temper, justice, and resolution. As your approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and an honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the will of God (which, I know, will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy.*

LETTER CXLIII.

MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR. SWIFT.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I HAVE ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship, and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand

vished on the other *two* great *Court Poets.* Lucan, notwithstanding Quintilian thinks he ought to be numbered rather among historians than poets, is a writer that abounds in new and noble images, and in manly, patriotic sentiments. *Warton.*

* This excellent person died Feb. 1734-5. *Warton.*

the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet, when I have done so, you seem by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain, from some prudential reason. Yet, I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other (though our own souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office) could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these

friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is generally on such little scraps that witlings feed, and it is hard the world should judge of our housekeeping from what we fling to our dogs, yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the Epistle to a Lady; it was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your Life and Character before, which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more; the same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose as yours, and as commissioned by you, which has since appeared, and been owned to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England: but no secret can cross your Irish sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those Essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect; I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to

the gaieties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either; but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland: I wished it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dressed, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. It is just what my Lord B. is doing with metaphysics. I hope you will live to see,* and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you (for this is not writing); if you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a week most gladly; but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express?

* After reading this passage, can it be believed that Pope did not know the real principles of Bolingbroke? *Warton.*

That Pope knew the real principles of Bolingbroke, and that he did not coincide with them in some important points, is, it is presumed, sufficiently shewn in the preliminary observations on the Essay on Man, in the present edition.

If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

P.S. (By Lord Bolingbroke.) Our friend,* who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and despatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true, I have writ six letters and a half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and a half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum theatrum mihi estis;* I shall not have the itch of making them more public. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves, whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long

* Mr. Pope.

letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale, et me ama.*

LETTER CXLIV.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO DR. SWIFT.

Hampstead, Oct. 4, 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

You have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one de la Mar. I can assure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart toward you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world; and you, among the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers, and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended, came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborne for

some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease, farther than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present, in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeases me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are likely to befal my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frighted from a journey to England. The reasons you assign are not sufficient; the journey, I am sure, would do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest,

to bring them to a right temper, to bear the loss of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend, and humble servant.*

LETTER CXLV.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Nov. 1, 1734.

I HAVE yours with my Lord B——'s postscript of September 15: it was long on its way, and for some weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness.†

* This truly characteristic, pious, and affectionate letter, is the best eulogy on the memory of its excellent author.

† I know not whether it has been observed, but the real cause of Swift's giddiness and deafness appears, from every symptom, to have been what is called Hydrocephalus. *Bowles.*

Whatever his disorder was, it seems extraordinary that he did not resort to medical aid, from which he might probably have obtained relief. There can be little doubt that his mode of living, particularly in the use of wine, tended to increase his complaint.

The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship; but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord B. says, you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recals you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your speculations. God be thanked I have done with every thing, and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter, or like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children or school-boys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man: although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three treatises that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. said in his Postscript that you would go to Bath in three days: we since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the newsmongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he

left you well, and so did some others, whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of Dorset said to me on that occasion, how a judge here, who knows you, told him that on the first reading those Essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark; on the second, most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased; on the third, he had no doubt remaining, and then he admired the whole. My Lord B——'s attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking, and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live: it saves your

money and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise, between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor* of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER CXLVI.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

Twickenham, Dec. 19, 1734.

I AM truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You will think (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are stept a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you

* Arbuthnot.

will. The two summers* we passed together dwells always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life, and better company than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journeys this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborough, who upon every occasion commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place, not studious, nor idle, rather polishing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandoned several years; and of this sort you will soon see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.†

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myself in a fever highly disordered, and so continued in bed for five days; and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, shall reunite us: but he who made us, not for ours but

* 1726-27, when the Dean was at Twickenham. *Bowles.*

† The Prologue to the Satires.

his purposes,* knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be.† Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you; you are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country; though we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much, but it is as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three treatises, which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago, of my wit; my system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to truth (or to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth) we soon find the shortness of our tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphysical chain of ideas, one may

* This phraseology is rather objectionable. The purpose of the Creator was the happiness of his creatures, and his motive was consequently benevolence. To suppose that he had any other purpose to answer would be inconsistent with our idea of his divine perfection.

† The doctrine uniformly asserted by Pope, and which connects the present with a future state, as right *upon the whole.*

extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us: but this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed;* he is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my essay) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the universe: this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Castle, and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and to our own persons. When you write (either to him or me, for we accept it all as one) rebuke him for it, as a divine if you like it, or as a Badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will shew that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and every body that comes from Ireland, pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

* Pope's Essay on Man had now been some time published, yet Lord B. was still employed on his metaphysical works which Pope is said only to have versified.

LETTER CXLVII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford,* who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion by the villany of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power, in both nations (it is here in perfection already) although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public and personal to myself, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The deaths of Mr. Gay and the Doctor,† have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To shew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Mas-

* Mr. Stopford was a Fellow of the College of Dublin. He is honourably mentioned in Swift's Letter to Lord Carteret. He was afterwards Bishop of Cloyne. *Bowles.*

† Arbuthnot.

ham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health: but in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea voyage is not in some degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son (Ossory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you my absent friend for the best present friend round the globe.

I have lately read a letter imputed to Lord B., called a Dissertation upon Parties.* I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the bishop of Marseilles.† And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) parsons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

* The best, perhaps, of all Bolingbroke's works; written with great force of reasoning, and in a style equally spirited and elegant.

One of the severest attacks ever made on Sir Robert Walpole, was the Dedication prefixed to this Dissertation, when the papers that had been first separately printed in the *Craftsman*, were collected into one volume octavo. *Warton.*

† Pope has worthily commemorated this truly apostolic prelate:

"Marseilles' good Bishop drew not purer breath." *Bowles.*

LETTER CXLVIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

September 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curll. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the ministry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that hath so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me. Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or satire, but mere innocent friendship: yet I am loth that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, should die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till

my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one Epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend; *Orna me.* A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq. They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me, and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in prose, as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character; I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world: but oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues.

Adieu.

LETTER CXLIX.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

To answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him.*

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the bishops, and a disgrace to one bishop, two things you will like; but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your un-friended, un-benefited nation: he will be a friend to the human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life: I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr. Rundle.†

Lord Peterborough I went to take a last leave

* But was the author of such a tragedy as the *Siege of Damascus* one of the *mediocribus?* Swift and Pope seem not to recollect the value and the rank of an author who could write such a tragedy. May I venture, on this occasion, to give a little table of the different sorts of poets, ranged in order according to their merits?—Writers of *occasional* and *miscellaneous* Family-things, and *tea-table Miscellanies;* writers of *Pastorals;* of *Epistles;* of *Satires;* of *didactic* Poems; of *Odes;* of *Tragedies;* of *Epic* Poems. *Warton.*

This is not arranging authors according to their merits, but according to the subjects they write upon, with which their *merits* have no concern.

† On this account he is celebrated by Pope:

"—— Rundle has a heart."

His letters have been published by Dallaway. *Bowles.*

of, at his setting sail for Lisbon: no body can be more wasted, no soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation of being cut into the bladder for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborough! there is another string lost, that would have helped to draw you hither!* He ordered on his death-bed his watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and *Insignia* are graved on the inner-case; on the outer, I have put this inscription: *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliæ, Dux Sabaudiæ, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborough, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit,* 1735.

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects† which most want our compassion, though generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such

* This letter, without a date, seems to have been written at two different periods, and we must suppose that in the interval Pope had received an account of the death of Lord Peterborough.

† Idiots. *Warburton.*

as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very cheerful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

LETTER CL.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

October 21, 1735.

I ANSWERED your letter relating to Curll,* &c. I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I writ nothing but nature and friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observed, that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting. Now I must tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going

* Curll had just published Pope's Letters. *Bowles.*

very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves. It pleaseth me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of your philosophy; your Muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise, I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day; yet is my health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night: my best way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord ——? methinks, I am inquiring after a tulip of last year.——You need not apprehend any Curlls meddling with your letters to me; I will not destroy them, but have ordered my executors to do that office. I have a thousand things more to say; *longævitas est garrula;* but I must remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I spend to tell you so.

I am ever, dearest Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER CLI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

February 9, 1735-6.

I CANNOT properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name; such a havoc have Time,* Death, Exile, and Oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid servants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscall their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry

* All these last letters of Swift are curious and interesting, as they give us an account of the gradual decay of his intellect, and temper, and strength of mind and body; and fill us with many melancholy but useful reflections. We see the steps by which this great genius sunk into *discontent*, into *peevishness*, into *indignation*, into *torpor*, into *insanity!* *Warton.*

have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any Lord Temporal or Spiritual in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own Cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *Singula de nobis anni, &c.** You have put them in a strong and admirable light; but however I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarried——I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance,† and some of them may be deserving; for youth is the season of virtue; corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue, when they leave you and go into the world; how

* The circling years on human pleasures prey,
They steal my humour and my mirth away.

† His new acquaintance were, probably, Lyttleton, Murray, Lord Cornbury, &c. *Bowles.*

long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future ministers, and future kings. As to the new lord lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

LETTER CLII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

February 7, 1735-6.

It is some time since I dined at the Bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life both as a philosopher and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant, as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, al-

though I am never to see it. Mr. Tickel was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town, who had never seen you.

I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning and conversation and humanity, but he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you: pray be so kind to out-live me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own. I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen of years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetic, for then I was double

their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden* is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour? Give me also some account of your neighbour† who writ to me from Bath. I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise Christian governments, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewel, my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

LETTER CLIII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

March 25, 1736.

If ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reason and Science. 2. A View of the useful and

* The celebrated surgeon and anatomist.

† Allen of Prior park.

therefore attainable, and of the un-useful and therefore unattainable, Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities. 4. Of the Use of *Learning*, of the *Science* of the *World*, and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a satire against the mis-application of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished: I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our heaven of a court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead: for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had

despatched yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheselden was? It shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry. He is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole profession of chirurgery; and has saved the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone.——I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord B.'s, since he went to France. Nothing can depress his genius: whatever befals him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich; that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home. The kind and hearty housewife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone! yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of: nay, I have good melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worse poet, than when you saw me; but gardening is near a-kin to philosophy, for Tully says, *Agricultura*

proxima sapientiæ. For God's sake, why should not you (that are a step higher than a philosopher, a divine, yet have too much grace and wit than to be a bishop) e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done every thing else,) so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordes* be our motto and our epitaph.

LETTER CLIV.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

My common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my deafness; and, indeed, it is that only which discourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest gout, I could catch an interval to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. As to what you say of your letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and pacquetted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal. Those things are all tied up, indorsed, and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read: no mortal shall

copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more. I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your Epistles, not from any other ambition than the title of a friend, and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health, and leisure, and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience; you are, and will be some years to come, at the age when invention still keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity; but your subjects are much more difficult when confined to verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of morality in so masterly a manner. Sir William Temple said, that the loss of friends was a tax upon long life: it need not be very long, since you have had so great a share, but I have not above one left: and in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling understandings. How should I know Cheselden? On your side, men of fame start up and die before we here (at least I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord B.'s genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and useful to the world. Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour, Mr. P.* It is affirmed that he hath been very near death: I love him for being a patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent un-

* Probably Mr. Pulteney.

derstanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, my ailments amount to a prohibition, although I am, as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, which must lessen every day; and, indeed, I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and nobody pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young dunces and atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four-fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a king's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

LETTER CLV.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

August 17, 1736.

I FIND, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative, but

less writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity or love: and I grow laconic even beyond laconicism; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionary or petitionary epistles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next: others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull: and you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B., because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you write to me about him, I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to ——. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue, in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you; that is, twice or thrice a

year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you, or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decayed: for, believe me, great geniuses must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds: a genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the House of Lords writ commendatory verses upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my works, the Universities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince crowned me with laurel. You are a very ignorant man; you do not know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo.* I will not quarrel with the present age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you will both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of princes and ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you than I fear you possess: may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present: tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.

LETTER CLVI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

December 2, 1736.

I THINK you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride; the first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month, at farthest;

and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnelle, &c., and and in spite of your heart, you have owned me a cotemporary; not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborough. In short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life. May my friends be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of posterity when I consider from what monsters they are to spring. My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3,000*l.* a year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years' rent unpaid: this is our condition, in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name: I fear he hath not received my letter, and wish you would ask him: but perhaps he is still a rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath restored his health. How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side. Yet my Lord Bathurst and Lord Masham and Mr. Lewis remain, and being your

acquaintance, I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. P. B.,* and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero,* is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales. My head is so ill, that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more Epistles of Morality; and, I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subjects of such Epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although, in so profligate a world as ours, they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.

* Patty Blount.

LETTER CLVII.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

December 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me: and indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what (it is a thousand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my pity: but if you ever live to have less, you shall not have less of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birthday. I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of public

esteem and love. I have seen a royal birthday uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem, for your sense, virtue, and charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that reflection struck me, you will see from the motto I have prefixed to my Book of Letters, which, so much against my inclination, has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

> Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
> Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias!

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. But I have much reason to fear, those which you have too partially kept in your hands will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality: and the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curll has obtained from Ireland two letters (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine, to you, which we wrote in the year 1723); and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have been since inserted, since my Lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is

lost (wit as well as money) to these needy poetical readers.

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems in the whole turn of his letters to be a settled and principled philosopher, thanking fortune for the tranquillity he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me if I have got any supply of new friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible, for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that were the same friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room;* so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance-acquaintance,† of young men, who look rather to the past age than the pre-

* There are some strokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwise than by the author's extreme compassion and tenderness of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peevish old man (labouring and impatient under his infirmities); and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them.

Warburton.

† Some of these new friends were, I know, displeased at the manner in which they are mentioned in this letter. *Warton.*

sent, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened and blunt to new impressions; it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than those I see daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects but that we can, yet, correspond together. I do not know whether it is not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much: let me drop into common things.—Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter* in pure kindness. Mrs. B. sighs

* These letters that almost *set us* among the very persons who wrote them, create, with all their faults, a melancholy interest. We hear of their acquaintance, friends, pursuits, studies, as if we knew them; we see the progress of their years and infirmities,

more for you, than for the loss of youth. She says, she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing. Adieu.

LETTER CLVIII.

MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, (*March*, 1736-7.)

AFTER having condoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of your friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before, I wrote a letter to the Dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, pressed him (which, I must acquaint your lordship, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, which (if he valued so much) I promised to send him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy; which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh

and follow them through the gradations from youth to age, from hope to disappointment; and partake of their feelings, their partialities, aversions, hopes, and sorrows, till all is dust and silence.

Bowles.

incident made me press this again, which I enclose to you, that you may show him. The man's declaration, "That he had these two letters of the Dean's from your side the water, with several others yet lying by," (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either) is surely a just cause for my request. Yet the Dean, answering every other point of my letter, with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this; and the third time silent. I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands; and in whatever hands, while they are Irish hands, allow me, my Lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think in this I made the Dean so just a request, that I beg your lordship to second it, by showing him what I write. I told him as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters to my great sorrow, that I wished to make use of some of these: nor did I think any part of my correspondences would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession. I will venture, however, to say, they would not add more credit to

the Dean's memory, by their management of them, than I by mine: and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgment at least, I presume my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprizes me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause than what would be so unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many of his works will live; which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit;* and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die, (this last I mean) I would gladly have been the recorder of so great a part of it as shines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as so many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and Curll, and every body else, may say and lie of me as they will: the Dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me.

* This striking testimony of Pope to the private virtues of his friend, and the instances furnished by these letters of the generosity and kindness of Swift towards many persons who stood in need of his assistance, ought to protect him against the charge of an unfeeling misanthropy, which has been so injuriously attached to his memory.

LETTER CLIX.

THE EARL OF ORRERY TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Cork, March* 18, 1736-7.

THIS is occasioned by a letter I have received from Mr. Pope, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust the original to the accidents of the post. I likewise send you a part of a fifth volume of Curll's Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you (one from Mr. Pope, the other from Lord Bolingbroke) just published, with an impudent preface by Curll. You see, Curll, like his friend the Devil, glides through all key-holes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. Pope is still uneasy about his letters: but, I hope, a letter I sent him from Dublin (which he has not yet received) has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on this topic, you remember you told me he should have his letters; and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution. God forbid that any more papers belonging to either of you, especially such papers as your familiar letters, should fall into the hands of knaves and fools, the professed enemies of you both in particular, and of all honest and worthy men in general!

I have said so much on this subject, in the late

happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the Deanery, that there is little occasion for adding more upon it at present; especially as you will find, in Mr. Pope's letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistible. As I have thoughts of going to England in June, you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should think myself particularly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I entreat you, give me that pleasure! It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life; which, whether long or short, shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant.

LETTER CLX.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

March 23, 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task; for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed;

they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants; and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life, and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse; though I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence, the physicians having told me the weakness of my breast, &c. is such, as a sea-sickness might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country, there remain a few more who will last so till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power to draw you back to a country,* which cannot quite be sunk

* It has been observed, that the last place of Swift's residence in England, was Letcombe. He retired there to the house of his friend, just before Queen Anne's death, when he found it impossible to reconcile Oxford and Bolingbroke. In this village he

or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of a future recovery and virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him at whose soul they have taken fire in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publish them with all their imperfections on their head; so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on, and bring with you your old housekeeper, and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we toge-

wrote his "Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs." His friend was the Rev. Mr. Geary, rector of the place: and there is a kind of Cloister in the garden, where he used to walk in wet weather, which is still called "Dean Swift's Cloister." *Bowles.*

Swift paid two visits to England afterwards. The last place of his residence in England was with Pope at Twickenham, in the summer of 1727.

ther, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of monument, what friends two wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world.

Adieu.

LETTER CLXI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

It is true I owe you some letters, but it has pleased God that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability, for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen; but I am deaf for two months together. This deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham; for deafness being not a frequent disorder, hath no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me,* and now you come like an unfair merchant to charge me with being in your debt; which by your way of reckoning I must always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I

have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your Epistles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of morality, even in the poetical way, and should have wondered more, if nature and education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy. All the letters I can find of yours, I have fastened in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles indorsed; but, by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I can find no copies; and yet I keep them with all possible care. But I have been forced, on three or four occasions, to send all my papers to some friends; yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles, to some faithful friends: however, what I have are not much above sixty. I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: none of them have any thing to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men by your religion, and the whole tenour of your life; while I am raging every moment against the corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this; such is my weakness.

I have read your Epistle of Horace to Augustus: it was sent me in the English edition as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for ironies in it; the sour folks think they have found out some; but your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain, that the profession of friendship to me in the same poem, will not suffer you to be thought a

flatterer. My happiness is that you are too far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I died the object of court and party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the epic poem called Leonidas,* which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently

* Few poems on their first appearance have been received with greater applause than *Leonidas*. Lord Lyttelton, in the paper called *Common Sense*, gave it a very high encomium. Dr. Pemberton wrote a long and critical examination of its merits, equalling it to Homer and Milton. Nothing else was read or talked of at Leicester-house, and by all the members that were in opposition to Sir R. Walpole; and particularly by Lord Cobham and his friends, to whom the poem was dedicated. If at first it was too much admired, it certainly of late has been too much neglected. Many parts of it are commendable; such as the parting of Leonidas with his wife and family; the story of Ariana and Teribazus; the hymn of the Magi; the dream of Leonidas: the description of his shield; the exact description of the vast army of Xerxes, taken from Herodotus; the burning the camp of Xerxes; and the last conflict and death of the hero. Many of the characters are drawn with discrimination and truth. The style, which sometimes wants elevation, is remarkably pure and perspicuous: but the numbers want variety, and he has not enough availed himself of the great privilege of blank verse, to run his verses into one another, with different pauses. And I have often (as I had the pleasure of knowing him well) disputed with him on his favourite opinion, that only Iambic feet should be used in our heroic verses, without admitting any Trochaic. His Medea is still acted with applause. He was one of the best and most accurate Greek scholars of his time; and a man of great probity, integrity, and sweetness of manners. He has left behind him some curious Memoirs, which, it is hoped, will be one day published.

Warton.

good poems of late from London.* I have just read one upon Conversation,† and two or three others. But the crowd do not incumber you, who like the orator or preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper. I am, my dearest friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

LETTER CLXII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

I SENT a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery inclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer, but it will be time enough when his lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days, and then he will take with him all the letters I preserved of yours, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but the dates are more early than my two last journeys to England, which

* Glover, Thomson, &c. indeed, wrote in such a superior style of poetry, that he might say with great truth, "We have frequently good poems from London." *Bowles.*

† By Mr. Stillingfleet, published afterwards in Dodsley's Miscellanies. He was a learned, modest, and ingenious man; a great and skilful botanist. *Warton.*

makes me imagine that in one of those journeys I carried over another cargo. But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorder of deafness and giddiness increases daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters,* which, I am told, are to be printed here. Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom, and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom); but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your letters; he will not allow such a difference between the two climates, but will assert that

* The authentic edition of Pope's Letters, published by himself in 4to. and 8vo. 1737.

North-Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other northern shires, have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the best system that ever was wrote for the conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their follies and vices. It is some recommendation of this kingdom, and of the taste of the people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for slavery, corruption, atheism, and such trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other vice. I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by those scribblers, who send us over their trash in prose and verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms. I am now daily expecting an end of life: I have lost all spirit, and every scrap of health: I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery see you often; next to yourself, I love no man so well; and tell him what I say if he visits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God

always protect you, and preserve you long for a pattern of piety and virtue.

Farewell, my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be. Yours, &c.

LETTER CLXIII.

MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

April 2, 1738.

I WRITE by the same post that I received your very obliging letter. The consideration you show toward me, in the just apprehension that any news of the Dean's condition might alarm me, is most kind and generous. The very last post I writ to him a long letter, little suspecting him in that dangerous circumstance. I was so far from fearing his health, that I was proposing schemes, and hoping possibilities for our meeting once more in this world. I am weary of it; and shall have one reason more, and one of the strongest that nature can give me (even when she is shaking my weak frame to pieces) to be willing to leave this world, when our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he may yet hover a while on the brink of it to preserve to this wretched age a relic and example of the last.*

* This seems to be only a portion of the letter, and was probably published in Swift's works from an extract sent by Lord Orrery to Swift.

LETTER CLXIV.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Dublin, Aug.* 8, 1738.

I HAVE yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, uncapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion, (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post-office of both kingdoms, which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B.* is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem; I desire, you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal genius† you describe, whose handwriting I know towards the end of your letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes, I fear he will be too soon gone to his forest abroad.‡ He began in the Queen's time to be my patron, and then descended to be my friend.

* Martha Blount. † Bolingbroke.

‡ The Forest of Fontainbleau.

It is a great favour of Heaven that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles. I therefore reject your compliments on that score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second dialogue that you lately sent me, to equal almost any thing you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which, I presume, are very well known from Temple Bar to St. James's (I mean the court exclusive).

I can faithfully assure you, that every letter you have favoured me with, these twenty years and more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. W——,* a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer: all these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease.

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her estate in the north: she is a person of very good understanding as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my Lord B.'s letter in the last page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your lordship than to all the world besides.

* Mrs. Whiteway.

You never deceived me, even when you were a great minister of state: and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history, and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui:* if not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P.S. I will here in a postscript correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I shewed my cousin* the above letter, and she assures me, that a great collection of† $\frac{\text{your}}{\text{my}}$ letters to $\frac{\text{me}}{\text{you}}$ are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand. I am, my most dear and honoured friend, entirely Yours, &c.

It is now *Aug.* 24, 1738.

* Mrs. Whiteway.

† It is written just thus in the original. The book that is now printed seems to be part of the collection here spoken of, as it contains not only the letters of Mr. Pope but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were returned him after Mr. Gay's death: though any mention made by Mr. P. of the return or exchange of letters has been industriously suppressed in the publication, and only appears by some of the answers. *Warburton.*

LETTER CLXV.

THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MR. POPE.

SIR, *Marston, Oct.* 4, 1738.

I AM more and more convinced that your letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a *safe hand* in Ireland, is beyond my power of guessing, though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all, of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of those letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpose, and, I fear, whoever has them is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. Mrs. W—— did assure me she had not one of them, and seemed to be under great uneasiness that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me she had stopped the Dean's letter which gave you that information; but believed he would write such another; and therefore desired me to assure you, from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were.

You may make what use you please, either to the Dean or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it; and I think it ought to be known, that the Dean says they are delivered into a safe hand, and Mrs. W—— declares she has them not. The consequence of their being hereafter published may give uneasi-

ness to some of your friends, and of course to you: so I would do all in my power to make you entirely easy in that point.

This is the first time that I have put pen to paper since my late misfortune, and I should say (as an excuse for this letter) that it has cost me some pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to assure you, that I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem, your very faithful and obedient servant.

LETTER CLXVI.

MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Twitnam, Nov. 7, 1738.

When you get to Dublin (whither I direct this, supposing you will see our dear friend as soon as possible) pray put the Dean in mind of me, and tell him, I hope he received my last. Tell him how dearly I love him, and how greatly I honour him; how greatly I reflect on every testimony of his friendship; how much I resolved to give the best I can of my esteem for him to posterity; and assure him, the world has nothing in it I admire so much; nothing the loss of which I should regret so much, as his genius and his virtues.*

* This also seems to be an extract, sent to Dr. Swift by Lord Orrery.

LETTER CLXVII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

DEAR SIR, *Dublin, April* 28, 1739.

THE gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection, and with good reason, because they are a numerous race, degenerating from their ancestors, who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion against King Charles the First; this cousin of mine, who is so desirous to wait on you, is named Deane Swift, because his great grandfather by the grandmother's side, was Admiral Deane, who having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the Restoration.

I have a great esteem for Mr. Deane Swift, who is much the most valuable of any of his family. He was first a student in this university, and finished his studies in Oxford, where Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, assured me, that Mr. Swift behaved himself with good reputation and credit; he hath a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors. He has a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and mo-

dest. Mr. Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family at Goodrich in Herefordshire. My grandfather* was so persecuted and plundered two and fifty times by the barbarity of Cromwell's hellish crew, of which I find an account in a book called "Mercurius Rusticus," that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family.† However, three of his sons had better fortune; for, coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates, of which Mr. Deane Swift has a good share, but with some incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you; which is all the favour I ask for him; and that if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes. I am, my dearest friend,

Your most obedient,

And most humble servant.

* The Rev. Thomas Swift, parson of Goodrich, in Herefordshire. *Sir W. Scott.*

† The account of their sufferings is to be found in Mercurius Rusticus, edition 1685, p. 82, and is briefly noticed in the Dean's Life. *Sir W. Scott.*

LETTER CLXVIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

May 10, 1739.

You are to suppose, for the little time I shall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and especially of any thing that was told me last night or this morning. I have one favour to entreat from you. I know the high esteem and friendship you bear to your friend, Mr. Lyttelton, whom you call "the rising genius of this age." His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage, have been early spread, even among us. I find he is Secretary to the Prince of Wales; and his royal highness has been for several years chancellor of the University in Dublin. All this is a prelude to a request I am going to make to you. There is in this city one Alexander M'Aulay, a lawyer of great distinction for skill and honesty, zealous for the liberty of the subject, and loyal to the house of Hanover, and particularly to the Prince of Wales, for his highness's love to both kingdoms.

Mr. M'Aulay is now soliciting for a seat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr. Coghill, a civilian, who was one of the persons chosen for this university: and, as his royal highness continues still chancellor of it, there is no person so proper to nominate the representative as himself. If this favour can be procured by your good-will, and Mr. Lyttelton's interest, it will be a particular ob-

ligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to represent this university.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. Lamb; he has at present but half a vicarship; the value of it is not quite fifty pounds *per annum*. You writ to me in his favour some months ago; and, if I outlive any one vicar-choral, Mr. Lamb shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it; and I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

LETTER CLXIX.

MR. SECRETARY LYTTELTON TO DR. SWIFT.

London, May 16, 1739.

I CANNOT let Mr. Swift return to Ireland without my acknowledgments to you for the favour you have done Mr. Lamb.* I know that I ought to ascribe it wholly to Mr. Pope's recommendation, as I have not the happiness to be known to you myself; but give me leave to take this occasion of assuring you how much I wish to be in the number of your friends. I think I can be so even at this distance, and though we should never come to a nearer acquaintance: for the reputation of some men is amiable, and one can love their characters without knowing their persons.

* See the last letter.

If it could ever be in my power to do you any service in this country, the employing me in it would be a new favour to, Sir, your obliged humble servant.

LETTER CLXX.

MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAREST SIR, *May* 17, 1739.

EVERY time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am in proportion grieved to find that several of my letters to testify it to you miscarry; and you ask me the same questions again, which I prolixly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. Swift, inquires where and how is Lord Bolingbroke;* who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterwards. He has sold *Dawley* for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest country of France, divided between study and exercise; for he still

* In Coxe's Memoirs the circumstance is mentioned of Bolingbroke's introduction to George the Second. It was supposed that Walpole was obliged to *retire*, and that Bolingbroke at last had succeeded to that station, for which all his life he had panted. This was his *last effort*. He retired soon after to France again. *Bowles.*

reads or writes five or six hours a day, and generally hunts twice a week. He has the whole forest of Fontainbleau at his command, with the king's stables and dogs, &c., his lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired, and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood.

I never saw him in stronger health, or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of Europe, from the Pyrenean treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom, and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your history of the queen's last years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the Earl of Oxford, of which great care surely should be taken.* And he told

* It may be easily supposed that Swift and Bolingbroke would have differed widely in their account of that statesman's conduct;

me, that when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them, and that you promised you would take care.

We very often commemorated you during the five months we lived together at Twickenham. At which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think not Dublin only, but France and Italy, not worth the visiting once more in my life. The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour: and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey, at the expense of parting from one's friends.

Mr. Lewis every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. Arbuthnot's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others, the least so in regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more women worth naming to you; the rest are ladies, run after music, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to Lord Oxford and Lord Masham, when I see them. I see

whom the former honoured, and the latter detested beyond all men living. *Sir W. Scott.*

John Barber seldom: but always find him proud of some letter from you. I did my best with him, in behalf of one of your friends, and spoke to Mr. Lyttelton for the other; who was more prompt to catch, than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that instant, who was as pleased to please me.

You ask me how I am at court. I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The prince shews me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them: I am very well with the courtiers I ever was, or would be acquainted with. At least they are civil to me; which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body; yet I cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be honest men: whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be so; I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and I hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a Lord Cornbury,* a Lord Polwarth,† a Mr. Murray,‡ and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption of the world.

* Son of the Earl of Clarendon, before spoken of. *Bowles.*

† Afterwards Earl of Marchmont. *Warton.*

‡ The late Lord Chief Justice Mansfield. *Warton.*

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit; I am sinking fast into prose; and if I ever write more, it ought (at these years, and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give a value to the work, not merely the manner.

Since my protest (for so I call my *Dialogue** of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the *Dunciad*, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the second Canto, among the authors who dive in *Fleet-ditch*, immediately after *Arnall*, verse 300, add these:

Next plunged a feeble, but a desperate pack,
With each a sickly brother, at his back;†
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies, as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe, her children gone,
Sits mother Osborne,‡ stupified to stone;
And needful Paxton§ tells the world with tears,
These are, ah! no; these were my Gazetteers.

Having nothing to tell you of my poetry, I come

* Epilogue to the Satires. *Bowles.*

† The *Gazetteers* were daily papers. They were printed on *one* side of a sheet, and the other side served for the paper of the next day. *Bowles.*

‡ Osborne was the assumed name of the publisher of the *Gazetteer.* *Bowles.*

§ A solicitor, who procured and paid those writers. Mr. Pope's MS. note. The line is now changed:

And monumental brass this record bears,
These are, &c. *Warton.*

to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement. The first is better, as to head-aches; worse as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much; otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still, better than conversation: but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp the earlier in the morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham, or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them.

Lord Bathurst is still my constant friend, and yours; but his country-seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no country-seat; and in town I see him seldom; but he always asks after you. In the summer, I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all these rambles, my mind is full of you, and poor Gay, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of, the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast, which makes the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen

years. I went, some years ago, with Lord Peterborough about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea-sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and Lord Bolingbroke a visit before I died. But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at: but my memory, my affections, my esteem, are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.*

P. S. This I end at Lord Orrery's, in company with Dr. King. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr. Swift to me. He can tell you more of me.

A SECOND POSTSCRIPT.

One of my new friends, Mr. Lyttelton, was to the last degree glad to have any request from you to make to his master. The moment I shewed him yours concerning Mr. M'Aulay, he went to him and it was granted. He is extremely obliged for the promotion of Lamb. I will make you no particular speeches from him; but you and he

* This letter from Pope to Swift, in which he enumerates their living friends, and commemorates so many of those they had lost, seems to have been intended by him as the winding up of the drama and the close of their long correspondence, which it accordingly proved to be.

have a mutual right to each other. *Sint tales animæ concordes.* He loves you, though he sees you not; as all posterity will love you, who will not see you, but reverence and admire you.

LETTER CLXXI.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. LYTTELTON.

SIR, *June* 5, 1739.

You treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owing an obligation to me on account of Mr. Lamb; which deserves mine and my chapter's thanks, for recommending so useful a person to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. Deane Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr. Pope, that he might have the happiness to see and know so great a genius in poetry, and so agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (several years older than you) was much surprized to see his junior in so high a station as secretary to his royal highness the Prince of Wales, and to find himself treated by you in so kind a manner. In one article you are greatly mistaken: for however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the prince your master's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court politics: for, in a letter I writ to

Mr. Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr. M'Aulay to your favour and protection, as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the prince, to prevail with the university to choose him for a member to represent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr. Coghill, deceased.

I have been just now informed, that some of the fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance, to the Prince of Wales; pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. Tisdal; and therefore have desired his royal highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request indeed, to demand from their chancellor, what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement! Their whole proceeding, on this occasion, against their chancellor, heir of the crown, is universally condemned here; and seems to be the last effort of such men, who, without duly considering, make rash promises, not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldness to desire, that his royal highness may know from you the profound respect, honour, esteem, and veneration, I bear toward his princely virtues. All my friends on your side the water represent him to me in the most amiable light; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms, when it shall please God to make him the restorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuse you highly for your ill-treat-

ment of me, by wishing yourself in the number of my friends: but you shall be pardoned, if you please to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You shall therefore make it up, in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me lose my memory in every thing but friendship and gratitude: and you, whom I have never seen, will never be forgotten by me until I am dead. I am, honourable Sir, with the highest respect,

Your most obedient and
obliged humble servant

LETTER CLXXII.

MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. POPE.

SIR, *May* 16, 1740.

SHOULD I make an apology for writing to you, I might be asked why I did so. If I have erred, my design at least is good, both to you and the Dean of St. Patrick; for I write in relation to my friend, and I write to his friend, which I hope will plead my excuse. As I saw a letter of yours to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you, (with grief of heart) his memory is so much impaired, that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment sound enough, had he many tracts by him, to finish or correct them, as you have desired. His health is as good as can be expected, free from all the tor-

tures of old age; and his deafness, lately returned, is all the bodily uneasiness he has to complain of. A few years ago he burnt most of his writings unprinted,* except a few loose papers, which are in my possession, and which I promise you, (if I outlive him) shall never be made public without your approbation. There is one treatise in his own keeping, called Advice to Servants, very unfinished and incorrect, yet what is done of it has so much humour, that it may appear as a posthumous work. The History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne's Reign I suppose you have seen with Dr. King, to whom he sent it some time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is the only piece of his (except Gulliver) which he ever proposed making money by, and was given to Dr. King with that design, if it might be printed: I mention this to you, lest the Doctor should die, and his heirs imagine they have a right to dispose of it. I entreat, Sir, you will not take notice to any person of the hints I have given you in this letter: they are only designed for yourself: to the Dean's friends in England they can only give trouble, and to his enemies and starving wits cause of triumph. I enclose this to Alderman Barber, who I am sure will deliver it safe, yet knows nothing more than its being a paper that belongs to you.

The ceremony of answering women's letters,

* In resentment to the House of Commons of Ireland, who sent Faulkner to Newgate for printing the satire on Quadrille.—F. *Sir W. Scott.*

may, perhaps, make you think it necessary to answer mine; but I do not expect it, because your time either is or ought to be better employed, unless it be in my power to serve you in buying Irish linen, or any other command you are pleased to lay on me, which I shall execute to the best of my capacity, with the greatest readiness, integrity, and secrecy; for whether it be my years, or a less degree of vanity in my composition than in some of my sex, I can receive such an honour from you without mentioning it. I should, some time past, have writ to you on this subject, had I not fancied that it glanced at the ambition of being thought a person of consequence, by interfering between you and the Dean; a character of all others which I dislike.

I have several of your letters to the Dean, which I will send by the first safe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourself; I believe it may be Mr. M'Aulay, the gentleman the Dean recommended, through your friendship, to the Prince of Wales.

I believe this may be the only letter which you ever received without asking a favour, a compliment, extolling your genius, running in raptures on your poetry, or admiring your distinguishable virtue. I am, Sir, with very high respect, your most obedient and most humble servant.

Mr. Swift, who waited on you last summer, is since that married to my daughter: he desires me to present you his most obedient respects and

humble thanks for the particular honour conferred upon him in permitting him to spend a day with you at Twickenham; a favour he will always remember with gratitude.

LETTER CLXXIII.

MR. POPE TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Twickenham, June 18, 1740.

I AM extremely sensible of the favour of your letter, and very well see the kindness as well as honour which moved you to it. I have no merit for the one, but being (like yourself) a sincere friend to the Dean, though much a less useful one; for all my friendship can only operate in wishes, yours in good works. He has had the happiness to meet with such in all the stages of his life; and I hope in God and in you, that he will not want one in the last. Never imagine, madam, that I can do otherwise than esteem that sex, which has furnished him with the best friends.

The favour you offer me I accept with the utmost thankfulness; and I think no person more fit to convey it to my hands than Mr. M'Aulay, of whom I know you have so good an opinion. Indeed any one whom you think worthy your trust, I shall think deserves mine, in a point I am ever so tender of.

I wish the very small opportunity I had of showing Mr. Swift, your son, my regards for him, had

been greater; and I wish it now more, since he is become so near to you, for whom my respect runs hand in hand with my affection for the Dean; and I cannot wish well for the one without doing so for the other.

I turn my mind all I can from the melancholy subject of your letter. May God Almighty alleviate your concern, and his complaints, as much as possible in this state of infirmities, while he lives; and may your tenderness, madam, prevent any thing after his death which may anywise depreciate his memory. I dare say nothing of ill consequence can happen from the commission given to Dr. King.

You see, madam, I write to you with absolute freedom, as becomes me to the friend of my friend, and to a woman of sense and spirit. I will say no more, that you may find I treat you with the same delicacy that you do me (and for which I thank you) without the least compliment: and it is none when I add, that I am, with esteem, madam, your most obliged and most obedient servant.

LETTERS

TO

RALPH ALLEN, ESQ.

Of Mr. Allen little more is known than that he raised himself by his own industry and ability, from a low origin to opulence and respectability, a circumstance alluded to by Pope in the Epilogue to his Satires:

> Let humble Allen with an awkward shame,
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Pope had originally styled him *low-born* Allen, but afterwards altered it as it now stands, not on the remonstrance of Mr. Allen, as has been supposed, but for a reason he has himself thus assigned, in a letter quoted by Warburton, but not printed in the correspondence. "I have found a virtue in you, more than I certainly knew before; I mean *humility*. I must therefore do justice to my own conscience of it, bear testimony to it, and change the epithet I first gave you of *low-born* to *humble*. I shall take care to do you the justice to tell every body, the change was not made at yours, or at any friend's request for you, but my own knowledge you merited it." Johnson says, that "Allen, *humble* as he was, hated these lines, and hated Pope as the author of them;" but these lines have preserved Allen from oblivion; and Pope judged rightly in thinking that the humility of his birth enhanced instead of degrading his merits:

> "*Vice* is undone if she forgets her birth;"

but,

> "*Virtue* may choose the high or low degrée,
> 'Tis just alike to virtue and to me."

Pope's acquaintance with Allen commenced in 1735, in consequence of the publication of a portion of Pope's letters by Curll, with which Allen was so highly delighted, that he entreated Pope to publish the whole, and liberally offered to pay the expense of the edition.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate quarrel which arose between them, and which appears to have interrupted their correspondence, yet the esteem they entertained for each other remained undiminished; and, after some explanations, Pope still continued to pay a winter's visit to his friend at Prior Park, near Bath, as long as his health would permit. Of this quarrel, and the causes that led to it, a particular account will be found in the Life of Pope, prefixed to the present edition.

LETTERS

TO

RALPH ALLEN, ESQ.

LETTER I.

Twitnam, April 30, 1736.

I saw Mr. M. yesterday, who has readily allowed Mr. V. to copy the picture. I have inquired for the best originals of those two subjects, which, I found, were favourite ones with you, and well deserve to be so, the discovery of Joseph to his Brethren, and the Resignation of the Captive by Scipio. Of the latter, my Lord Burlington has a fine one done by Ricci, and I am promised the other in a good print from one of the chief Italian painters. That of Scipio is of the exact size one would wish for a basso relievo, in which manner, in my opinion, you would best ornament your hall, done in chiaro obscuro.

A man not only shews his taste, but his virtue, in the choice of such ornaments: and whatever example most strikes us, we may reasonably imagine, may have an influence upon others. So that

the history itself, if well chosen, upon a rich man's walls, is very often a better lesson than any he could teach by his conversation. In this sense, the stones may be said to speak when men cannot, or will not. I cannot help thinking (and I know you will join with me, you who have been making an altar-piece) that the zeal of the first reformers was ill-placed in removing *pictures* (that is to say, examples) out of churches;* and yet suffering *epitaphs* (that is to say, flatteries and false history) to be the burden of church walls, and the shame, as well as derision, of all honest men.

I have heard little yet of the subscription.† I intend to make a visit for a fortnight from home to Lady Peterborough at Southampton, about the middle of May. After my return I will inquire what has been done; and I really believe, what I told you will prove true, and I shall be honourably acquitted of a task I am not fond of.‡ I have run out my leaf, and will only add my sincere wishes for your happiness of all kinds. I am, &c.

* That the exclusion of picturesque representations from places of worship has been very injurious to the progress of the arts, can scarcely be doubted, and this exclusion is perhaps the reason that the higher class of historical painting has flourished only in Catholic countries. Some observations on this subject may be found in the Life and Pontificate of Leo X., vol. iv. chap. xix. p. 78, 8vo. ed.

† For his own edition of the first volume of his letters, undertaken at Mr. Allen's request. *Warburton.*

‡ The printing his letters by subscription. *Warburton.*

LETTER II.

Southampton, June 5, 1736.

I NEED not say I thank you for a letter, which proves so much friendship for me. I have much more to say upon it than I can, till we meet. But, in a word, I think your notion of the value of those things* is greatly too high, as to any service they can do to the public; and as to any advantage they may do to my own character, I ought to be content with what they have done already. I assure you, I do not think it the least of those advantages that they have occasioned me the good will (in so great a degree) of so worthy a man.† I fear (as I must rather retrench than add to their number, unless I would publish my own commendations) that the common run of subscribers would think themselves injured by not having every thing, which discretion must suppress; and this, they (without any other consideration than as buyers of a book) would call giving them an imperfect collection: whereas the only use to my own character, as an author, of such a publication, would be the suppression of many things: and as to my character as a man, it would be but just where it

* His Letters. *Warburton.*

† Mr. Allen's friendship with Mr. Pope was contracted on the reading his volume of Letters, which gave the former the highest opinion of the other's general benevolence and goodness of heart. *Warburton.*

is; unless I could be so vain, for it could not be virtuous, to add more and more honest sentiments; which, when done *to be printed,* would surely be wrong and weak also.

I do grant it would be some pleasure to me to expunge several idle passages, which will otherwise, if not go down to the next age, pass, at least, in this, for mine; although many of them were not, and God knows, none of them are my present sentiments, but, on the contrary, wholly disapproved by me.

And I do not flatter you when I say, that pleasure would be increased to *me,* in knowing I should do what would please *you.* But I cannot persuade myself to let the whole burden, even though it were a public good, lie upon you, much less to serve my private fame entirely at another's expense.*

But, understand me rightly: did I believe half so well of them as you do, I would not scruple your assistance; because I am sure, that to occasion you to contribute to a real good would be the greatest benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby promise you, if ever I am so happy as to find any just occasion where your generosity and goodness may unite for such a worthy end, I will not scruple to draw upon you for any sum to effect it.

As to the present affair, that you may be convinced what weight your opinion and your desires have

* Mr. A. offered to print the Letters at his own expense. *Warburton.*

with me, I will do what I have not yet done: I will tell my friends I am as willing to publish this book as to let it alone. And, rather than suffer you to be taxed at your own rate, will publish, in the news, next winter, the proposals, &c.

I tell you all these particulars to shew you how willing I am to follow your advice, nay, to accept your assistance in any moderate degree; but I think you should reserve so great a proof of your benevolence to a better occasion.

Since I wrote last, I have found, on further inquiry, that there is another fine picture on the subject of Scipio and the Captive, by Pietro da Cortona, which Sir Paul Methuen has a sketch of: and, I believe, is more expressive than that of Ricci,* as Pietro is famous for expression. I have also met with a fine print of the discovery of Joseph to his Brethren, a design which, I fancy, is of Le Sueur,† and will do perfectly well. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

November 6, 1736.

I DO not write too often to you for many reasons; but one, which I think a good one, is, that friends should be left to think of one another for

* His colouring, says Walpole, was chalky and without force. He painted the Hall at Burlington-house, and the Chapel at Chelsea College. *Warton.*

† Le Sueur was the best of the French painters, for Poussin studied and lived so long in Italy, that he could hardly be called a Frenchman. *Warton.*

certain intervals without too frequent memorandums. It is an exercise of their friendship, and a trial of their memory; and moreover to be perpetually repeating assurances, is both a needless and suspicious kind of treatment with such as are sincere; not to add the tautology one must be guilty of, who can make out so many idle words as to fill pages with saying one thing. For all is said in this word, *I am truly yours.*

I am now as busy in planting for myself as I was lately in planting for another; and I thank God for every wet day and for every fog that gives me the head-ache, but prospers my works. They will indeed outlive me (if they do not die in their travels from place to place; for my garden, like my life, seems to me every day to want correction, I hope, at least, for the better); but I am pleased to think my trees will afford shade and fruit to others, when I shall want them no more. And it is no sort of grief to me, that those others will not be things of my own poor body: but it is enough, they are creatures of the same species, and made by the same hand that made me. I wish (if a wish would transport me) to see you in the same employment: and it is no partiality even to you, to say it would be as pleasing to the full to me, if I could improve your works as my own.

Talking of works, mine in prose are above three quarters printed, and will be a book of fifty and more sheets in quarto. As I find, what I imagined, the slowness of subscribers, I will do all I can to

disappoint you in particular, and intend to publish in January, when the town fills, an advertisement, that the book will be delivered by Lady-day, to oblige all that will subscribe, to do it. In the mean time I have printed receipts, which put an end to any person's delaying upon pretence of doubt, by determining that time. I send you a few, that you may see I am in earnest, endeavouring all I can to save your money, at the same time that nothing can lessen the obligation to me.

I thank God for your health and for my own, which is better than usual. I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

June 8, 1737.

I WAS very sorry to hear how much concern your humanity and friendship betrayed you into upon the false report which occasioned your grief. I am now so well, that I ought not to conceal it from you, as the just reward of your goodness which made you suffer for me. Perhaps when a friend is really dead (if he knows our concern for him) he knows us to be as much mistaken in our sorrow as you now were: so that, what we think a real evil is, to such spirits as see things truly, no more of moment than a mere imaginary one. It is equally as God pleases: let us think or call it good or evil.

I wish the world would let me give myself more to such people in it as I like, and discharge me of

half the honours which persons of higher rank bestow on me; and for which one generally pays a little too much of what they cannot bestow, time and life. Were I arrived to that happier circumstance, you would see me at Widcombe, and not at Bath. But whether it will be as much in my power as in my wish, God knows. I can only say, I think of it with the pleasure and sincerity becoming one who is, &c.

LETTER V.

November 24, 1737.

THE event of this week or fortnight has filled every body's mind and mine so much, that I could not get done what you desired as to Dr. P., but as soon as I can get home, where my books lie, I will send them to Mr. K. The death of great persons is such a sort of surprize to all, as every one's death is to himself, though both should equally be expected and prepared for. We begin to esteem and commend our superiors, at the time that we pity them, because then they seem not above ourselves. The queen shewed,* by the confession of

* Warton says, "This encomium on Queen Caroline does not seem to agree with what he has said of her in other parts of his works." If he felt as he here expresses himself, ought it not have disarmed his bitter irony against her memory?

"*All parts* performed, and all her *children* blest!"

As the account of her death is highly interesting, I shall lay it before the reader, in the words of the most sensible and judicious historian of the day:—

all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and through the course of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that of sincere tears. But the public is always hard; rigid at best, even when just, in its opinion of any one. The only pleasure which any one, either of high or low rank, must depend upon receiving, is in the candour or partiality of friends, and that small circle we are conversant in: and it is therefore the greatest satisfaction to such as wish us well, to know we enjoy that. I therefore thank you particularly for telling me of the continuance or rather increase of those blessings which make your domestic life happy. I have nothing so good to add, as to assure you I pray for it, and am always faithfully and affectionately, &c.

"A little before she died, she said to the physician, 'How long can this last?' and on his answering, 'Your Majesty will soon be eased of your pains;' she replied, 'The sooner the better.' She then repeated a prayer of her own composing, in which there was such a flow of natural eloquence, as demonstrated the vigour of a great and good mind. When her speech began to falter, and she seemed expiring, she desired to be raised up in her bed, and fearing that nature would not hold out long enough without artificial supports, she called to have water sprinkled on her, and a little after desired it might be repeated. She then, with the greatest composure and presence of mind, requested her weeping relations to 'kneel down and pray for her.' Whilst they were reading some prayers, she exclaimed, 'Pray aloud, that I may hear;' and after the Lord's Prayer was concluded, in which she joined as well as she could, she said, 'So,' and, waving her hand, lay down and expired." *Coxe's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 494-5. *Bowles.*

LETTER VI.

Twickenham, April 28, 1738.

It is a pain to me to hear your old complaint is so troublesome to you: and the share I have borne, and still bear too often, in the same complaint, gives me a very feeling sense of it. I hope we agree in every other sensation besides this: for your *heart* is always right, whatever your body may be. I will venture to say, my body is the worst part of me, or God have mercy on my soul. I cannot help telling you the rapture you accidentally gave the poor woman (for whom you left a guinea, on what I told you of my finding her at the end of my garden); I had no notion of her want being so great, as I then told you, when I gave her half a one. But I find I have a pleasure to come, for I will allow her something yearly, and that may be but one year, for, I think, by her looks she is not less than eighty. I am determined to take this charity out of your hands, which, I know, you will think hard upon you. But so it shall be.

Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting your name into a poem of mine, (incidentally, not at all going out of the way for it,) provided I say something of you, which most people will take ill, for example, that you are no man of high birth or quality? You must be perfectly free with me on this, as on any, nay, on every other occasion.

I have nothing to add but my wishes for your health; every other enjoyment you will provide for yourself, which becomes a reasonable man. Adieu,

I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

January 20, (1741).

I OUGHT sooner to have acknowledged yours; but I have been severely handled by my asthma, and, at the same time, hurried by business that gave an increase to it by catching cold. I am truly sorry to find that neither yours nor Mrs. A.'s disorder is totally removed: but God forbid your pain should continue to return every day, which is worse by much than I expected to hear. I hope your next will give me a better account. Poor Mr. Bethel* too is very ill in Yorkshire. And, I do assure you, there are no two men I wish better to. I have known and esteemed him for every moral virtue these twenty years and more. He has all the charity, without any of the weakness of ——; and, I firmly believe, never said a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell. I am concerned he is in so cold and remote a place, as in the wolds of Yorkshire, at a hunting seat. If he lives till spring, he talks of returning to Lon-

* Bethel, of whom we must regret the accounts are so scanty, died *soon after*. *Bowles.*

Mr. Bethel survived Pope. A letter to him, probably the last letter Pope ever wrote, is printed for the first time in the present edition, vol. ix. p. 267.

don, and, if I possibly can, I would get him to lie out of it at Twickenham, though we went backward and forward every day in a warm coach, which would be the properest exercise for both of us, since he is become so weak as to be deprived of riding a horse.

L. Bolingbroke stays a month yet, and I hope Mr. Warburton will come to town before he goes. They will both be pleased to meet each other: and nothing in all my life has been so great a pleasure to my nature, as to bring deserving and knowing men together. It is the greatest favour that can be done, either to great geniuses or useful men. I wish too, he were a while in town, if it were only to lie a little in the way of some proud and powerful persons, to see if they have any of the best sort of pride left, namely, to serve learning and merit, and by that means distinguish themselves from their predecessors. I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

(1741.)

My vexation about Dean Swift's proceeding has fretted and employed me a great deal, in writing to Ireland, and trying all the means possible to retard it; for it is put past preventing, by his having (without asking my consent, or so much as letting me see the book) printed most of it.—They at last promise me to send me the copy, and that I may correct and expunge what I will. This last would

be of some use; but I dare not even do this, for they would say I revised it. And the bookseller writes, that he has been at great charge, &c. However, the Dean, upon all I have said and written about it, has ordered him to submit to any expunctions I insist upon; this is all I can obtain, and I know not whether to make any use of it or not. But as to your apprehension, that any suspicion may arise of my own being any way consenting or concerned in it, I have the pleasure to tell you, the whole thing is so circumstanced and so plain, that it can never be the case. I shall be very desirous to see what the letters are at all events; and I think that must determine my future measures; for till then I can judge nothing. The excessive earnestness the Dean has been in for publishing them, makes me hope they are castigated in some degree; or he must be totally deprived of his understanding. They now offer to send me the originals [which have been so long detained,] and I will accept of them, (though they have done their job,) that they may not have them to produce against me, in case there be any offensive passages in them. If you can give me any advice, do. I wish I could shew you what the Dean's people, the women and the bookseller, have done and writ, on my sending an absolute negative, and on the agency I have employed of some gentlemen to stop it, as well as threats of law, &c. The whole thing is too manifest to admit of any doubt in any man, how long this thing has been work-

ing; how many tricks have been played with the Dean's papers; how they were secreted from him from time to time, while they feared his not complying with such a measure; and how, finding his weakness increase, they have at last made him the instrument himself for their private profit; whereas I believe, before, they only intended to do this after his death.

LETTER IX.

March 6, (1744).

I THANK you very kindly for yours. I am sure we shall meet with the same hearts we ever met;* and I could wish it were at Twickenham, though only to see you and Mrs. Allen twice there instead of once. But, as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has since obliged me to reside here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I must see you here or no where. Let that be an additional reason for your coming and staying what time you can.

The utmost I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may slide along the Surrey side (where no Middlesex justice can pretend any cognizance) to Battersea, and thence cross the water for an hour or two, in a close chair, to dine with you, or so. But to be in town, I fear, will be im-

* Alluding to the unhappy disagreement which had occurred between them, and to the reconciliation which had taken place.

prudent, and thought insolent. At least hitherto, all comply with the proclamation.*

I write thus early, that you may let me know if your day continues, and I will have every room in my house as warm for you as the owner always would be. It may possibly be, that I shall be taking the secret flight I speak of to Battersea, before you come, with Mr. Warburton, whom I have promised to make known† to the only great man in Europe, who knows as much as he; and from thence we may return the sixteenth, or any day, hither, and meet you, without fail, if you fix your day.

I would not make ill health come into the scale, as to keeping me here; though, in truth, it now bears very hard upon me again, and the least accident of cold, or motion almost, throws me into a very dangerous and suffering condition. God send you long life, and an easier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear, &c.

* On the invasion, at that time threatened from France and the Pretender. *Warburton.*

† He brought these two eminent men together, but they soon parted in mutual disgust with each other. *Warton.*

LETTERS

TO

WILLIAM WARBURTON, D. D.

Of all the Editors of Pope, Warburton appears to be the only one who undertook that office with a disposition favourable to the fame and character of the author. His first exertions in the illustration and defence of the works of Pope were entirely voluntary, and the sincerity and ability they displayed induced Pope to solicit his acquaintance and friendship, which continued uninterrupted from the year 1739 to the time of Pope's death; when, to the great disappointment of Lord Bolingbroke, Pope left to Warburton all the property in his printed works. This, however, was but a trivial favour compared with the service rendered him by Pope in introducing him to the acquaintance of Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece in marriage, provided him with a residence at Prior Park, and by his solicitations and influence with the Minister, eventually obtained for him the see of Gloucester. Of this extraordinary character, which seems to have had little resemblance to that of any other literary man, a further account will be found in the Life of Pope, prefixed to this edition.

The high sense which Pope entertained of the services rendered him by Warburton is manifest from the following Letters, in which Pope sometimes pours out compliments and makes acknowledgments which, if somewhat overstrained, shew at least his anxiety that his writings should be understood in the light in which Warburton has represented them, as being favourable to the cause of religion and virtue. If he could have foreseen, that in future editions of his works the explanations of Warburton would be discarded, and a series of remarks substituted in their place, tending to charge the author with irreligion and infidelity, it would have embittered his last moments, and added poignancy to the agonies of death.

LETTERS

TO

WILLIAM WARBURTON, D. D.

LETTER I.

April 11, 1739.

I HAVE just received from Mr. R. two more of your Letters.* It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this; but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your third letter, which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. Crousaz† ought never to have another answer, and deserved not so good a one. I can only say, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, so odd as the expression seems, for you have made my system as clear as I ought to have done, and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glori-

* Commentaries on the *Essay on Man.* *Warburton.*

† A Swiss professor who wrote remarks upon the philosophy of that *Essay.* *Warburton.*

fied.* I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I meant just what you explain, but I did not explain my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself, but you express me better than I could express myself.† Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgments. I cannot but wish these letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part at least, or of all of them into French; but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion, &c.

LETTER II.

May 26, 1739.

The dissipation in which I am obliged to live, through many degrees of civil obligation, which ought not to rob a man of himself who passes for

* From Cowley to Sir W. Davenant:

So will our God re-build man's perish'd frame,
And raise him up much better, yet the same! *Warton.*

† When it is recollected that the observations of Warburton on the *Essay on Man*, all tend to shew that the poem, so far from being favourable to the cause of infidelity, is intended to inculcate the doctrine of a future state, and to promote the interests of true religion and Christian charity, we cannot but be surprized at the attempts that have been made to demonstrate that this is an infidel poem, and that Pope did not believe in a future state; in contradiction not only to the intrinsic evidence of the work itself, but to the solemn asseverations of the author, as contained in this and the following letters; in which he not only adopts the interpretation of Warburton, but admits that he has illustrated the subject in such a manner as to render it still more clear even to the author himself.

an independent one, and yet make me every body's servant more than my own, this, Sir, is the occasion of my silence to you, to whom I really have more obligation than to almost any man. By writing, indeed, I proposed no more than to tell you my sense of it: as to any corrections of your letters, I could make none, but what resulted from inverting the order of them, and those expressions relating to myself which I thought exaggerated. I could not find a word to alter in the last letter, which I returned immediately to the bookseller. I must particularly thank you for the mention you have made of me in your Postscript* to the last edition of the *Legation of Moses.* I am much more pleased with a compliment that links me to a virtuous man, and by the best similitude, that of a good mind, (even a better and a stronger tie than the similitude of studies,) than I could be proud of any other whatsoever. May that independency, charity, and competency attend you, which sets a good priest above a bishop, and truly makes his fortune; that is, his happiness in this life as well as in the other.

* He means, a *Vindication of the Author of the Divine Legation,* against some papers in the Weekly Miscellany; in which the editor applied to himself those lines in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

Me let the tender office long engage, &c. *Warburton.*

LETTER III.

Twitenham, Sept. 20, 1739.

I RECEIVED with great pleasure the paper you sent me: and yet with greater, the prospect you give me of a nearer acquaintance with you when you come to town. I shall hope what part of your time you can afford me, amongst the number of those who esteem you, will be passed rather in this place than in London; since it is here only I live as I ought, *mihi et amicis*. I therefore depend on your promise; and so much as my constitution suffers by the winter, I yet assure you, such an acquisition will make the spring much the more welcome to me, when it is to bring you hither, *cum zephyris et hirundine primâ*.

As soon as Mr. R. can transmit to me an entire copy of your Letters,* I wish he had your leave so to do; that I may put the book into the hands of a French gentleman to translate, who, I hope, will not subject your work to as much ill-grounded criticism as my French translator† has subjected mine. In earnest, I am extremely obliged to you, for thus espousing the cause of a stranger whom you judged to be injured; but my part, in this sentiment, is the least. The generosity of your conduct deserves esteem, your zeal for truth deserves affection from every candid man; and as

* In reply to M. de Crousaz on the *Essay on Man*.

† Resnel, on whose faulty and absurd translation Crousaz founded his most plausible objection. *Warburton*.

such, were I wholly out of the case, I should esteem and love you for it. I will not therefore use you so ill as to write in the general style of compliment; it is below the dignity of the occasion: and I can only say (which I say with sincerity and warmth) that you have made me, &c.

LETTER IV.

January 4, 1739.

It is a real truth that I should have written to you oftener, if I had not a great respect for you, and owed not a great debt to you. But it may be no unnecessary thing to let you know that most of my friends also pay you their thanks; and some of the most knowing, as well as most candid judges think me as much beholden to you as I think myself. Your Letters meet from such with the approbation they merit, and I have been able to find but two or three very slight inaccuracies in the whole book, which I have, upon their observation, altered in an exemplar which I keep against a second edition. My very uncertain state of health, which is shaken more and more every winter, drove me to Bath and Bristol two months since; and I shall not return towards London till February. But I have received nine or ten letters from thence on the success of your book,* which they are earnest to have translated. One of them is begun in France. A French gentleman, about Monsieur

* The commentary on the *Essay on Man.* *Warburton.*

Cambis, the ambassador, hath done the greatest part of it here. But I will retard the impression till I have your directions, or till I can have the pleasure I earnestly wish for, to meet you in town, where you gave me some hopes you sometimes passed a part of the spring, for the best reason, I know, of ever visiting it, the conversation of a few friends. Pray suffer me to be what you have made me, one of them, and let my house have its share of you: or, if I can any way be instrumental in accommodating you in town during your stay, I have lodgings and a library or two in my disposal; which, I believe, I need not offer to a man to whom all libraries ought to be open, or to one who wants them so little; but that it is possible you may be as much a stranger to this town, as I wish with all my heart I was. I see by certain squibs in the Miscellanies,* that you have as much of the uncharitable spirit poured out upon you as the author you defended from Crousaz. I only wish you gave them no other answer than that of the sun to the frogs, shining out, in your second book, and the completion of your argument. No man is, as he ought to be, more, or so much a friend to your merit and character, as, Sir,

Your, &c.

* The Weekly Miscellany, by Dr. Webster, Dr. Waterland, Dr. Stebbing, Mr. Venn, and others. *Warburton.*

LETTER V.

January 17, 1739-40.

THOUGH I writ to you two posts ago, I ought to acknowledge now a new and unexpected favour of the Remarks on the fourth Epistle;* which (though I find by yours attending them, they were sent last month) I received but this morning. This was occasioned by no fault of Mr. R., but the neglect, I believe, of the person to whose care he consigned them. I have been full three months about Bath and Bristol, endeavouring to amend a complaint which more or less has troubled me all my life: I hope the regimen this has obliged me to, will make the remainder of it more philosophical, and improve my resignation to part with it at last. I am preparing to return home, and shall then revise what my French gentleman has done, and add *this* to it. He is the same person who translated the *Essay* into prose, which Mr. Crousaz should have profited by, who, I am really afraid, when I lay the circumstances all together, was moved to his proceeding in so very unreasonable a way, by some malice either of his own, or some other's, though I was very willing, at first, to impute it to ignorance or prejudice. I see nothing to be added to your work; only some commendatory deviations from the argument itself, in my favour, I ought to think might be omitted.

I must repeat my urgent desire to be previously

* Of the *Essay on Man.* *Warburton.*

acquainted with the precise time of your visit to London; that I may have the pleasure to meet a man in the manner I would, whom I must esteem one of the greatest of my benefactors. I am, with the most grateful and affectionate regard,* &c.

LETTER VI.

April 16, 1740.

You could not give me more pleasure than by your short letter, which acquaints me that I may hope to see you so soon. Let us meet like men who have been many years acquainted with each other,† and whose friendship is not to begin, but

* What led M. de Crousaz and others, who have raised objections to the Essay on Man, into their misapprehensions respecting that poem, is the taking too narrow a view of the subject, and attributing too positive a meaning to particular passages which the author has afterwards modified, and which were intended by him to be taken with a reference to the whole. Thus in vindicating the course of Providence, and the established harmony of the universe, he rejects the conclusion which his adversaries have attempted to force upon him, of a compulsory and absolute necessity, and asserts the freedom of the human mind, and the consequent existence of *vice* and *virtue;* thereby considering the omniscience of the Deity and the freedom of human action as perfectly (although to us inexplicably) compatible with each other—a sentiment which he has also expressed in his Universal Prayer:

Yet taught us in this dark estate
To know the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

† Their very first interview was in Lord Radnor's garden, just by Mr. Pope's at Twickenham. Dodsley was present; and was, he told me, astonished at the high compliments paid him by Pope as he approached him. *Warton.*

continue. All forms should be past, when people know each other's mind so well: I flatter myself you are a man after my own heart, who seeks content only from within, and says to greatness, *Tuas habeto tibi res, egomet habebo meas.* But as it is but just your other friends should have some part of you, I insist on my making you the first visit in London, and thence, after a few days, to carry you to Twitenham, for as many as you can afford me. If the press be to take up any part of your time, the sheets may be brought you hourly thither by my waterman; and you will have more leisure to attend to any thing of that sort than in town. I believe also I have most of the books you can want, or can easily borrow them. I earnestly desire a line may be left at Mr. R.'s, where and when I shall call upon you, which I will daily inquire for, whether I chance to be here, or in the country. Believe me, Sir, with the truest regard, and the sincerest wish to deserve, Yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

Twitenham, June 24, 1740.*

It is true that I am a very unpunctual correspondent, though no unpunctual agent or friend; and that, in the commerce of words, I am both poor and lazy. Civility and compliment generally are the goods that letter-writers exchange, which,

* Written after Warburton's visit to Pope at Twickenham, where he stayed nearly a fortnight.

with honest men, seems a kind of illicit trade, by having been for the most part carried on, and carried furthest by designing men. I am therefore reduced to plain inquiries, how my friend does, and what he does? and to repetitions, which I am afraid to tire him with, *how much I love him.* Your two kind letters gave me real satisfaction, in hearing you were safe and well; and in shewing me you took kindly my unaffected endeavours to prove my esteem for you, and delight in your conversation. Indeed my languid state of health, and frequent deficiency of spirits, together with a number of dissipations, *et aliena negotia centum*, all conspire to throw a faintness and cool appearance over my conduct to those I best love; which I perpetually feel, and grieve at: but in earnest, no man is more deeply touched with merit in general, or with particular merit towards me, in any one. You ought therefore in both views to hold yourself what you are to me in my opinion and affection; so high in each, that I may perhaps seldom attempt to tell it you. The greatest justice, and favour too that you can do me, is to take it for granted.

Do not therefore commend my talents, but instruct me by your own. I am not really learned enough to be a judge in works of the nature and depth of yours. But I travel through your book as through an amazing scene of ancient Egypt or Greece; struck with veneration and wonder; but at every step wanting an instructor to tell me all I wish to know. Such you prove to me in the

walks of antiquity; and such you will prove to all mankind: but with this additional character, more than any other searcher into antiquities, that of a genius equal to your pains, and of a taste equal to your learning.

I am obliged greatly to you, for what you have projected at Cambridge, in relation to my Essay;* but more for the motive which did originally, and does consequentially in a manner, animate all your goodness to me, the opinion you entertain of my honest intention in that piece, and your zeal to demonstrate me no irreligious man. I was very sincere with you in what I told you of my own opinion of my own character as a poet, and, I think, I may conscientiously say, I shall die in it. I have nothing to add, but that I hope sometimes to hear you are well, as you shall certainly now and then hear the best I can tell you of myself.

LETTER VIII.

October 27, 1740.

I AM grown so bad a correspondent, partly through the weakness of my eyes, which has much increased of late, and partly through other dis-

* Mr. Pope desired the Editor to procure a good translation of the *Essay on Man* into Latin prose. *Warburton.*

A translation of the Essay on Man into Latin was projected by Mr. Christopher Smart, of which some account is given in the Life of Pope prefixed to the present edition; where a Letter from Pope to Mr. Smart on this subject will also be found.

agreeable accidents, (almost peculiar to me,) that my oldest as well as best friends are reasonable enough to excuse me. I know you are of the number who deserve all the testimonies of any sort, which I can give you of esteem and friendship; and I confide in you, as a man of candour enough, to know it cannot be otherwise, if I am an honest one. So I will say no more on this head, but proceed to thank you for your constant memory of whatever may be serviceable or reputable to me. The Translation* you are a much better judge of than I, not only because you understand my work better than I do myself,† but as your continued familiarity with the learned languages, makes you infinitely more a master of them. I would only recommend that the translator's attention to Tully's Latinity may not preclude his usage of some *terms* which may be more *precise* in modern philosophy than such as he could serve himself of, especially in matters metaphysical. I think this specimen close enough, and clear also, as far as the classical phrases allow; from which yet I would rather he sometimes deviated, than suffered the sense to be either dubious or clouded too much. You know my mind perfectly as to the intent of such a ver-

* Of his *Essay on Man* into Latin prose. *Warburton.*

† This is one of the most singular concessions ever made by any author. *Warton.*

Pope has certainly carried his acknowledgments to Warburton too far. Warburton might perhaps understand *the subject* better than Pope, but it can scarcely be said that he understood *Pope's meaning* better than Pope himself.

sion, and I would have it accompanied with your own remarks translated, such only I mean as are general, or explanatory of those passages which are concise to any degree of obscurity, or which demand perhaps too minute an attention in the reader.

I have been unable to make the journey I designed to Oxford, and Lord Bathurst's, where I hoped to have made you of the party. I am going to Bath for near two months. Yet pray let nothing hinder me sometimes from hearing you are well. I have had that contentment from time to time from Mr. G.*

Scriblerus† will or will not be published, according to the event of some other papers coming, or not coming out, which it will be my utmost endeavour to hinder.‡ I will not give you the pain of acquainting you what they are. Your simile of B. and his nephew would make an excellent epigram. But all satire is become so ineffectual (when the last step that virtue can stand upon, *shame*, is taken away) that epigram must expect to do nothing even in its own little province, and upon its own little subjects. Adieu. Believe I wish you nearer us; the only power I wish, is that of attaching, and at the same time supporting, such congenial bodies as you are to, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

* Mr. Gyles.

† The *Memoirs of Scriblerus.* *Warburton.*

‡ The Letters published by Dr. Swift. *Warburton.*

LETTER IX.

Bath, Feb. 4, 1740-1.

If I had not been made by many accidents so sick of letter writing, as to be almost afraid of the shadow of my own pen, you would be the person I should oftenest pour myself out to: indeed for a good reason, for you have given me the strongest proofs of understanding, and accepting my meaning in the best manner; and of the candour of your heart, as well as the clearness of your head. My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I must just mention the two greatest I now have. They have printed in Ireland, my letters to Dr. Swift, and, (which is the strangest circumstance) by his own consent and direction,* without acquainting me till it was done. The other is one that will continue with me till some prosperous event to your service shall bring us nearer to each other. I am not content with those glimpses of you, which a short spring visit affords; and from which you carry nothing away with you but my sighs and wishes, without any real benefit.

I am heartily glad of the advancement of your second volume;† and particularly of the *Digressions,* for they are so much more of you; and I can

* N. B. This was the strongest resentment he ever expressed of this indiscretion of his old friend, as being persuaded that it proceeded from no ill-will to him, though it exposed him to the ill-will of others. *Warburton.*

† Of *The Divine Legation.* *Warburton.*

trust your judgment enough to depend upon their being pertinent.* You will, I question not, verify the good proverb, that the furthest way about, is the nearest way home: and much better than plunging through thick and thin, *more Theologorum;* and persisting in the same old track, where so many have either broken their necks, or come off very lamely.

This leads me to thank you for that very entertaining,† and, I think, instructive story of Dr.

* The Digressions are many of them learned, curious, and entertaining; but some good judges will not allow them to be pertinent. *Warton.*

† This story concerning Dr. Waterland, is related with much pleasantry by Dr. Middleton, in the following words: "In his last journey from Cambridge to London, being attended by Dr. Plumtree, and Dr. Cheselden the surgeon, he lodged the second night at Hodsden; where being observed to have been costive on the road, he was advised to have a clyster, to which he consented. The apothecary was presently sent for, to whom Dr. Plumtree gave his orders below stairs, while Dr. Waterland continued above; upon which the apothecary could not forbear expressing his great sense of the honour which he received, in being called to the assistance of so celebrated a person, whose writings he was well acquainted with. The company signified some surprize to find a country apothecary so learned; but he assured them, that he was no stranger to the merit and character of the Doctor, but had lately read his ingenious book with much pleasure, *The Divine Legation of Moses.* Dr. Plumtree, and a Fellow of Magdalen, there present, took pains to convince the apothecary of his mistake, while C——n ran up stairs with an account of his blunder to Waterland, who, provoked by it into a violent passion, called the poor fellow a puppy, and blockhead, who must needs be ignorant in his profession, and unfit to administer any thing to him, and might possibly poison his bowels; and notwithstanding Dr. Plumtree's endeavours to moderate his displeasure, by representing the

W * * *, who was, in this, the image of * * *, who never admit of any remedy from a hand they dislike. But I am sorry he had so much of the modern Christian rancour, as, I believe, he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of Heaven is not for such.

I am just returning to London, and shall the more impatiently expect your book's appearance, as I hope you will follow it; and that I may have as happy a month through your means as I had the last spring. I am, &c.

LETTER X.*

DEAR SIR, (*March*, 1741.)

I OUGHT to thank you for what Mr. Gyles tells me, that you will not fix the time of your journey to town till you know the certainty of my being at Twitenham. My answer is, that I will not stir from Twitenham, to any distance further than to be within call at a day's warning whenever you come. You are sure of me all the months of May and June. I ought also to thank you for the very great instruction and pleasure I receive from you in the perusal of the sheets of your second part, particularly for the Dissertations on the Hie-

expediency of the operation, and the man's capacity to perform it, he would hear nothing in his favour, but ordered him to be discharged, and postponed the benefit of the clyster till he reached his next stage." *Warton.*

* The original of this letter, now first published, is in the collection of Dawson Turner, Esq. of Yarmouth.

roglyphics and the Book of Job. I have no time to add more, Mr. Gyles acquainting me his packet stays for me. You will read too much of me in the letter which he will send you. I am unfeignedly and unalterably, dear Sir, Yours.

LETTER XI.

April 14, 1741.

You are every way kind to me; in your partiality to what is tolerable in me; and in your freedom where you find me in an error. Such, I own, is the instance given of ——. You owe me much friendship of this latter sort, having been too profuse of the former.

I think every day a week till you come to town, which, Mr. G. tells me, will be in the beginning of the next month: when, I expect, you will contrive to be as beneficial to me as you can, by passing with me as much time as you can: every day of which it will be my fault if I do not make of some use to me, as well as pleasure. This is all I have to tell you, and, be assured, my sincerest esteem and affection are yours.

LETTER XII.

Twitenham, Aug. 12, 1741.

The general indisposition I have to writing, unless upon a belief of the necessity or use of it, must plead my excuse in not doing it to you. I

know it is not (I feel it is not) needful to repeat assurances of the true and constant friendship and esteem I bear you. Honest and ingenuous minds are sure of each other's; the tie is mutual and solid. The use of writing letters resolves wholly into the gratification given and received in the knowledge of each other's welfare: unless I ever should be so fortunate (and a rare fortune it would be) to be able to procure, and acquaint you of, some real benefit done you by my means. But fortune seldom suffers one disinterested man to serve another. It is too much an insult upon her to let two of those who most despise her favours, be happy in them at the same time, and in the same instance. I wish for nothing so much at her hands, as that she would permit some great person or other to remove you nearer the banks of the Thames; though very lately a nobleman whom you esteem much more than you know, had destined, &c.—

I thank you heartily for your hints; and am afraid if I had more of them, not only on this, but on other subjects, I should break my resolution, and become an author anew: nay, a new author, and a better than I yet have been; or God forbid I should go on jingling only the same bells!

I have received some chagrin at the delay of your degree at Oxon.* As for mine I will die be-

* This relates to an accidental affair which happened this summer, in a ramble that Mr. P. and Mr. W. took together, in which Oxford fell in their way, where they parted; Mr. P., after one day's stay going westward, and Mr. W., who staid a day after

fore I receive one, in an art I am ignorant of, at a place where there remains any scruple of bestowing one on you, in a science of which you are so great a master. In short, I will be doctored with you, or not at all. I am sure, wherever honour is not conferred on the deserving, there can be none given to the undeserving; no more from the hands of priests, than of princes. Adieu. God give you all *true blessings.**

him, to visit the Dean of C. C. returning to London. On this day the Vice-chancellor, the Rev. Dr. L., sent him a message to his lodgings, by a person of eminence in that place, with an unusual compliment, to know if a Doctor's degree in Divinity would be acceptable to him: to which such an answer was returned as so civil a message deserved. About this time, Mr. Pope had the same offer made him of a Doctor's degree in Law. And to the issue of that unasked and unsought compliment these words allude. *Warburton.*

* What Pope says in this letter relating to a nobleman, and his hopes that Warburton might be removed to the banks of the Thames, seems to be explained by a conversation said by Ruffhead to have taken place between Pope and Warburton: *Bowles.*

"It was," says he, "but the other day, that a noble lord in my neighbourhood, whom till then I had much mistaken, told me in conversation, that he had a large benefice to bestow, which he did not know what to do with. 'Give it to me,' said I, 'and I will promise to bestow it on one who will do honour to your patronage.' He said I should have it. I believed him; and, after waiting some time without hearing farther of it, I reminded him of what had passed; when he said with some confusion, that his steward had disposed of it, unknown to him or his lady." *Ruffhead*, p. 488.

LETTER XIII.

September 20, 1741.

It is not my friendship, but the discernment of that nobleman* I mentioned, which you are to thank for his intention to serve you. And his judgment is so uncontroverted, that it would really be a pleasure to you to owe him any thing; instead of a shame, which often is the case in the favours of men of that rank. I am sorry I can only wish you well, and not do myself honour in doing you any good. But I comfort myself when I reflect, few men could make you happier, none more deserving than you have made yourself.

I do not know how I have been betrayed into a paragraph of this kind. I ask your pardon, though it be truth, for saying so much.——

If I can prevail on myself to complete† the Dunciad, it will be published at the same time with a general edition of all my Verses (for poems I will not call them); and, I hope, your friendship to me will be then as well known, as my being an author; and go down together to posterity: I mean to as much of posterity as poor moderns can reach to; where the commentator (as usual) will lend a crutch to the weak poet to help him to limp a

* Lord Chesterfield. *Warburton.*

† He had then communicated his intention to the editor, of adding a fourth book to it, in pursuance of the editor's advice. *Warburton.*

little further than he could on his own feet. We shall take our degree together in fame, whatever we do at the university: and I tell you once more,* I will not have it there without you.——

LETTER XIV.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1741.

I AM always naturally sparing of my letters to my friends; for a reason I think a great one; that it is needless after experience, to repeat assurances of friendship; and no less irksome to be searching for words to express it over and over. But I have more calls than one for this letter. First, to express a satisfaction at your resolution not to keep up the ball of dispute with Dr. M.,† though, I am satisfied, you could have done it; and to tell you that Mr. L. is pleased at it too, who writes me word upon this occasion, that he must infinitely esteem a divine, and an author, who loves peace

* This was occasioned by the editor's requesting him not to slight the honour ready to be done him by the University; and especially, not to decline it on the editor's account, who had no reason to think the affront done him of complimenting him with an offer, and then contriving to evade it, the act of that illustrious body, but the exploit of two or three particulars, the creatures of a man in power, and the slaves of their own passions and prejudices. However, Mr. P. could not be prevailed on to accept of any honours from them, and his resentment of this low trick gave birth to the celebrated lines, of Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen, in the fourth Dunciad. *Warburton.*

† Dr. M. means Dr. Middleton, and Mr. L. means Mr. Lyttelton, and Mr. G. Mr. Gyles. *Warton.*

better than victory. Secondly, I am to recommend to you as an author, a bookseller in the room of the honest one you have lost, Mr. G., and I know none who is so worthy, and has so good a title in that character to succeed him, as Mr. Knapton. But my third motive of now troubling you is my own proper interest and pleasure. I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy ever in my own house, *vacare literis.* It is at this place, that your exhortations may be most effectual, to make me resume the studies I have almost laid aside, by perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable for you to pass a month or six weeks from home, it is here* I could wish to be with you: and if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amusement of commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit than that of aiming by his moral strokes to merit some regard from such men as advance truth and virtue in a more effectual way; in either case, this place and this house would be an inviolable asylum to you, from all you would desire to avoid, in so public a scene as Bath. The worthy man who is the master of it, invites you in

* This was the letter which brought Dr. Warburton to Mr. Allen's house at Bath; which visit laid the foundation of his fortune. Bishop Hare, having recommended him to Queen Caroline, 1737, a little before her death, desired him, as we are informed by Dr. Hurd, to alter or omit a passage in the first volume of the *Divine Legation*, which contained a stroke of pleasantry on Woollaston's Religion of Nature, because her majesty affected to be fond of that treatise. *Warton.*

the strongest terms; and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be serviceable to your complaints, (as I believe from what you have told me of them,) no opportunity can ever be better. It is just the best season. We are told the Bishop of Salisbury* is expected here daily, who I know is your friend: at least, though a bishop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You see I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance, in which, however, I will not think myself light, since I have known your partiality. You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. Here is a library, and a gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr. Allen tells me, you might on horseback be here in three days; it is less than one hundred miles from Newark, the road through Leicester, Stow in the Wold in Gloucestershire, and Cirencester by Lord Bathurst's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency.

* Some years afterwards Mr. Towne, the intimate friend of Warburton, published some severe remarks on Sherlock's incomparable Sermons, who had contradicted some tenets in the *Divine Legation*. *Warton.*

Is all this a dream? or can you make it a reality? can you give ear to me?

Audistin'? an me ludit amabilis
Insania?

Dear Sir, adieu; and give me a line to Mr. Allen's at Bath. God preserve you ever.

LETTER XV.

November 22, 1741.

Yours is very full and very kind; it is a friendly and satisfactory answer, and all I can desire. Do but instantly fulfil it. Only I hope this will find you before you set out. For I think (on all considerations) your best way will be to take London in your way. It will secure you from accidents of weather to travel in the coach, both thither and from thence hither. But, in particular, I think you should take some care as to Mr. G.'s executors. And I am of opinion, no man will be more serviceable in settling any such accounts than Mr. Knapton, who so well knows the trade, and is of so acknowledged a credit in it. If you can stay but a few days there, I should be glad; though I would not have you omit any necessary thing to yourself. I wish too you would just see * * *, though when you have passed a month here, it will be time enough for all we have to do in town, and they will be less busy, probably, than just before the session opens, to think of men of letters.

When you are in London I beg a line from you, in which pray tell us what day you shall arrive at Bath by the coach, that we may send to meet you, and bring you hither.

You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the master of this house; and by sharing with me, what I think one of the chief satisfactions of my life, his friendship. But whether I shall owe you any in contributing to make me a scribbler again,* I know not.

LETTER XVI.

April 23, 1742.

My letters are very short, partly because I could by no length of *writings* (not even by such as lawyers write) *convey* to you more than you have already of my heart and esteem; and partly because I want time and eyes. I cannot sufficiently tell you both my pleasure and my gratefulness, in and for your two last letters, which shew your zeal so strong for that piece of my idleness, which was literally written only to keep *me* from sleeping in a dull winter, and perhaps to make others sleep unless awakened by my commentator; no uncommon case among the learned. I am every day in expectation of Lord Bolingbroke's arrival, with

* He had concerted the plan of the fourth book of the Dunciad with the editor the summer before; and had now written a great part of it; which he was willing the editor should see.

Warburton.

whom I shall seize all the hours I can: for his stay (I fear by what he writes) will be very short. I do not think it impossible but he may go to Bath for a few weeks, to see (if he be then alive, as yet he is) his old servant. In that case I think to go with him, and if it should be at a season when the waters are beneficial, (which agree particularly with him too,) would it be an impossibility to meet you at Mr. Allen's? whose house, you know, and heart, are yours. Though this is a mere chance, I should not be sorry you saw so great a genius, though he and you were never to meet again. Adieu. The world is not what I wish it; I will not repent being in it while two or three live. I am, &c.

LETTER XVII.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1742.

THIS will shew you I am still with our friend, but it is the last day; and I would rather you heard of me pleased, as I yet am, than chagrined, as I shall be in a few hours. We are both pretty well. I wish you had been more explicit if your leg be quite well. You say no more than that you got home well. I expect a more particular account of you when you have reposed yourself a while at your own fire-side. I shall inquire as soon as I am in London, which of my friends have seen you? There are two or three who know how to value you: I wish I was as sure they would study to

serve you. A project has arisen in my head to make you, in some measure, the editor of this new edition of the Dunciad,* if you have no scruple of owning some of the graver notes, which are now added to those of Dr. Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude, or advertisement to the public, of your Commentaries, on the *Essay on Man*, and on *Criticism*, which I propose to print next in another volume proportioned to this. I only doubt whether an avowal of these notes to so ludicrous a poem be suitable to a character so established as yours for more serious studies. It was a sudden thought since we parted; and I would have you treat it as no more; and tell me if it is not better to be suppressed, freely and friendlily. I have a particular reason to make you interest yourself in me and my writings. It will cause both them and me to make the better figure to posterity. A very mediocre poet, one Drayton,† is yet taken some notice of, because Selden writ a few notes on one of his poems.

Adieu. May every domestic happiness make you unwilling to remove from home; and may every friend you do that kindness for, treat you so as to make you forget you are not at home!

I am, &c.

* That is, of the four books complete. *Warburton.*

† Drayton deserves a much higher character. He abounds in many beautiful and natural descriptions, and some very harmonious lines. And Selden's notes are full of curious antiquarian researches. Pope was as much superior to Drayton, as Selden was to Warburton. *Warton.*

LETTER XVIII.

December 28, 1742.

I HAVE always so many things to take kindly of you, that I do not know which to begin to thank you for. I was willing to conclude our whole account of the Dunciad, at least, and therefore staid till it was finished. The encouragement you gave me to add the fourth book first determined me to do so; and the approbation you seemed to give it was what singly determined me to print it. Since that, your Notes and your Discourse in the name of Aristarchus have given its last finishings and ornaments. I am glad you will refresh the memory of such readers as have no other faculty to be readers, especially of such works as the *Divine Legation*, But I hope you will not take too much notice of another and a duller sort; those who become writers through malice, and must die whenever you please to shine out in the completion of the work: which I wish were now your only answer to any of them: except you will make use of that short and excellent one you gave me in the story of the *reading-glass*.

This world here grows very busy. About what time is it you think of being amongst us? My health, I fear, will confine me, whether in town or here, so that I may expect more of your company, as one good resulting out of evil.

I write, you know, very laconically. I have but one formula, which says every thing to a friend,

"I am yours, and beg you to continue mine." Let me not be ignorant (you can prevent my being so of any thing, but first and principally) of your health and well being; and depend on my sense of all the *kindness* over and above all the *justice* you shall ever do me.

I never read a thing with more pleasure than an additional sheet to Jervas's* preface to Don Quixote. Before I got over two paragraphs I cried out, *Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus!* I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the Gods, by the first pace and the very gait. I have not a moment to express myself in, but could not omit this which delighted me so greatly.

My law-suit with L. is at an end. Adieu! Believe no man can be more yours. Call me by any title you will, but a *Doctor of Oxford. Sit tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui!*

LETTER XIX.

January 18, 1742-3.

I AM forced to grow every day more laconic in my letters, for my eyesight grows every day shorter and dimmer. Forgive me then that I answer you summarily. I can even less bear an equal part in a correspondence than in a conversation with you. But be assured once for all, the more I read of you, as the more I hear from you, the better I am

* On the Origin of the Books of Chivalry. *Warburton.*

instructed and pleased. And this misfortune of my own dulness, and my own absence, only quickens my ardent wish that some good fortune would draw you nearer, and enable me to enjoy both, for a greater part of our lives in this neighbourhood; and in such a situation, as might make more beneficial friends than I, esteem and enjoy you equally. I have again heard from Lord * * *, and another hand, that the Lord* I writ to you of, declares an intention to serve you. My answer (which they related to him) was, that he would be sure of your acquaintance for life if once he served or obliged you; but that I was certain you would never trouble him with your expectation, though he would never get rid of your gratitude. Dear Sir, adieu, and let me be sometimes certified of your health. My own is as usual; and my affection the same, always yours.

LETTER XX.

Twitenham, March 24, 1743.

I WRITE to you amongst the very few I now desire to have my friends, merely, *Si valeas, valeo.* It is in effect all I say: but it is very literally true, for I place all that makes my life desirable in their welfare. I may truly affirm, that vanity or interest have not the least share in any friendship I have; or cause me now to cultivate that of any

* Granville. *Warburton.*

one man by any one letter. But if any motive should draw me to flatter a great man, it would be to save the friend I would have him serve from doing it. Rather than lay a deserving person under the necessity of it, I would hazard my own character and keep his in dignity. Though, in truth, I live in a time when no measures of conduct influence the success of one's applications, and the best thing to trust to is chance and opportunity.

I only mean to tell you, I am wholly yours, how few words soever I make of it: a greater pleasure to me is, that I chanced to make Mr. Allen so; who is not only worth more than —— intrinsically, but, I foresee, will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live. My confidence in any man less truly great than an honest one is but small.

I have lived much by myself of late, partly through ill health, and partly to amuse myself with little improvements in my garden and house, to which possibly I shall (if I live) be soon more confined. When the Dunciad may be published, I know not. I am more desirous of carrying on the best, that is your edition of the rest of the *Epistles* and *Essay on Criticism*, &c. I know it is there* I shall be seen most to advantage. But I insist on one condition, that you never think of this when you can employ yourself in finishing that noble

* The judgment he here passes on his own works is remarkable, and worth attending to. *Warton.*

work of the *Divine Legation* (which is what, above all, *iterum iterumque monebo**) or any other useful scheme of your own. It would be a satisfaction to me at present only to hear that you have supported your health among these epidemical disorders, which, though not mortal to any of my friends, have afflicted almost every one.

LETTER XXI.

June 5, (1743).

I WISH that instead of writing to you once in two months, I could do you some service as often; for I am arrived to an age when I am as sparing of words, as most old men are of money, though I daily find less occasion for any. But I live in a time when benefits are not in the power of an honest man to bestow; nor indeed of an honest man to receive, considering on what terms they are generally to be had. It is certain you have a full right to any I could do you, who not only monthly, but weekly of late, have loaded me with favours of that kind, which are most acceptable to veteran authors; those garlands which a commentator weaves to hang about his poet, and which

* Either his friendship for the editor, or his love of religion, made him have this very much at heart; and almost the last words he said to the editor as he was dying, was the conjuring him to finish the last volume; which indignation, as he supposed, at the scurrilities of a number of nameless scribblers, had retarded.

Warburton.

are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too; not blossoms springing from the dry author.

It is very unreasonable after this, to give you a second trouble in revising the *Essay on Homer*.* But I look upon you as one sworn to suffer no errors in me: and though the common way with a commentator be to erect them into beauties, the best office of a critic is to correct and amend them. There being a new edition coming out of *Homer*, I would willingly render it a little less defective, and the bookseller will not allow me time to do so myself.

Lord B. returns to France very speedily, and it is possible I may go for three weeks or a month to Mr. Allen's in the summer; of which I will not fail to advertise you, if it suits your conveniency to be there and drink the waters more beneficially.

Forgive my scribbling so hastily and so ill. My eyes are at least as bad as my head, and it is with my heart only that I can pretend to be, to any real purpose, Your, &c.

LETTER XXII.

July 18, (1743).

You may well expect letters from me of thanks: but the kind attention you shew to every thing that concerns me is so manifest, and so repeated, that you cannot but tell yourself how necessarily I must pay them in my heart, which makes it al-

* The editor did revise and correct it as it now stands in the last edition. *Warburton.*

most impertinent to say so. Your alterations to the Preface and Essay* are just; and none more obliging to me than where you prove your concern that my notions in my first writings should not be repugnant to those in my last. And you will have the charity to think, when I was then in an error, it was not so much that I thought wrong or perversely, as that I had not thought sufficiently. What I could correct in the dissipated life I am forced to lead here, I have; and some there are which still want your help to be made as they should be. Mr. Allen depends on you at the end of the next month, or in September, and I *will* join him as soon as I can return from the other party; I believe not till September at soonest. You will pardon me (dear Sir) for writing to *you* but just like an attorney or agent. I am more concerned for your finances† than your fame; because the first, I fear, you will never be concerned about yourself; the second is secure to you already, and (whether you will or not) will follow you.

I have never said one word to you of the public. I have known the greater world too long to be very sanguine. But accidents and occasions may do what virtue would not; and God send they may! Adieu. Whatever becomes of public virtue, let us preserve our own poor share of the private. Be assured, if I have any, I am with a true sense of your merit and friendship, &c.

* Prefixed to his Homer's Iliad. *Warburton.*

† His debt from the executor of Mr. Gyles. *Warburton.*

LETTER XXIII.

October 7, (1743).

I HEARTILY thank you for yours, from which I learned your safe arrival. And that you found all yours in health, was a kind addition to the account; as I truly am interested in whatever is, and deserves to be dear to you, and to make a part of your happiness. I have many reasons and experiences to convince me, how much you wish health to me, as well as long life to my writings. Could you make as much a better man of me as you can make a better author, I were secure of immortality both here and hereafter by your means. The Dunciad I have ordered to be advertised in quarto. Pray order as many of them as you will; and know that whatever is mine is yours.

LETTER XXIV.

January 12, 1743-4.

AN unwillingness to write nothing to you, whom I respect, and worse than nothing (which would afflict you) to one who wishes me so well, has hitherto kept me silent. Of the public I can tell you nothing worthy the reflection of a reasonable man; and of myself only an account that would give you pain; for my asthma has increased every week since you last heard from me, to the degree of confining me totally to the fire-side; so that I have

hardly seen any of my friends but two,* who happen to be divided from the world as much as myself, and are constantly retired at Battersea. There I have passed most of my time, and often wished you of the company, as the best I know to make me not regret the loss of all others, and to prepare me for a nobler scene than any mortal greatness can open to us. I fear by the account you gave me of the time you design to come this way, one of them (whom I much wish you had a glimpse of) will be gone again, unless you pass some weeks in London before Mr. Allen arrives there in March. My present indisposition takes up almost all my hours, to render a very few of them supportable: yet I go on softly to prepare the great edition of my things with your notes, and as fast as I receive any from you, I add others in order.——

I am told the Laureat is going to publish a very abusive pamphlet. That is all I can desire; it is enough, if it be abusive and if it be his. He threatens you; but, I think, you will not fear or love him so much as to answer him, though you have answered one or two as dull. He will be more to me than a dose of hartshorn: and as a stink revives one who has been oppressed with perfumes, his railing will cure me of a course of flatteries.

I am much more concerned to hear that some of your clergy are offended at a verse or two of mine,† because I have respect for *your* clergy

* Lord and Lady Bolingbroke.

† Ver. 355 to 358, second book of the Dunciad. *Warburton.*

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(though the verses are harder upon *ours*). But if they do not blame *you* for defending those verses, I will wrap myself up in the layman's cloak, and sleep under your shield.

I am sorry to find by a letter two posts since from Mr. Allen, that he is not quite recovered yet of all remains of his indisposition, nor Mrs. Allen quite well. Do not be discouraged from telling me how you are: for no man is more yours than, &c.

LETTER XXV.

(1744.)

If I was not ashamed to be so behind-hand with you, that I can never pretend to fetch it up, (any more than I could, in my present state, to overtake you in a race), I would particularize which of your letters I should have answered first. It must suffice to say I have received them all; and whatever very little respites I have had, from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in revising the papers *On the use of riches*, which I would have ready for your last revise against you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here.—I own, the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of

It was surely impossible for them *not* to take offence at one of the severest, and we hope, undeserved sarcasms ever cast on their order. And it is not a little surprizing that the friend under whose guidance our Poet had now placed himself, did not prevail on him to suppress these injurious lines. *Warton.*

all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one, in a full resignation of my being to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light, or so well turn their best side to the day, as your own.* This obliges me to confess I have for some months thought myself going, and that not slowly, down the hill. The rather as every attempt of the physicians, and still the last medicines more forcible in their nature, have utterly failed to serve me. I was at last, about seven days ago, taken with so violent a fit at Battersea, that my friends Lord M.† and Lord B. sent for present help to the surgeon, whose bleeding me, I am persuaded, saved my life, by the instantaneous effect it had; and which has continued so much to amend me, that I have passed five days

* Without incurring, I hope, the censure of being a short-sighted and malevolent critic, I venture to say, that our author's fond expectation of his commentator's setting his works in the best light, was extremely ill-founded. *Warton.*

Whatever may be thought of Warburton as a commentator, it can scarcely be said that those Critics who have endeavoured to represent Pope as an infidel in religion, a latitudinarian in his morals, and as entitled only to a secondary rank as a poet, have *set his works in the best light.*

† Marchmont and Bolingbroke.

without oppression, and recovered, what I have three months wanted, some degree of expectoration, and some hours together of sleep. I am now got to Twitenham, to try if the air will not take some part in reviving me, if I can avoid colds: and between that place and Battersea with my Lord B. I will pass what I have of life, while he stays (which I can tell you, to my great satisfaction, will be this fortnight or three weeks yet). What if you came before Mr. Allen, and staid till then, instead of postponing your journey longer? Pray, if you write, just tell him how ill I have been, or I had wrote again to him: but that I will do, the first day I find myself alone with pen, ink, and paper, which I can hardly be, even here, or in any spirits yet to hold a pen. You see I say nothing, and yet this writing is labour to me. I am, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

April, 1744.

I AM sorry to meet you with so bad an account of myself, who should otherwise with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week so much worse, as to make my journey thither, at present, impracticable, even if there was no proclamation in my way. I left the town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition from the highest of all powers I must bow to without murmuring. I wish to see